Australian
PENTHOUSE
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JANUARY 1986
CRIME:
THE KING OF AUSTRALIAN CAR THIEVES
SEX:
SIR LES PATTERSON'S GUIDE TO SEX DOWN UNDER
HUMOR:
YOUR SEX LIFE BY THE STARS
DIRTY POOL:
A PICTORIAL WITH BALLS!
SPORT:
FISHING FOR SASHIMI DOLLARS
FICTION:
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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 1/January 1986

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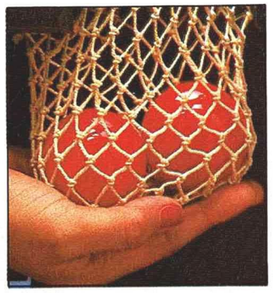
Horrorscopes



Dirty Pool

Sex Down Under

The Commodore Kid

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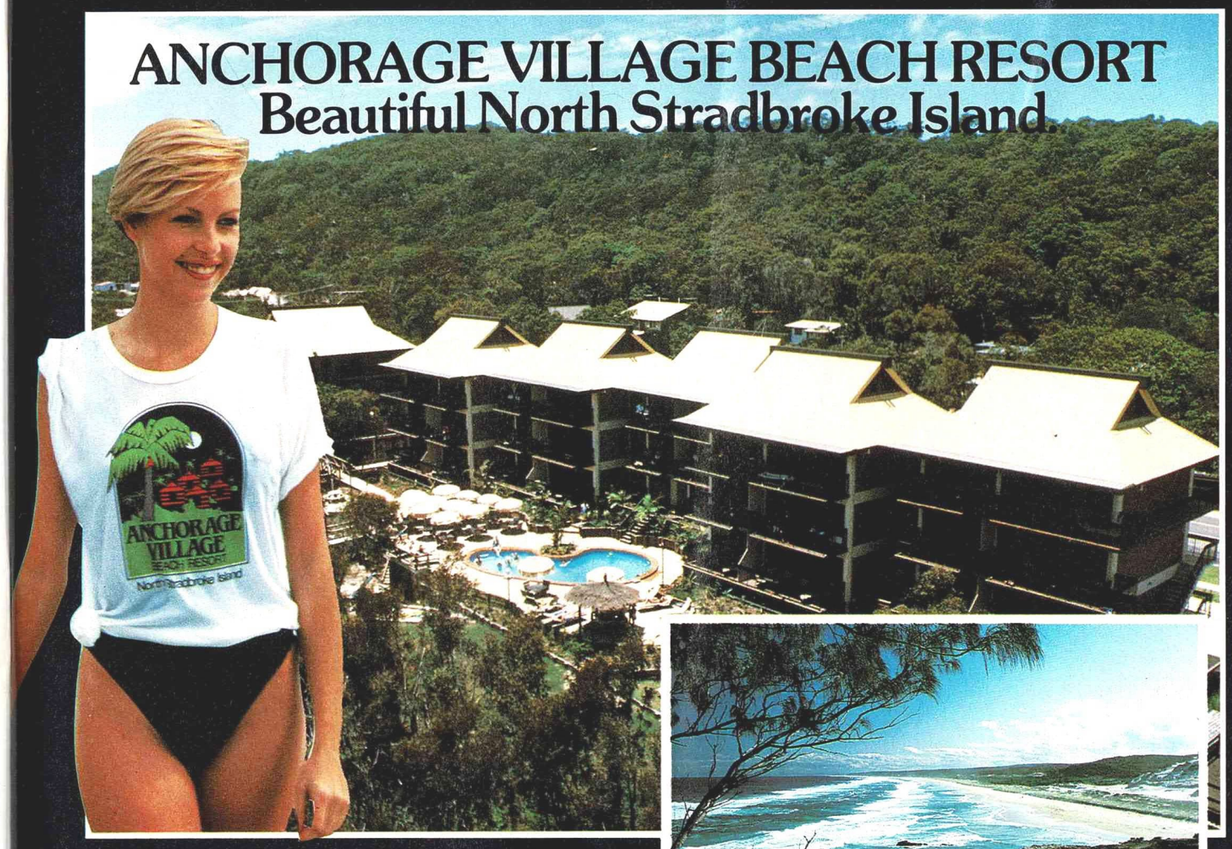

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ADVERTISING
Marketing Manager: Max Press, Tel. (02) 929 6144; P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. *Advertising Director:* Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Deborah Spicer; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Jill Van Der Horn; *Vic:* Bob Gaff, 349 Moray Street, South Melbourne, 3205, Tel. (03) 690 8233; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; *WA:* Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833. *NZ:* John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; *Japan:* Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)

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Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

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Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
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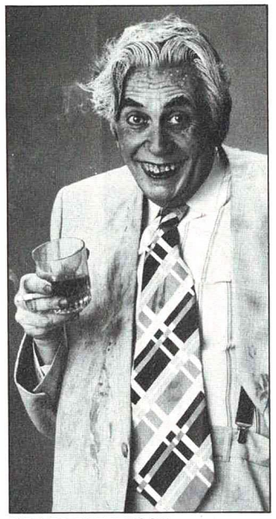
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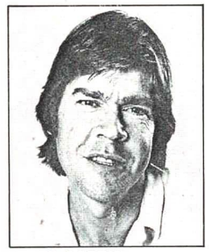
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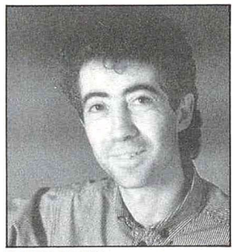
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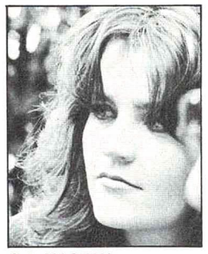
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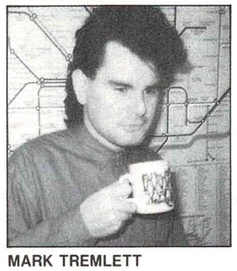

MARK TREMLETT

HOUSECALL

THE COMMODORE KID
The Commodore Kid should never have existed in real life. The exploits of Australia's most prolific, most outrageous car thief ought to have been the stuff of B-grade adolescent celluloid fantasy . . . but, as they say in the movies, Garry John Hutcherson *is* the Commodore Kid. **Paul Mann's** action-packed profile of this self-styled highway antihero, illustrated by **Chris Payne**, blasts off on page 34.

SEX DOWN UNDER
Sir Les Patterson, Australian Cultural Attache to the Court of St James, is a man at the top of his profession and the height of his sexual powers. In Sex Down Under, Sir Les wets his nib once again to give other men on the move the benefit of his vast experience — but he warns that "if you're a blue-nosed wowser, a raving pillow biter or a loony old lezzo with a face like a half-sucked mango", then you'd better give it the Big A. Everyone else should turn to page 92.

EVIL IN PARADISE
Frank Robson's story of a dream that went sour contains all the elements of a tragic melodrama. The murder of a Gold Coast call girl brings into focus the shabby reality behind the glitter of Australia's own plastic paradise. **Peter Crawford's** photo sets the scene on page 78.

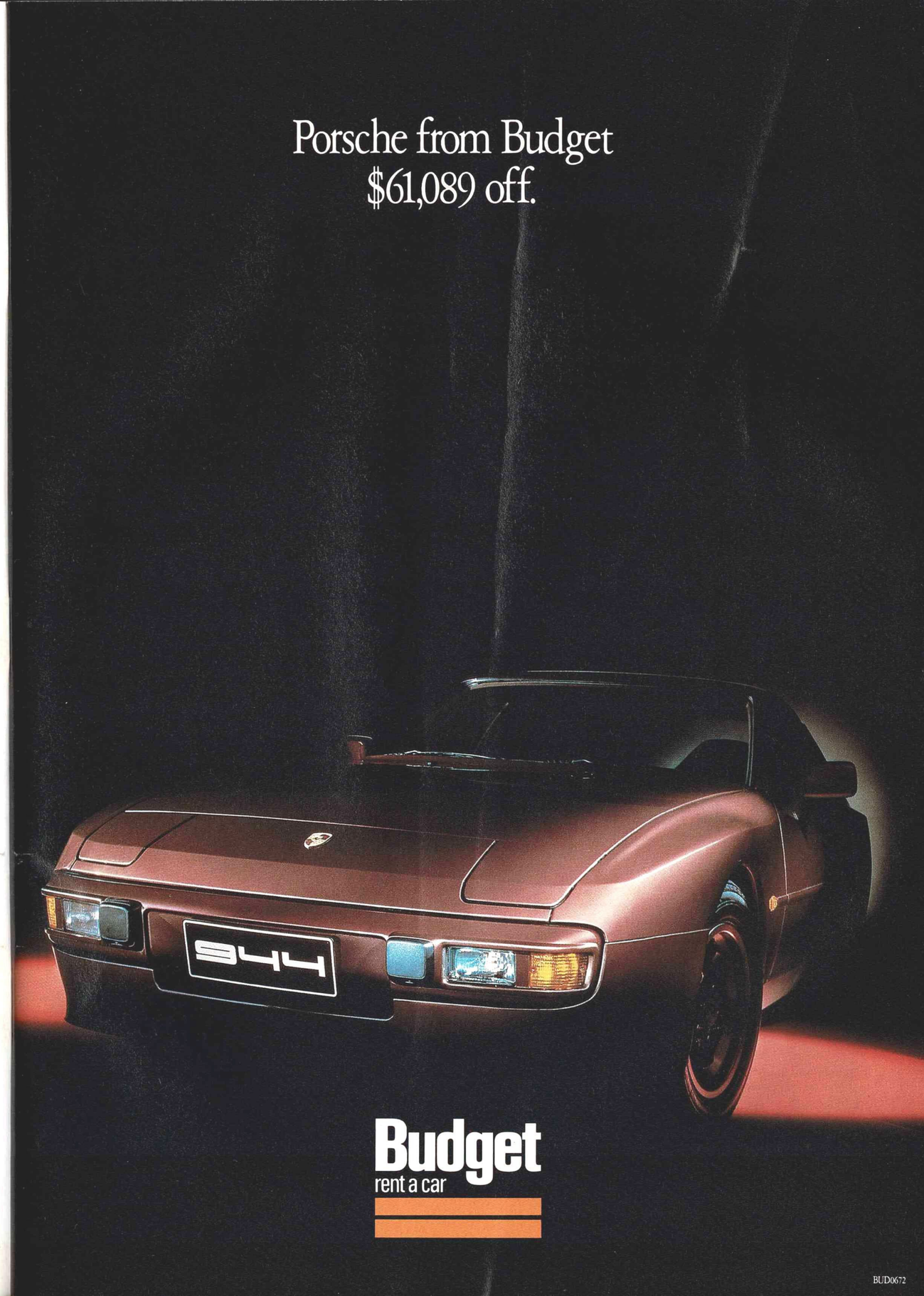
HORRORSCOPES
Humorist **C.J. Mackay** cuts loose with an outlandish warts-and-all astrological guide which finally sets the record straight. Learn to distinguish with astounding accuracy the wanker from the paedophile, the masochist from the peeping tom, and find out where you fit into the grand cosmological design. It's a side-splitting read that begins on page 51 with illustrations by **Mark Tremlett**.

DIRTY POOL
The manly art of poking a stick has never been this much fun. In the hands of two delightfully dextrous *Penthouse* Pets, the accoutrements of the game are transformed into objects of erotic art — and "dirty pool" takes on a new guise. Photographer **David Levin** presents the pool portfolio on page 84.

THE BIG ONE
The game of Yellowfin Lotto is played each May in the waters off Sydney by amateur and professional fishermen who want to test their skill, commitment and courage against the giant yellowfin tuna. **David Stewart** went for a spin on the yellowfin wheel of fortune and came up with one hell of a fisherman's tale. Turn to page 130.

THE BIG DROP
Peter Corris' wise-cracking gumshoe Cliff Hardy has the blowtorch applied to his belly when a beautiful Filipino assassin gets the private dick in a knot which requires expert untangling. **Glenn Ford's** illustration opens the fiction on page 96.

MIKE BRADY INTERVIEW
Ever heard of him? There are plenty who haven't, despite the fact that Brady is the most consistently successful music personality in the country. **Glenn A. Baker** quizzed the quiet creator who's left his mark on pop charts, advertising, film and TV. The interview, on page 116, provides an unusual perspective on the machinations of the music industry.



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Shock horror

I was shocked and outraged when I recently purchased a copy of November *Penthouse*. Totally discrediting an otherwise excellent publication was an interview with Frank Hardy, a well-known communist. And apparently, to compound the seriousness of this matter, it was only the second half of a longer interview stretching over two editions.

Surely you realise that by giving space to such a radical extremist you are acting to destroy the very freedoms which allow you to publish your magazine. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think you'll find an edition of *Penthouse* in Russia or China. Think about that.

The communists are hell-bent on destroying our traditional Australian way of life, as well as taking over the world. By allowing them to broadcast their evil (but sugar-coated for the weak of mind) message you have assisted them in that process. Remember this warning when you're in the Siberian labor camp — you should have plenty of time to think about it then. — *C.L. Rutherford, Mayfield, NSW*

Conditioned reflex

Superb stuff, *Penthouse*. I'm talking about your October Pet Of The Month, model Adelaide student Virginia Kelly. Congratulations to Ms Kelly and to photographer Nick Brokensha for what is certainly one of the most sensationally sensual pictorials I have ever clapped eyes upon.

Incidentally, I'm sure I recognised the book that Virginia was so intently perusing as an old anatomy text I once used myself. If Virginia is a student of biology I'd be only too happy to offer my services as a human guinea pig.

Actually, even if Virginia is not a biology student, let her know the offer still stands. — *Mark Hammond, Waratah, NSW*

Fantasyland

After having worked on Hamilton Island for four months I found Frank Robson's article Fantasy Island in September *Australian Penthouse* about as stimulating as the graffiti on a city train station dunny wall. Obviously the guy missed the whole futuristic concept of Hamilton Island. I've worked in five international resorts in three different countries and I can favorably compare the Whitsundays with anything the Caribbean or Bali has to offer.

Virginia Kelly . . . top of the class

Sure, the place is going through a few "teething problems", but what can you expect when you create an entire new city on an island? Do justice to your readers and tell them what this place is all about, as I'm positive that in no time at all it will be necessary to book at least a year in advance just to get a room here.

If you wanted to do a really good story you should have checked out the YPO (all self-made millionaires aged under 35) bash on Hamilton Island last August. The money spent on moving entire cabarets for 250 people to different islands each day would have blown your readers away. And, anyway, like I read recently on a T-shirt in Florida: "He who dies with the most toys, wins!" — *Tommy Wilson, Hamilton Island, Queensland*

Journalistic integrity

I'd like to congratulate Greg Hunter for his excellent and objective article The War Of Words, which appeared in November *Penthouse*, and also *Australian Penthouse* magazine for having the courage to publish that story.

As a non-smoker I've observed the rise of BUGA-UP with some amusement, and have a great deal of sympathy for their cause. It should be quite a topical issue, but up until now I have seen very little said about it in the mass media. Consequently I was pleased to see that *Penthouse* — my favorite Australian magazine — had the guts to be the first major publication in the country to run an even-handed, unbiased story on Australia's army of billboard graffitists.

It really is an indicator of journalistic integrity when a mass circulation magazine, which obviously depends on advertising for a large part of its revenue, is willing to run an article which I'm sure large sections of the advertising industry would rather have seen buried.

I'm now a bigger fan than ever. — *Gary Holt, Northbridge, NSW*

At first I'll admit I was going to write to *Penthouse* and take you to task for your blatant double standard in your treatment of BUGA UP (The War Of Words) in your November issue. Even you can't deny that your magazine, besides running many such offensive advertisements, actively encourages the casual acceptance of liquor and cigarettes in many of your articles.

But then I realised that you've got the balls to write and run that story and I congratulate you on it. That's the reason why I enjoy reading your mag and why I'll keep coming back for more. — *Ian Thompson, Clovelly, NSW*

Unholy communion

I don't know about you blokes, but I'm off to London to get into the action at Church (The Church Of Oz, October *Penthouse*). Looks to me like you can have a better time over there than you can here these days, what will all the ratbags running around trying to take the fun out of good clean fun. I reckon it's a crime that Aussies have to travel halfway round the world just so they can enjoy themselves like they used to down at the local before pubs turned into "brasseries". — *Colin Jackson, Queensland*

In the dark

As a regular buyer I just thought I'd let you know of my disappointment with your trip to Bolivia's cocaine kitchen (Snow Jobs, October *Penthouse*.) Fascinating subject, but I'm afraid merely reading the author highlight his bravado in getting the shots didn't really rate. The photos were fine, but what the hell were the guys in the shots doing? It was all a bit too mysterious for a magazine as otherwise illuminating as yours. It's not as if some hoons are going to start seeding the Great Divide with coca . . . is it? — *J.F., Vic*

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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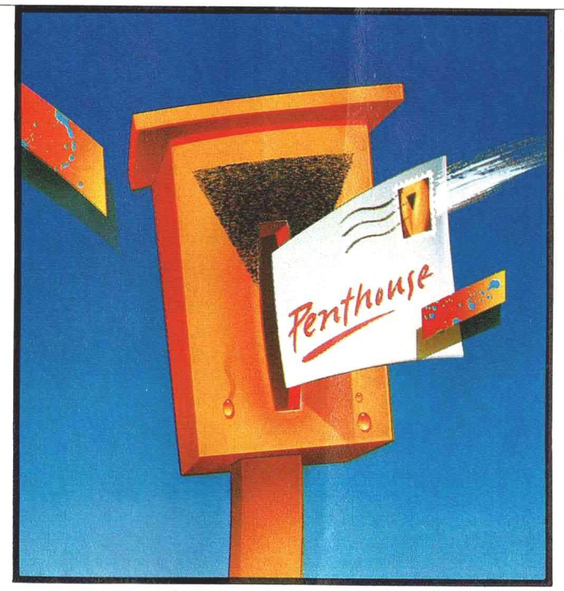


You'll never believe this

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for several years now, but I've never really had an experience that was worthy of inclusion in your Forum section. That was until recently . . .

I am a 35-year-old male, currently married with a young family. I was an air force conscript, based in Malaysia and as any old air force hand will tell you, the best thing about being based in Butterworth is the R and R. The best R and R entailed a trip across to Bangkok to sample the local culture.

Since quitting the air force and returning to Australia, I have often pined for a bit of Patpong pussy once more, but I resigned myself to the fact that it wasn't to be. However, unlikely as it may seem, I was recently proven wrong.

The deed occurred at an isolated outpost, about an hour's drive from where I work in northern South Australia. After a fairly boring morning slaving over menial tasks in the laboratory, the boss surprised us all by letting us go to the pub for the afternoon. I packed a few tinnies for the trip and gathered up my offsider, a bloke I'll call Sid. He's a fairly easy-going sort of guy, and like me he has an unbounded enthusiasm for anything pornographic.

An hour later we arrived at the pub and found it completely deserted except for the owner. We just put our feet up in the shade and started sinking a few cold ones. With the heat and booze, it didn't take long before we were half-pissed.

After a couple of hours of elbow bending, a tourist bus pulled up and out spilled a lot of people bent on some refreshment before continuing their journey. Sid and I eyed off the prospects as they entered, and I nearly jumped out of my seat when in walked a single young woman who just had to be Thai. I blinked a couple of times to make sure I wasn't imagining her, and then, buoyed up by tinned courage, walked over to introduce myself and buy her a drink. As I approached, a warm glow seemed to appear in her eyes and I felt the first twinge beneath my King Gees.

Her name was Ma-Su, or that's what it sounded like. She had an excellent body, highlighted by a superb pair of 34B tits stretching the fabric of her skimpy halter top. As we talked, it came out that she was a bargirl who had actually worked in some of the bars I had frequented in Bangkok. She told me she was visiting Australia courtesy of a rich relative who had conveniently died and left her a substantial inheritance that allowed her to indulge some of her travel whims. Her openness and friendliness created an easy bond that grew as fast as the trunk in my trousers.

Being very brave, I asked if she would like a quick tour of the river crossing before the comfort stop ended. She was delighted, saying she was here for the experience of meeting people and seeing our sights, after all. I gave Sid a wink as I passed, leaving him to play with a plate of peanuts and a beer. The river crossing was only 300 metres away along a gravel road and as we walked I pointed out some of the native birds and flora along the river banks.

At the crossing I turned to remark on some rock formation and Ma-Su jumped me, and to my surprise whispered: "I want to make love to you, Gregg-ee!" That was too much for me. I grabbed her and pulled her to the ground, where we wrestled in a passionate embrace. She was so sweet and soft, it was unbelievable.

Moving my hand down to her tits, I encountered no resistance as she wriggled with ardent delight beneath me. Her tits felt as good as they looked, soft and round and wholesome.

Gently pushing her back, I slipped off her top to reveal what I had just felt. Marvellous! I couldn't hold back any longer and my tongue lashed those perfect, dark nipples. Crouching, I removed her jeans and panties to uncover the trimmest little hair pie I had ever encountered. "Hurry, Gregg-ee," she moaned, "for I must catch the bus in ten minutes."

I moved my tongue down on that sweet-smelling clam and she spread her legs open to welcome it. As I caressed that perfect poontang she moaned and sighed, obviously enjoying each tongue tickle of her clit.

As time was short, I pulled back and peeled down my strides, ready to let Percy take the plunge. I was so hard it hurt. She positioned herself, and I entered slowly, pushing it all the way into that gripping tight love hole. She gasped as I pulled and pushed my cock in and out of her in long, slow strokes, gradually increasing the pace to frenzy level. I felt it coming, the delicious seconds before the explosion of orgasm — oh, it was glorious! The pulsing of my cock set off orgasmic contractions within her and she let out two long, exquisite moans that sent shivers down my spine.

My knees were like jelly as I dressed and helped her back into her clothes. She smiled, kissed me and said, "Thank you, Gregg-ee," before racing along the riverbank back to the bus. I lay on the bank for a few minutes and almost pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Then, slowly walking back to the pub, I saw the bus disappearing into the heat shimmer, and with it my sweet little Bangkok baby, the best fuck I've had in years. Sid, I might add, didn't believe a word of it. — *Greg, Somewhere in Adelaide, SA*

On golden blondes

Reading Forum, you get the idea that everyone out there is having a better time than you, and you never believe what unfolds on those pages until, by some sweet stroke of divine luck, something happens to you and you want to shout it from the rooftops. Of course, that would be a very uncool thing to do, so to get it off your

chest, you sit down and write to *Penthouse*. Well, that's what's happened to me and here's the yarn . . .

My younger brother is 16 and, from what I can see, a bit of a lad with the schoolgirls in his year, many of whom are always dropping by for giggly visits. A few weeks ago, two girls dropped by to see little brother but little brother was out at footie, so I told them to hang around for 30 minutes until he returned. The girls, Sally and Lisa, seemed quite happy to wait and they flounced off to his room to play a few records.

I'm not blind, so I couldn't help noticing that Sally, the slighter of the two young spunks, had a beautiful arse, long tanned legs and the face of a goddess. Lisa, a bit more outgoing than Sally, struck me with her brazen good looks and her body just built for sex. In short, both these blondes were thoroughly desirable.

After a quarter of an hour I was pried out of my place in front of the telly by the ringing of the phone. It was my younger brother telling me that he couldn't make it home for a couple of hours because he'd sprained his ankle and wouldn't be able to get a lift for a while. I went down the hall to tell the girls about it and just walked into the room without thinking to knock. What I saw damn near blew me away. These two 16-year-old blondes were lying on my brother's bed, Lisa on top of Sally, who had her legs spread wide and the top half of her uniform unbuttoned and pulled away from her breasts. Lisa, in shock, sprung up from her position, withdrawing her mouth from the other's nipple and removing her hand from under her school uniform.

I can't remember ever gaining a more instant erection. It sprung up like lightning when I saw Sally's beautiful taut melons and erect nipples. It was Sally who broke the silence with a very timid, "You're not going to tell anyone, are you?" With one lump in my throat and another one in my pants, I decided to be forthright. Trying to sound as calm as possible I said: "No, I find it quite a turn-on. Would you mind if I watch?" After exchanging glances they agreed, as long as I didn't tell. From their giggles, I got the idea that it was going to be as titillating for them as for me.

I positioned myself at the end of the bed and began watching the most exciting and erotic display I could ever have imagined. Lisa resumed her sucking and biting at Sally's nipples, while Sally's groping hands kneaded and stroked Lisa's lovely bum, massaging and pulling the globes of her buttocks apart rhythmically. Then Lisa's head disappeared under Sally's dress and my imagination began running wild. I didn't have to wonder for long, however, for Lisa roughly hitched Sally's uniform up her body until it was bunched up above her tits, revealing to me a perfect teenage body, and an exquisitely golden tropical triangle.

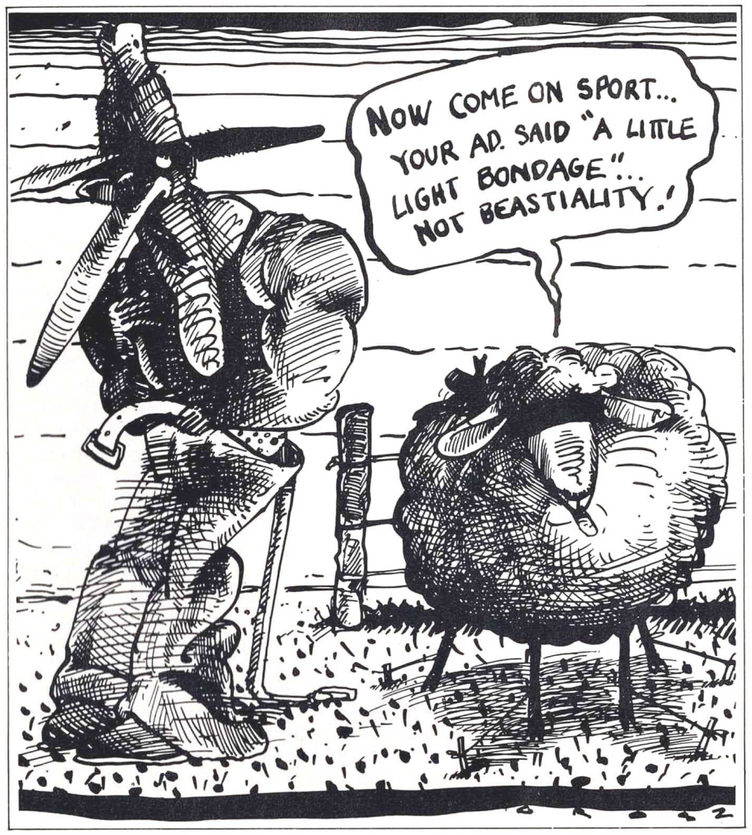
The moaning noises they were making were driving me to the verge of explosion. Then Lisa drew back to remove her uniform before returning her attention to Sally's crotch, pulling Sally's cunt lips wide with her thumbs for the benefit of my inspection, before diving into to lick at her friend's erect pea of a clitoris and stroking the brown skin of her inner thighs. In this position, Lisa showed me the growing wet patch at the crotch of her white panties.

Her raised arse and arched back were driving me wild, when suddenly Lisa stopped and reached into her schoolbag and, to my astonishment, pulled out a small vibrator. This she eased into Sally's choice twat as she began twiddling, flicking and stroking her friend's reddened clit. At this Sally began moaning in full-on climactic ecstasy as I too reached the point where I thought I was going to burst. Like a crazy man, I began ripping off my clothes to confront Lisa's raised arse with my swollen seven-incher that was in such a state that it was dribbling pre-come like a tap. I touched my monster against her cottontail-covered twat, and she turned around to see that it was a more inviting proposition than the vibrator. She helped me get her damp panties off as Sally rolled off the bed to let us go for it.

I knew I didn't have much mucking around in me, so I rammed my trouser anaconda into her, doggy style. She felt like wet velvet and she almost screamed as I pushed hard to get into the tightest snatch I've ever felt. Wasting no time, I rolled her over and gained access in the missionary possie. I humped and humped, nearly oblivious to the fact that her face was turning bright red and moments after I was fully inside her I blew a Krakatoa of hot Clag into her, despite her protests — I just couldn't help myself.

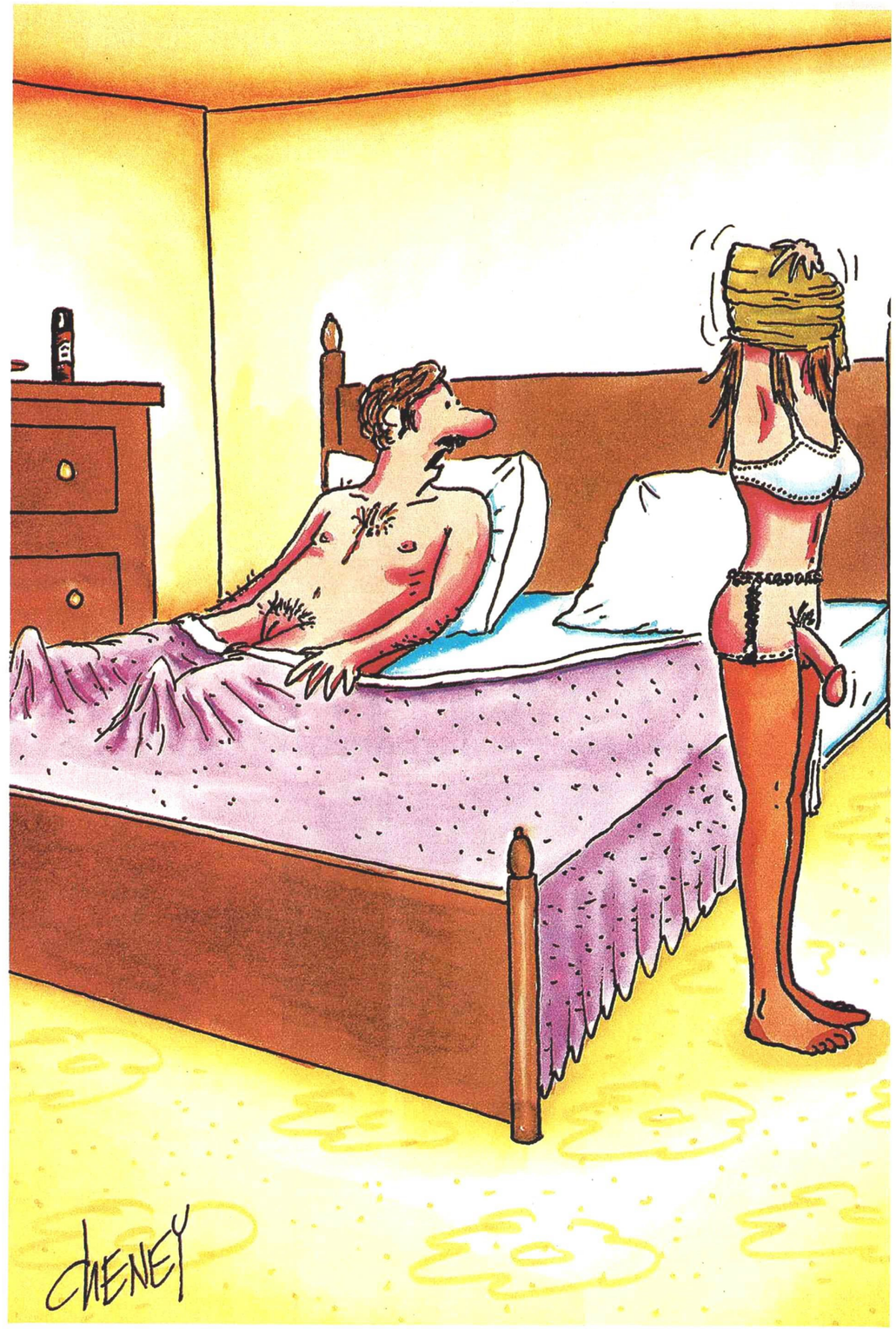
Sally had viewed the whole scene from my former position at the foot of the bed, and had been fingering herself ferociously throughout, leaving a sticky pool of jazz on the desktop she was sitting on. It was a relief that it was all over, and the three of us slumped on the bed exhausted.

As a postscript, I can't help but add that the next day Sally wagged school and turned up at my place to get what she had missed out on the previous day — but that's a different story and I don't like to brag. Well, not too much. — *E.D., NSW*



Blissful ignorance

I'm a woman whose marriage suffers from a lack of lust and love. My husband, a company vice-president, works long hours daily. Early one evening he came home unexpectedly. In panic, my lover crawled beneath the bed while I thrust his clothes into the wardrobe. Wouldn't you know, of all nights, my husband came home horny. Without any fanfare, finding



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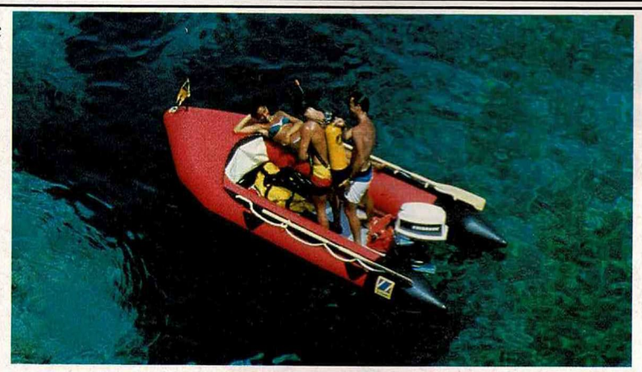

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me in the raw, he led me to the bed and said he wanted to have oral sex — his favorite activity.

Knowing my lover was still beneath us, I was in no position to resist his advance. While so engaged, the thought of my lover beneath us excited me all the more. Because of my position, it was easy for me to reach under the bed and find his arm. It didn't take long until my lover sensed the excitement throbbing in my finger-tips. In seconds he manoeuvred his cock into my hands. Almost simultaneously, the three of us moved as one. The climax was so exciting that my lover and I have planned several more such episodes. — *Name and address withheld*

Postponing the inevitable

With so much attention being paid to the role of the orgasm in sex, it might be fun to discuss an alternative for the male: sex without orgasm.

Quite by accident, my girlfriend and I found out that our enjoyment of screwing is really enhanced by my lack of ejaculation. She's 27, brunette, with lovely dark eyes and a trim body. One evening after a night out we ended up in a friend's semi-finished basement. Improvising quickly, we found a blanket, a pillow and an old couch. Nude and listening to a tape of Debussy preludes, we began our night of discovery.

We started by toying with and kissing our favorite parts, licking a nipple here, biting a lower lip there, squeezing each other's sweaty buttocks; soon enough we were ready for coitus. We took the missionary position, because we couldn't wait. I felt that first hot pulse in her vagina when I penetrated, and off we went. It wasn't making love; it was humping. The whole couch was shaking and squeaking, and our bodies were dripping with sweat. On and on it went until it seemed that we were bathing in a warm thumping rain. She was coming into her own now, her head tossing to and fro, and as she grunted and pushed, I tried to keep the rhythm as best I could, pumping hard; but my prick seemed to have become ultra-hard and free of sensation.

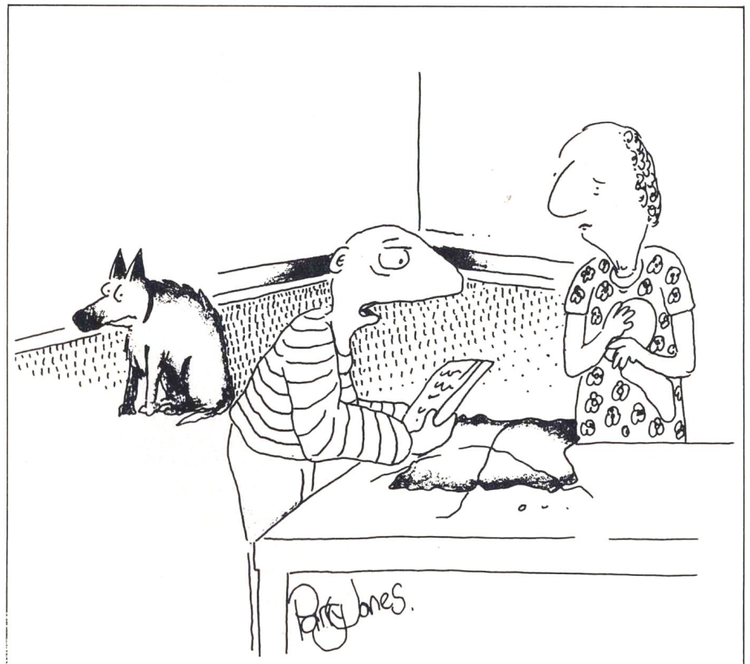
She was coming now, kicking her legs up and down. I love watching her come every time, and I make sure that her eyes are open so we can enjoy each other's pleasure. When the peak came, she tightened her thighs. I relaxed the rhythm. It felt good to keep fucking without ejaculating. The thing is, I didn't come even once that whole night. We just continued humping, kissing and sucking. I was slapping my balls against her arse; she was panting and squirming, and it did not stop. Half an hour. A small breather. Another 45 minutes. Again a small breather. Then another 20 minutes. She eventually became dry, and I also felt kind of demolished. It was quite an eye-opening night for both of us.

Now I don't know if men time themselves to see who lasts longer, and I don't really give a damn what the record is. The important thing for me was that I was able to receive and give pleasure and not care if I ejaculated! Until this occasion I was able to last only a few minutes. Since then (three weeks ago) we have been fucking like crazy for at least half an hour or for as long as two hours, with rest stops of five to ten minutes. I do not ejaculate even once. I love it.

Here is what I discovered: alcohol, taken in just the right amounts, anaesthetises me to a certain degree. Thus we can screw and screw, and I never come. My penis stays hard as a rock throughout. Many people say that booze can deaden your prowess and conk you out, but since I drink dry white wine and nothing else, I get only half-drunk and am still quite functional sexually. After we found this out, we began to experiment.

She got to levels of lust that made me want to fuck until I dropped dead. Then when it was too much for me to take, we'd stop. Once, after falling asleep for an hour, she woke me up in a special way. She started licking my testicles and stomach very gently. As I became hard, she got bolder. Her mouth travelled down my chest, brushing my nipples, licking my rib cage and biting my stomach until I opened my eyes. Then I felt her tongue near my abdomen, tracing lines of sensation on to my crotch. I gritted my teeth and curled my toes while I waited for her to reach my aching penis. But she teased me, curling her tongue about in my pubic hair. She even bit me gently near the balls, taking care to lick each testicle with her tongue so that I would not feel afraid.

She knows me well, and her warm mouth came down on to my cock just at the right time. I had to start pumping myself into her face; I was out of control. Her hands went down and grabbed my arse so tightly that I nearly yelled. Up and down, up and down, her black hair bouncing, she sucked on me as I twitched all over the couch. Soon I felt it coming. I couldn't stop. As I gasped out her name, she felt the tension in my legs and dug her nails in even harder. My arse was on fire, and I spurted into her mouth. With every shot of semen, she jabbed her claws into my buttocks, as if squeezing every spurt out of me. I kicked my knees up each time. We do this often now and it is the best sex of all, for me and for her. — *Name and address withheld*



"Who the hell ordered this 'Better Lovemaking' by Lassie?"

Track tips

My husband is a racetrack fiend. When he's not at the track, he has either his nose buried in a racing form or his ear glued to the radio for the day's results. I've often felt left out. However, recently I figured out a way to capitalise on his obsession.

I bought some bright orange silk and made myself a tight fitting, low-cut jockey's jacket, with matching cap and crotchless panties. To complete the outfit, I added a pair of black leather boots and a whip.

One evening when my husband was busy with his racing form, I turned on a tape of an actual race that I'd recorded for the occasion. When my husband heard, "And there they go . . .," he had to put down his form and investigate. You should have seen the look on his face when he saw his enticing "jockey" in the crotchless panties. He was ready and willing for me to climb into the saddle right then and there. I, of course, quickly mounted my hot stallion and rode him to a close and satisfying photo finish.

Nowadays, before my husband goes off to the track, I always give him a morning workout. We are now looking forward to having a racing orgy with a few intimate friends. The highlight of the evening will be when the jockeys, complete with special silks, ride the backs of their naked studs across our living room floor to the finish line in the bedroom. I have several ideas in mind for the winning stallion. Come on, Number Nine! — *Name and address withheld*

A change of scene

After reading several letters in your Forum pages I'm not sure if my experience will qualify, but if so, I would like to share it with your readers. I am 42 years old and happily married. I have not slept with dozens of men, nor was I seduced.

My husband and I have been close friends with Jeff and Carol for years. Jeff is handsome, a perfect gentleman and a lot of fun to be with. I have wanted to sleep with him for years. It hasn't been a raging passion, but I have thought of it many times.

About a year ago Jeff and Carol stopped by one evening a few days before my husband was to go to Perth for a week on business. We had a couple of drinks and talked. Dave mentioned that he had been trying to talk me into going with him, but I have never liked flying. Carol said she would love to go in my place. At first we were kidding, until Dave asked if Jeff and I would mind. I said it would be fine with me, if Jeff would stay with me.

All of a sudden it became obvious that we were all serious about it. We decided to think about it overnight, and if all four were still in agreement, we would go through with it. I was afraid one of the others would back out. I knew I wouldn't!

Originally Dave had planned on flying out on Sunday afternoon. Instead he and Carol caught a flight Friday to give both couples the weekend free together. Jeff picked me up Friday evening and took me out to dinner. He suggested dancing, but I asked him to take me home early instead.

When we got home I led Jeff into the bedroom and let him slowly undress me, then I lay back on the bed and watched him take his clothes off, and I was pleased to see he had a hard on for me. His cock was no longer than my husband's eight inches, but quite a bit thicker.

Jeff spread my legs and mounted me, then very slowly eased his cock into my pussy. I put my legs around him, but he didn't make a move. He took his weight on his hands and knees and started to kiss me until he had me squirming. When I started to move he stopped me.

Jeff rolled me over on top of him and had me sit up straight. He wanted to know what were the ground rules, what I enjoyed, or if there was anything I didn't want to do. I told him I couldn't think of anything I didn't like. I leaned forward enough to let him suck my tits.

We had a cigarette and talked while Jeff caressed my legs and tits. Much later Jeff rolled over on top of me and started to fuck me in very long, slow and gentle strokes. It was easy to match his pace. Before long he had me on the verge of coming. Jeff shoved it all the way in me and held it until I backed off from my orgasm.

He took his cock out of me long enough to roll me on to my stomach then mounted me again, easing his cock into my pussy. His hands moved around me to cup my tits, squeezing them firmly. This time on

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FORUM

each stroke I could feel his balls slapping against my buttocks. Once again he screwed me until I was about to make it and stopped.

Jeff took his cock out of me and lay back for a short rest. I turned, kissed the head of his cock, then took it into my mouth. He taught me more about sucking a cock in the next few minutes than I had learned in 19 years of marriage! Jeff was guiding my head in slow, bobbing motions until I was able to take well over half of his prick into my mouth. I felt the head banging against the back of my throat. I tried to swallow it, but only managed to choke.

Jeff took me out to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. He let me straddle him and take his cock back into my pussy. I couldn't believe the time. It was 10.30. I had spent over an hour and a half with his cock in me. When Jeff asked what I wanted next I asked him to fuck me from behind. He gave it to me in the lounge with me bent over an easy chair. It took several minutes for him to get it all the way in me. He would give me a couple of inches, then hold still until I got used to it, then give me another inch.

When Jeff took his cock out we took a shower together, then we went back to bed. Jeff asked if I was ready to come. He let me top ride him this time. I would rock forward until he almost slipped out of me, then settle back to take him all the way in my pussy. Jeff forced me to keep the pace slow and easy, to stretch it out for as long as we could.

When I made it, my orgasm was so intense I almost fainted! Jeff reared up at me and started coming in my pussy. When it was over I lay on Jeff with his cock in my pussy for some time. When he slipped out of me I moved down and sucked his cock again. It really turned me on when he got a hard on in my mouth. I probably sucked him for half an hour before he was coming in my mouth. I loved the way his cream flooded my mouth, and I drank every drop.

We took a break and had a drink, then Jeff ate me. It was good, but this was one area where he couldn't compare with my husband. When I was close to coming I asked him to screw me again, but this time I wanted him to really ram it to me. Jeff moved up between my legs and stroked the head of his cock over my pussy until I was begging him to fuck me. He rammed it all the way in me and started giving it to me in long, hard thrusts. I started coming almost as soon as he put it in me. My orgasm was short, but violent. My pussy was milking his cock and he started screwing me even faster. I went into a series of orgasms, one right after the other. It was the most beautiful fucking of my life.

A little later we fell to sleep in each other's arms. The next morning I woke Jeff by sucking his cock. I kept trying to take it in my throat, but each time I would start to gag. I made him come in my mouth.

During breakfast we talked about the forthcoming week. Jeff knew he hadn't been adequate when he went down on me and asked if I would teach him to do a better job. I agreed, if he would teach me to take a cock into my throat. We agreed we would both need a lot of practice!

We had a week of sexual holiday, and during that week I just couldn't get enough. Jeff screwed me every morning before going to work. In the evening I greeted him at the door, usually naked except for a suspender belt and stockings. We would screw before the evening meal, then go back to bed after. By the end of the week I was able to take his cock all the way in my mouth and he was doing a much better job of eating me.

Sunday, Jeff and I went to the airport to meet Dave and Carol. Both couples went their separate ways, and Dave was in me within minutes of us getting home. We didn't talk about the previous week until much later. Apparently it had worked out as well for Dave and Carol as it had for Jeff and me. — *Mrs A.H., Rockdale, NSW*

A bit on the side

A few months ago I ran into an old boyfriend in the city. I hadn't seen Ian since I was married five years ago. We had coffee and talked over old times. When I mentioned my husband was on one of his frequent business trips, Ian invited me to have dinner with him that evening. I accepted and gave him my address.

I got to thinking about my "date" on the way home, and knew Ian would probably try to make out with me. He had never screwed me, but I had often let him play with my tits and feel me up. I was actually looking forward to a little playing around. Sex with my husband has been low key and very straight. He isn't very big, and seldom lasts long enough to bring me off.

The more I thought about it, the more I wondered what it would be like to let Ian screw me. By the time I started getting ready for the date I had just about made up my mind to have sex with him. I wore a rather short cocktail dress with a very low neckline, no brassiere, a suspender belt, stockings and bikini panties.

Ian was a perfect gentleman through dinner. We then went dancing. When he took me into his arms I pressed tightly against him, and I could feel him getting a hard-on for me. Instead of pulling away I pressed closer to him. After a couple of dances I asked him to take me home.

Once in the car Ian kissed me for the first time, and it was a long and passionate kiss. His left hand dropped to my tits and worked under my dress. My nipples were standing out long and hard. Then I felt his right hand working up between my legs. I let him slip his hand under my panties.

On the drive home I sat close to Ian and let him play with my tits. Once in the house Ian took me into his arms, and while he kissed me he unzipped my dress and pulled it off. After a minute he pulled away, sat down and told me to parade before him and describe everything I wanted him to do to me. At first all I wanted to do was go into the bedroom and root, but I found it was turning me on even more to parade before him.

I fixed coffee at his request. Ian had me dip my tits into the warm, milky coffee, then he sucked it from my nipples. It was exciting, so long as I dipped only my nipples into the coffee. While he sucked me he slipped my panties off.

Ian stood over me while he undressed. When I saw the size of his cock I didn't think I could possibly take it. He has over eight inches and it's very thick. He pulled me to my feet and led me into the kitchen. He picked up a bowl of grapes and took me back into the lounge, then had me lie back and stuff the grapes up my pussy. I was so hot I was ready to do anything he asked.

Ian went down on me, and it was the first time a man has done this. He started lapping at my clitoris, then I felt him sucking on my vulva. I felt a grape plop out of my pussy into his mouth and I started coming. I put my legs over his shoulders, my hands moved to my tits. By the time Ian had sucked the last grape out of my pussy I was almost ready to come again.

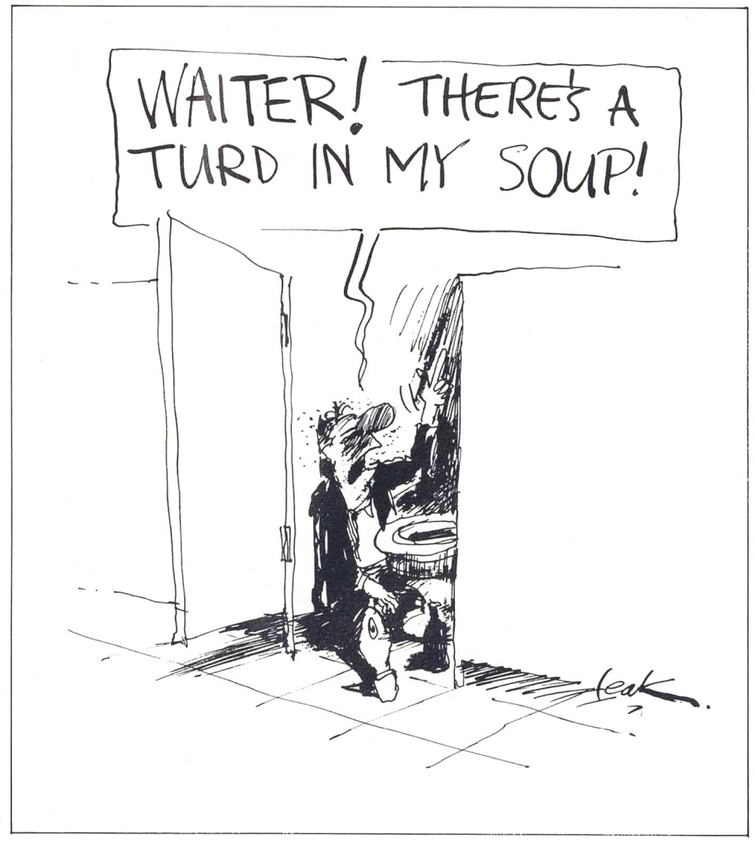
He stood over me and stroked that beautiful prick all over my tits and told me he wanted me to suck him before he screwed me. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to take his cock into my mouth. I loved the taste but even more I enjoyed the excitement of actually having this man's cock in my mouth.

Ian moved us around until I was kneeling before him and taught me to bob my head to slide his prick in and out of my lips. When he eased away from me I didn't want to stop sucking him.

Ian lay me back on the couch and mounted me. I was begging him to put it in me. I had never wanted or needed anything so much in my life. I started coming as soon as he drove that beautiful prick up my pussy. I felt a delicious stab of pain when he struck bottom, but I had him all the way in me.

Ian fucked me in long, hard thrusts and my pussy was coming up to meet every stroke. I had my legs around him, but after a few minutes he pried my legs from his waist and hooked my ankles over his shoulders, leaving me wide open to him. I could feel his balls slapping against my arse. The harder he screwed me the more I begged him to give it to me.

I made it two more times before Ian pulled his cock out of my pussy without coming in me. He let me suck him again long enough to lap my juices from his cock, then I took him into the bedroom. Ian lay back and had me straddle him. Once I had



his cock all the way in my pussy he had me sit up straight. We didn't fuck; it was great just feeling him inside of me while we talked, knowing that soon we'd be at it again. — *A.B., NSW*

A phone, a booth, a stripper

My name is Jim and I am one man who enjoys having sex *very* much, but I am very shy when it comes to older and very beautiful women. Yesterday I met three of my friends in the city for a couple of beers. After several drinks they took me to one of those porn shops with booths upstairs with live women. At first I did not want to go in, but they finally convinced me. Once upstairs I purchased five dollars' worth of coins and started to walk around, looking at each individual girl. There were a lot of good-looking ones, but one made my dick get hard, so I decided to go for her. Before I went in I walked by her several times to giver her the once-over. She knew that I was interested, because she would casually reveal her firm round breasts to me by lifting her flimsy top. When she winked and blew me a kiss, I almost spilled my load right then and there.

Inside the booth I put the dollar coin in the slot and the blind went up. Before me stood this blonde, beautiful, well-built woman. Slowly, she took her clothes off. First she removed her silky top. Her tits were even better looking from the view that I had now. She proceeded to caress her large firm tits with both hands and then she lifted her right tit to her mouth and began to suck her erect pink nipple. By now my cock was as hard as a steel rod, just begging her. The next thing I knew the blind began to go down, but my penis remained erect. I grabbed another dollar coin and started to put it in the slot, when in all my hurry and anxiety I dropped it on the floor. I started to look for it, but could not find it. The girl must have realised what had happened, because she came to my rescue with a cigarette lighter. I thanked her, and all she did was smile.

She went back into her booth and I put the dollar coin in. Again the blind went up and she started to undress. Because of the embarrassment that I felt from dropping the coin, my cock was no longer hard. She changed that in a flash when she sat down on her stool and spread her legs right in front of me, giving me a clear view of her pink snatch. She started to finger her pussy, playing with her clit and spreading her lips. I could see everything. Again the blind went down and again I put a coin in. This time she could tell that I was hot by the bulge in my pants. She told me to pick up the phone. I picked up the receiver. The entire time she was fingering her cunt, ramming her middle finger in and out, farther and faster. On the phone she told me to pull my cock out. I unzipped my pants and released my throbbing tool. She was awed at the sight of my pulsating cock. Then she began to tease me by falling to her knees and pretending to give me a headjob. By now I had had all that I could stand, so I started to stroke my meat. She again picked up the phone and told me to stay in my booth and not put another coin in when the blind went down. When it lowered, I heard her leave her booth.

I continued to get my rocks off, when all of a sudden she walked into my booth and told me that it would be a shame for me to waste my come on the wall when she could love my tool with her mouth. Before I knew it she was on her knees and my cock was in her mouth. She proceeded to give me a blowjob that I will never forget. She licked my cock and balls with her magical tongue, sucking on my balls while stroking my cock with her right hand. After sucking each ball for a while, she worked her way up my cock and began to go down on my meat. She then took my dick out of her mouth and started to kiss my swollen red head. Some pre-come came out, which she began to lick away by orgasmically swirling her tongue around my head. She began deep-throating me. She then took her right hand and started to fondle my balls. I was on the verge of losing it, which she could sense. I started to come profusely into her mouth. She swallowed my entire load until I was flaccid. I gave her a $20 tip and left to tell my friends of my orgasmic experience.— *Name and address withheld*

Messy session

I was very interested to read the letter "Slime Queen" in your May 1985 issue, for I, too, am something of a slime queen. I'm blonde with a voluptuous figure (when I watch what I eat), so I'm used to being the object of men's fantasies. I have a few of my own, like sitting at my incredibly boring desk job with a man under my desk eating me out with his head up my skirt. But I never met a couple with the kind of messy fantasies that my current lover and I have. I didn't know he had them until we'd gone out for about two months. Then he told me that what he really liked was a woman drenched in water or some kind of sticky mess.

What I like best about getting messed up is the control it gives me over our relationship. My lover is even more passionate and considerate after one of our pie-throwing bouts. He bathes me, gently washes my hair, and is obviously very thankful and happy to be with me. And it's something I can initiate. I always choose when and where it will happen.

Another fun thing about our messy sessions is that I get to be naughty. I insist that if I'm going to get a sloppy pie in the face or oatmeal poured into my bra, I've got to deserve it. So when I choose to become a target for his pastry I can also become a horrible tease; I can flirt with other men; I can break things if I want.

A typical bout will begin with buying the chosen mess that I will ultimately wear. My lover always comes with me on these occasions, and I have special outfits for them. One of my favorites is a pair of old cutoffs that have frayed so much at the leg that if I'm not careful when I bend over, I flash a lot of bum. This is particularly fun in the summer because I have tan lines, and when people see white skin they know they're seeing something they shouldn't. I also have a flimsy white top that I wear over a little bra. My tits are very heavy and a little bra does almost nothing to keep them from moving. In fact, if I bend the right way in this bra, one of my tits will pop right out.

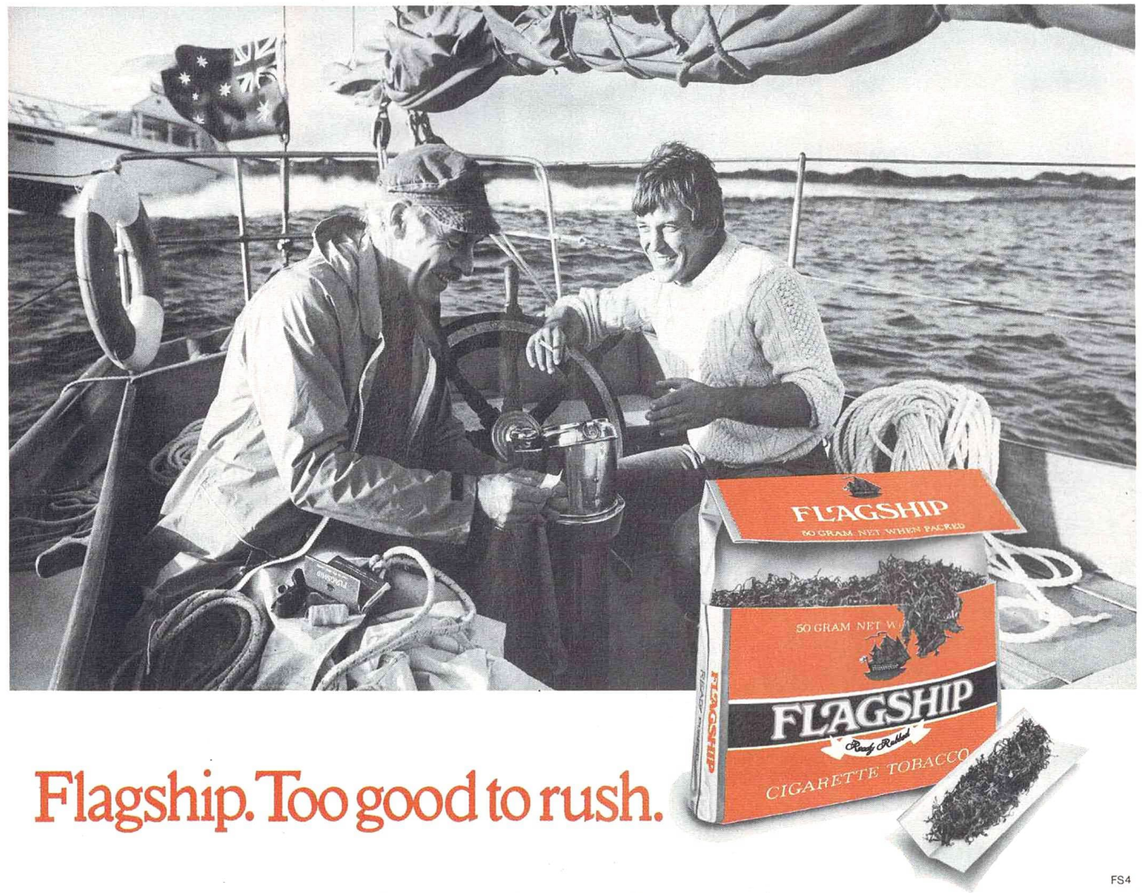
Wearing this outfit, I make my lover buy me something, usually expensive, and I make a big fuss about trying everything on. I can be rude to him. I can flirt with the salesmen. I can be someone I'm usually never allowed to be. After he's spent his money, I'm usually very ungrateful, and we head to the bakery or grocery store. I select all the food we're going to use. He has no control over this part of the game, but he can see what I pick out, and he can imagine how it's going to be applied to various parts of my anatomy. That, coupled with the outfit I'm wearing, usually has him aching in his pants by the time we get home.

I've found that things like spectacles and frilly lingerie really help because they add a snooty look that just begs to be shot down. One time I made him sit in the kitchen while I began preparing the mess. I wore black silk stockings, black pumps, a garter belt, and a flimsy black bra. I made him sit in a chair and watch my naked arse and blonde pussy while I poured flour, broke eggs, beat the dough, and set out prebaked cream pies on the counter. Finally, when I didn't think he could take any more of it, I set a cream pie on one of the chairs and then went back to work. A little while later I sighed and sat heavily down on the chair. There was a satisfying splat and I could feel the sticky stuff creeping across my arse. I shrieked in mock surprise and spread my legs, so he could see the thick cream work its way into my pussy lips.

I stood up. The pie clung to my arse a bit and then dropped off. He laughed, so I picked up a flat, heavily iced cake, held it in both hands, and walked menacingly toward him. I pretended to trip and dumped the whole thing down my front. The icing was very sticky, and it slid down my chest and across my crotch in slow chunks. When I thought he wasn't looking I pulled one of my bra cups down to make it look like the cake had done it.

He laughed some more and I charged him, deliberately missing and stumbling into the counter behind him. I pushed my head into the deep bowl of gooey batter I had prepared. I kept pushing until I felt the bottom with the bowl on my head, letting the batter drip down on to my shoulders. After I lifted it off, my hair was a mess of tangles and batter and my glasses were stuck in the bowl. Then I turned around and he hit me in the face with one of my pies. At the same time he grabbed my tits and began toying with them. Without him seeing, I set the half-full bowl of batter on a chair. Pretending to back away from his hand and clear the pie from my face, I sat down and managed to get my arse into the plastic bowl.

Screaming, I stood up, turned away from him with the bowl clinging to my arse and shook it off. It fell off slowly, leaving streaks of batter on my legs. I then bent over the counter again, balancing on my arms. My lover came up behind me and fondled my arse, dipping his hand between my messy cheeks. He felt how wet I was. He fingered my clit, getting me to moan and rotate my arse more. He gently spread my cheeks and I felt his thick cock at my pussy door. He teased me a little bit, rubbing it up and down my crack, and then thrusted gloriously home. We became a writhing squishy union of passion and pastry, with him alternating his nibbles between me and the tasty morsels that coated us. He didn't miss a thing, and made it worth the mess I'd made to get fucked like that. — *Name and address withheld*



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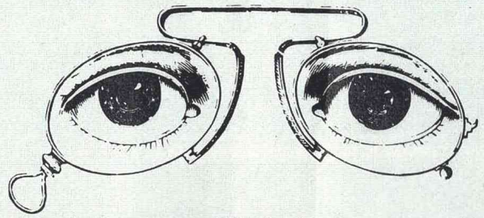


VIEW FROM THE TOP

WINGING IT WITH TERRORISTS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Australians have always loved to travel. We've got that pioneering spirit. What could be more fun than flying to other continents, buying a lot of foreign goods for half their imported price, and then winging home, knowing we've revitalised the economy of nations that went all out to crush us in World War II? Nothing, except possibily sneaking through customs without paying duty on our return.

Well, times have changed. There's a lot of trouble in the world. That's why we at *Penthouse* are bringing you the first 1986 *Tourist Hijacking And Airport Bombing Travel Guide*. With our travel tips, you'll turn a terror-filled situation into a dream vacation. Beirut on the runway or Mykonos by the sea — what's the difference, as long as you're away from home!

1. Planning Your Trip: Nowadays, there's no point in mapping out an overseas itinerary without planning for a terrorist attack. According to a recent study, the chances of your getting through Athens or Rome airports without being hijacked are minimal at best, and as for London, Paris, or Tokyo, though there's little chance your plane will be seized, there's every chance you will be bombed in transit. Reasons to stay home and cancel that trip you've planned for years? Not as long as you plan for your terrorist encounter, and plan well.

2. What To Pack: Your hand luggage is the most important item you'll have with you in a terrorist attack, so make the most of it. It makes no sense to pack evening clothes for the theatre, color-coordinated separates, or walking shoes for a hijacking. Anonymity and comfort are the watchwords here: drab, unnoticeable cottons, outfits you'd enjoy sitting in for weeks. Avoid polyester, please; it doesn't breathe. A pair of bedroom slippers is a must, one size too large — for when the feet swell. And a small, battery-operated fan, with extra batteries for those interminable waits on the runway.

A toothbrush, toothpaste, washcloth, towel, and a good supply of soap will be helpful for personal use or barter, as will an extra pair of glasses in case of a beating or scuffle. An Arabic dictionary is a handy item for when the initial excitement dies down. And it's good to have a selection of old left-wing radical anti-American pamphlets from the Sixties on your person, as well as crucifixes for everyone in your party who looks Jewish, walks Jewish, thinks Jewish, or has a Jewish-sounding name. With hijacking, you never know whether you'll be lunching in a Lebanese *taverna* with the Amal or stuck in some dungeon with the Hezbollah, so plan for both.

3. Dealing With The Media: You'll never have a better opportunity to be on TV than when you're hijacked, so take advantage of it! If, like the Greek singer on TWA 847, you're an entertainer, a hijacking could be the break you've been waiting for. So bring your tapes, your eight-by-tens, and your instruments, and hold them up, play them, smile, and wave. You never know who's watching, and the hijackers love it. Mr Roussos, that Greek singer, was released early after playing his guitar. He was quoted as saying that the hijackers were nice people and he had a great time. They even gave him a birthday party. You might follow the above suggestions even if you're not in show business. How would the hijackers know? It also makes sense to devise some special coded messages with your family. These come in handy when you're filmed to prove you're still alive. For example: "Hi, Mum, they're treating us well and I miss you" could, by prearrangement mean "Besiege the Foreign Affairs Department. Nothing is being done." And so on. These coded messages save wear and tear on a hostage family as well as huge phone bills from unreturned calls to Parliament House.

4. Airport Bombing: There's no way to pack for an airport bombing. But you can keep your pockets stuffed with tourniquets, plasma and gauze bandages and stay away from the baggage areas. Before leaving home, make sure your blood type is tattooed on four separate parts of your body, and give your dental records to your executor. Bon voyage!

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

COMMUNICATION SKILLS

It's hard to believe **Marc Hunter's** past image as an advocate of New Age hedonism when his voice, his best asset, continues to wax rather than wane. *Communication* (Polygram) sees the resurgence of his solo career while still fronting the dwindled ranks of Dragon. Dragon could never be mistaken for an "art" band but this disc might still catch some listeners off-guard with its disarming melodies. Hunter has had a large hand in writing tracks, but the album also includes Smokey Robinson's "Tracks Of My Tears" and the less classic "Urban Tribal" by B.E.F. On "Sideshow" he even manages a convincing pastiche of Leo Sayer and Paul McCartney — and I mean that in the nicest possible way (Hunter is much taller than me). Apart from this overly cute moment and a cover reminiscent of den wallpaper, it's a recommended example of a fine throat at work.

Of quite a different vocal style is **Phil** (thanks mum for not having my adenoids removed) **Oakey** on the collaborative *Philip Oakey And Giorgio Moroder* (Virgin). Oakey will be very familiar from the Human League; Moroder is the man who pioneered sequenced disco with the likes of Donna Summer and earned lots of money by writing and producing most of *Flashdance*. He epitomises the churning wall of mechanical aids (affectionately known as Euro-disco), that has helped push Laura Branigan to such great heights of slobbering mass adulation. This would have to be the best lunch hour aerobic soundtrack since the Village People workout tapes. Side One grinds seamlessly from track to track, with only Oakey offering a few clues for the attentive that they have moved on to the next song. Side Two slows the pace for some deep breathing, stretching and those curious movements that approximate dogs urinating on lamp-posts.

White Trash Green gets it well and truly in the neck for *Cupid And Psyche 85* (Virgin). His constant falsetto may have been inspired by certain black singers but Mr Green's delivery is his own. He and the other two thirds of **Scritti Politi** — David Gamson and Fred Maher — have effectively taken their time to fully utilise several studios' gadgetry to give Green's breathy delivery a powerfully uncluttered setting. There's the jingle reggae of the "Word Girl", the busy funk of "Small Talk", and the measured thump of "Wood Beez" and "Absolute" that almost insist you be with a biologically accommodating member of your preferred sex. Scritti Politi's new scrubbed pop persona will only disappoint those who preferred their muddily recorded but ideologically sound discs of a couple of years ago.

The King of Crimson, **Robert Fripp** has dusted off some six-year-old tapes featuring several subsequently famous performers like Phil Collins, David Byrne and Daryl Hall — as well as established enigmas Eno and Peter Gabriel — for the mini album *Network* (EG). Hall and Gabriel provide moments of melodic interest and Byrne has his way with words like "solipsism", while Fripp's practised angularity provides the only thread.

Level 42 started life with the claim to be "young and brilliant" — their only choice now is to grow old and stupid. They hail from the Isle of Wight and perhaps no-one had told them in 1980, when they formed, that jazz rock was starting to emit unpleasant involuntary odors. *A Physical Presence* (Polydor) is a live double album that shows them capable of some fine pop moments despite their instrumental prowess.

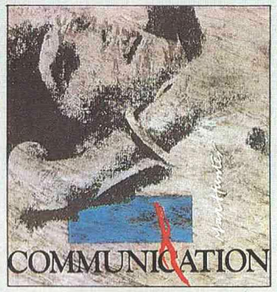
The notion of a band as an egalitarian artistic enclave dies the moment the first royalty cheque gets popped under the front door. **Belouis Some** realising this, and the compromises democracies often impose on material, has spent six lone years on his road to *Some People* (Parlophone). He has sought players like Chic and Bowie alumni Carlos Alomar, Bernard Edwards and Tony Thompson give his tunes clout in both industry awareness and musical expertise. His singing hearkens to many moments of Bowie, exploring the sonorous and symbolic possibilities of words like "Jerusalem." The result is well-worded pop with some strong dance feels.

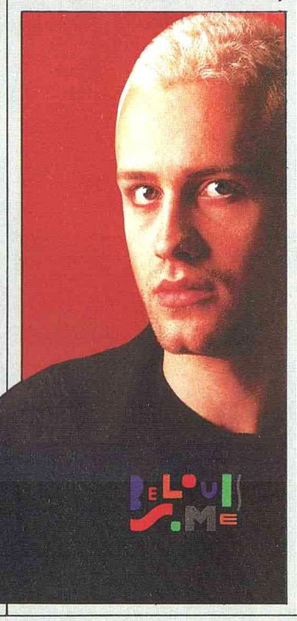
Marillion have another *Misplaced Childhood* (EMI) — wishing they'd been born ten years earlier, and thought of the name "Genesis" first.

Hailing from Nigeria, **Sonny Okusun** has his own angle on reggae-calypso-funk, coyly termed Afro-pop, on *Liberation* (Third Degree). The feel is more "highlife" (as in the Specials' "Nelson Mandala") than the laconic riddums of Sonny Ade, who seems to personally own or at least control much of the extensive Nigerian music scene. Strong sentiments with chant choruses that avoid the more dope-slowed excesses of some reggae.

The Models are in the unenviable position of being fabulously popular and having to produce a mind-numbing album, which *Out Of Mind Out Of Sight* (Mushroom), isn't. "Big On Love" showed promise that was maintained by the island *bonhomie* of "Barbados." The T-Rex inspired title track points to a running out of exciting creative steam that is far from helped by the oddly anaemic production by Mark Opitz — a mushy bark with a gummy bite. — *Jeremy Cook*

Marc marks a resurgence; Scritti Politi . . . scrubbed pop.





Belouis Some . . . well worded pop for dancing feet.

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FILM

HARDY-HA-HARDWARE

Damned amazing gizmos, these computers. Why, kids these days are even employing them to create beautiful, user-friendly women and to summon up the wherefores to hurtle to distant corners of the universe. Kids in movies, that is, and two films to use this "computer as modern magic lamp" device are about to be unleashed on Australian audiences to sop up the seemingly inexhaustible teen dollar. The films in question: **Weird Science** and **Explorers**.

Of the two, *Weird Science* is the guaranteed winner. Although this crazy comedy has the teen market in its sights, its zany storyline, snappy dialogue and surprising mixture of black humor and slapstick will appeal to anyone who likes a chortle. Written and directed by former *National Lampoon* editor John Hughes, this one offers even more than his previous comedy successes, *Mr Mom* and *National Lampoon's Vacation*, particularly in the field of special effects.

In opening sequences vaguely reminiscent of *Revenge Of The Nerds*, we are introduced to Gary and Wyatt (Anthony Michael Hall and Ilan Mitchel-Smith), two gumpy computer whizzkids who always strike out with software of the teenage female variety. Taking a cue from an old Frankenstein movie, they hook their home computer into a powerful electrical network, feed the machine with lingerie advertisements and centrefolds, then wire the lot up to a Barbie Doll. With a final press of a button, lightning rends the sky, furniture is thrown about the room and who should appear in a puff of smoke but Gary and Wyatt's (and Rod Stewart's) ideal woman, Lisa (Kelly Le Brock), ready to grant the teenagers' every wish. That's when things really start getting crazy, and it would be giving too much away to attempt to explain the riotous confusion that follows. However, I've got to put in a word for Wyatt's older brother, Chet (Bill Paxton). This cigar-chomping, gun-wielding, sadistic *Soldier Of Fortune* subscriber has to be the nastiest screen character of recent years.

Heaven forbid that anyone could take this anarchic teenage tomfoolery seriously. It's the funniest movie since *Ghostbusters*.

Director Joe Dante's latest film *Explorers* scoops even lower into the fiscal fountain of youth to attract the liquid assets of an age group barely over wetting their pants. It's not sissy girls' stuff that

excites the imaginations of *Explorers'* 10-year-old characters Ben, Wolfgang and Darren. They get their jollies from new-fashioned space travel and the chance to meet alien kids from far-flung galaxies — courtesy of a trusty home computer.

There is a definite charm for all ages in the first half of this movie as three believable kids act on a common dream beamed to them from outer space and build a spaceship from bits and pieces of junk. Then, midway through, the film takes a surprising turn that gives Dante the chance to indulge his passion for old B-grade movies and TV shows. His joke, while funny at first, is overplayed to an extent that the film gurgles off down the drain. As they say in the form-guide: Erratic performer. Look elsewhere.

Scenes from John Hughes' crazy comedy Weird Science

Heading 'em up and moving 'em out of the sci-fi fantasy flicks is the aim of Lawrence Kasdan, writer-producer-director of a splashy western saga called **Silverado**. This one takes audiences back to the good old days when space meant wide open, windswept plains and the only stars that really mattered had "Sheriff" written on them.

Assembling a mighty cast that includes Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Brian Dennehy, Jeff Goldblum, Rosanna Arquette and Linda Hunt, Kasdan makes a good fist of updating the classic Western to introduce a new generation to the big screen spectacle of the genre. All the while, he satisfies those who cut their teeth on Jaffas in the front stalls during cowboy epics.

The action follows the adventures of four diverse characters (sort of a *Magnificent Four*) who team up on the road to a town called Silverado. Their good deeds and courage, fighting cattle-rustling bandits and helping honest homesteaders battle powerful evil cattlemen, make for great entertainment. Characterisations are not as simple as the black hat, white hat school of Western, and clever dialogue mixed with ladles of old-time free-range cliche and even an appearance by John Cleese as rather a nasty lawman are all recommendations. If you feel like a bit of a cattle stampede, honky-tonk piano that ceases when strangers walk into the bar, larrikin cowboys who leap on to their pintos from whorehouse balconies while brandishing magic guns that never miss . . . *this one has your name on it. — C.J. Mackay*

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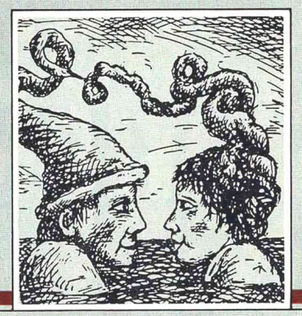

SEX

OF DRUGS AND DEVIANTS

On July 29 last year a tiny seven-par story was buried in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. It was headed: "Sex Offence Treatment A Success" and quoted Associate Professor Neil McConaghy, of the Psychiatry Unit at Sydney's Prince of Wales Hospital, as saying he had developed a new treatment for sex offenders, including child molesters, which had a better than 90 percent success rate.

At the time, public and media hysteria over sex offences — especially paedophilia — was running at fever pitch. Hardly a day seemed to pass without details of the latest child molestation being splashed across the dailies. Yet when Prof McConaghy wrote to both the NSW Department of Corrective Services and the NSW Task Force on Child Sexual Assault, suggesting that there was now a simple way to effectively treat almost all the sex offenders who pass through the prison system and back on to the streets, often to offend again within hours of their release, his findings were totally ignored. "I've found it all very strange," Prof McConaghy told *Penthouse*. "I simply can't explain why they didn't respond in any way."

Strange indeed. Could it be that in this enlightened age we're still more concerned with inflicting severe penalties on sexual deviants than with curing them of their illnesses? Psychiatrist Dr Robert Myers recently expressed the view that the community and the media had reacted "neurotically" to the publicity surrounding paedophilia. "It is an emotional neurotic reaction to their own sexuality: a guilt response to their erotic reactions to children," Dr Myers reportedly said.

The treatment developed by Prof McConaghy, psychologist Alex Blaszczynski and endocrinologist Dr Warren Kidson involves more than a simple shot in the arm. To understand it we need to go back to the Sixties, when Prof McConaghy began experimenting with aversive therapy. The therapy involved giving a mild electric shock to homosexual men when they said they were aroused by photographs of naked males. The researchers wanted to see if the shock therapy could actually alter the men's sexual orientation, which would be shown by changes in penile volume response to the erotic photos. "We found," says Prof McConaghy, "that this treatment didn't alter their penile volume response and they didn't get any negative feelings to the pictures at all — but they did say that after the treatment they could control behavior that was uncontrollable before."

By the early Seventies the research team had concluded that the aversive therapy was not working by conditioning, since it didn't alter basic sexual responses, but it *was* getting rid of the compulsion element. "That made us realise that the compulsion was almost separate from the patient's sexual feelings and so you could deal with it separately." Driving home, the patients would get near their regular "beat" and the feelings of arousal would be so intense that if they refused to go "on the beat", they would be wracked with tension. The aversive therapy must have reduced that tension, so the question was: How do we do the same thing without resorting to shock treatment?

The answer came in the late Seventies, when Prof McConaghy's team began to use a form of relaxation therapy. The treatment involved placing the patient in a relaxed state and then getting him to visualise maintaining that state while driving past the "beat" and on home. Patients in the study were hospitalised for a week, given relaxation therapy three times a day, and let loose. A month later most of them reported that they'd lost that feeling of nerve-wracking tension and could stop offending if they wanted to. "We found," says Prof McConaghy, "that we could use this therapy to successfully treat the compulsions associated with homosexuality, exhibitionism, voyeurism and paedophilia."

In 1981 Prof McConaghy began the four-year study which led to the recent announcement of a 90 percent success rate. That's how long it took to assemble a representative sample of 30 sex offenders, treat them and follow up each of them for at least one year. The men were aged between 18 and 50; 16 were paedophiles and the rest included exhibitionists, fetishists and voyeurs.

Prof McConachy's team launched a two-pronged attack. They had their relaxation therapy down pat, but they knew that since about 1970 a drug called Depro Provera had been used in the US to treat sexual deviants. The Depro Provera dose reduces the amount of the male sex hormone testosterone to about one-third its normal level. "At that level," says Prof McConaghy, "men can still function in normal sexual relations — in other words, they can still get an erection — but their psychological sexual drive is greatly reduced, which means if they have any deviant behaviors the drive to carry them out is very much weakened."

In the first stage of the study, each of the 30 subjects was given a fortnightly injection of Depro Provera for two months, then a monthly injection for the following four months. The treatment was then stopped. "We found that the majority reported their compulsion did not return as their hormone levels came back to normal; it seemed that the compulsion had simply become lost." The second stage involved randomly allocating patients to either the relaxation therapy, or the Depro Provera treatment, or both. The results for each of the three groups were virtually identical. "So it seemed that we should just use one or the other — whichever suited the patient best. And if that failed to *completely* cure him — usually the treatments worked sufficiently well to enable patients to control their behavior completely — then we'd add the second treatment. Doing that, we found that over 90 percent of the subjects reported they could control their behavior quite satisfactorily."

For Prof McConaghy, the most vexing aspect of the authorities' failure to act on his findings is the fact that his treatment would be so simple to implement as part of the existing probation system: "It's just a matter of training probation officers to use the simple relaxation techniques and/or to administer Depro Provera on a doctor's prescription." — *Greg Hunter*

Illustration by Allan Scholz

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

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VIDEO

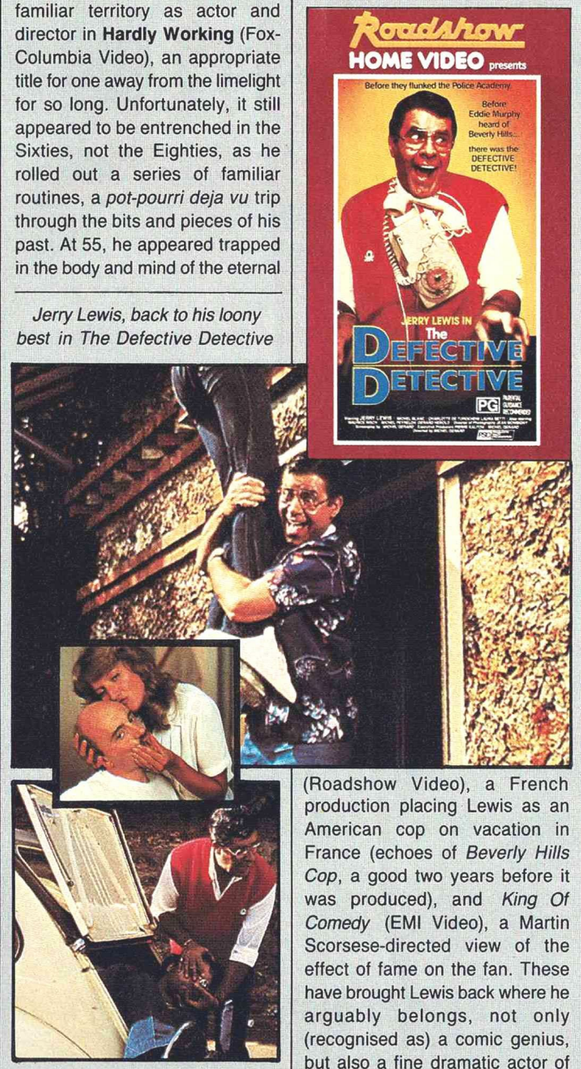
KING OF COMEDY

Elvis Presley and Jerry Lewis have, over the last decade or so, assumed the roles of king and court jester to the great Australian wasteland: Saturday and Sunday afternoon television. Every celluloid foot of their respective film careers has been repeated so often that there cannot be a living being in this country unfamiliar with some aspect of their Thespian abilities. They have become media dross, part of that great black hole into which is sucked the scraps of previous generations' glory.

Lewis, master of the frenetic, zany comedy — the innocent trapped in the adult's body — started his film career as one half of the singing-comedy duo with Dean Martin. Together they starred in 16 features between 1949 and 1956 before Martin went his way — and Lewis his, into 23 features as actor, writer and sometime director. For a decade, ending in the mid-Sixties, Lewis could do no wrong; he had a faithful audience oblivious to his emerging, out-of-control ego. Although he hung on long after the party was over, his film career was all but finished by the end of the Sixties and he had to content himself with Las Vegas and a couple of unsuccessful attempts at weekly television variety (where Martin, who had pursued a career on his own, succeeded beyond the wildest dreams). All that was left for Lewis in the film world was the emergence of a hard core of worshippers, the French, who gradually promoted him to the level of near-sainthood. If the rest of the world saw Lewis as washed out, the French viewed him as something special — a clown akin to the likes of Chaplin and their own Jacques Tati; he received that country's highest civilian honor.

It wasn't until the early Eighties, a full decade since he was last behind the camera — directing pals Peter Lawford and Sammy Davis Jr in a London-based spy caper — that Lewis again tackled familiar territory as actor and director in **Hardly Working** (Fox-Columbia Video), an appropriate title for one away from the limelight for so long. Unfortunately, it still appeared to be entrenched in the Sixties, not the Eighties, as he rolled out a series of familiar routines, a *pot-pourri deja vu* trip through the bits and pieces of his past. At 55, he appeared trapped in the body and mind of the eternal teenager. The outing did little but confirm to many that the man's time had passed, only he did not seem to realise it.

Jerry Lewis, back to his loony best in The Defective Detective



Two years later, two film vehicles altered that particular belief: **The Defective Detective** (Roadshow Video), a French production placing Lewis as an American cop on vacation in France (echoes of *Beverly Hills Cop*, a good two years before it was produced), and *King Of Comedy* (EMI Video), a Martin Scorsese-directed view of the effect of fame on the fan. These have brought Lewis back where he arguably belongs, not only (recognised as) a comic genius, but also a fine dramatic actor of great depth and insight.

With the following and honor from France it seemed not only obvious but downright essential that France and Lewis come together in a film. Using the simplest of ideas and a script written and directed by Michel Gerard, Lewis steps into the shoes vacated by Peter Sellers, as a type of American Clousseau, bungling his way (utilising all the tricks of his trade) through a caper that places no pressure on the brain cells, but plenty on the laughter mechanism. To Lewis aficionados the routines may be familiar, but given the Gallic touch they wear well and take on a freshness of their own. Carrying the weight of his middle years, Lewis may be well beyond the college attire that, one supposes, is there to wipe away the years, but he still has the touch: the Master's touch.

King Of Comedy is another story altogether, a film that is genuinely hated from some critical quarters and absolutely adored from others. Scorsese, a man with a black mood in much of his output (*Taxi Driver, Mean Streets, Raging Bull*), upset not only the critics, but also the likes of Johnny Carson, the Mr Big of American night-time television, with his caustic trip into the private world of the "Mr Big of American night-time television", Jerry Langford (Lewis).

The nonentity, Rupert Pupkin (Robert DeNiro in one of his most accessible roles), craves one thing out of life: to be as famous as Jerry Langford — and he will go to any lengths to achieve it. First, he intrudes on Langford's private life (inviting himself and a girlfriend up to the country estate for the weekend), then vainly attempts forging the defences of Langford's office. Finally, as the last resort, he kidnaps the star, holding him to ransom — the price: that Rupert open the Langford Show for one night with his own comedy monologue.

Playing it straight, apart from snatches of comedic delivery, Lewis is *superb* — as is DeNiro, each actor playing off the other in a way that is rare to the screen today. The film will have you squirming at times, so real are the situations concocted by Scorsese.
— Denis Whitburn

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SPORT

THE BIGGEST LEAGUE

In the past few years the Americanisation of Australian football — both Aussie Rules and rugby league — has proceeded apace. Aggressive marketing techniques, traditional Yankee razzamatazz and even private and corporate ownership have crept into both games under the banner of "bringing the sport into the Eighties." And ever since rugby league supercoach Jack Gibson began making regular sojourns to the US to study the techniques of his gridiron counterparts, there's been a growing conviction that by copying American methods we can learn how to play our own games better.

Our national inferiority complex, football-wise, has been reinforced by the TEN Network's excellent Tuesday night coverage of the NFL gridiron game of the week, which began last September and culminates with the Superbowl on January 26, 1986.

Comparisons are normally odious, but all this means that the observations of two star American footballers imported by TEN to promote *NFL Gridiron* are very pertinent to the Australian football scene. Lindsey Mason and Guy Benjamin, both aged 30, have just played their last season for the all-conquering San Francisco 49ers. Mason is a giant six-foot six-inch, 290-pound black offensive tackle who dwarfs his six-three, 210-pound white quarterback teammate Benjamin.

On their arrival in Sydney last September, the boys were ushered over to the SCG to see the major preliminary rugby league semi-final between Canterbury and Balmain. The *Herald* quoted the monstrous Mason as saying: "Ooooo-weeee — I never thought it would be this physical . . . This is something." Benjamin had added: "These guys are incredible — banging into each other with no pads on. I couldn't do this — no way." Were they being patronising? "Nope, not for one minute," says the big black man in a voice reminiscent of Louis Armstrong. "What we saw out there was raw courage. You could feel those hits from the grandstand."

Asked whether the Americans could learn anything from watching our codes, Mason said: "One of the things we could learn is to match the great level of intensity that your guys play on. What we depend on is techniques and skills developed through endless hours of training — we train six hours a day, six days a week even at college level — and that can decrease your intensity. Sometimes we get so technical, we get away from the basics: intensity of effort, and having a feel for your teammates." Benjamin was keen to pick up on that theme: "Because there isn't time to call a play and get everything organised, those league players have to develop a natural feel for the guy next to them, which is really excellent — because no matter how refined your technical skills are, there is nothing so refined as having an instinctive knowledge of what your partner is going to do."

Odd as it may seem to Australians, both of these gentlemen were surprised to see teammates drinking beer together after the game. Benjamin: "They were having a drink, talking about the game, and . . . *appreciating* one another. In American football there's so much of a war atmosphere — it's us against them and they're the enemy — as opposed to a coming together of athletes for a sporting contest that's played very hard but, most of the time I guess, played honestly."

Would Australia's football codes lose anything by evolving in the sophisticated direction of American football? "Yes," says Mason emphatically. "I really appreciated the spontaneity and fluidity of rugby league. That was the first thing to — to be creative. When you're a kid, you do that sort of thing a lot; it's similar to Aussie football. But as you progress from high school to college to the pros, the game becomes increasingly stylised."

Australians might have mastered the rules of American football, but it's difficult for them to appreciate the level of thought and preparation involved. In the US, calling a pro footballer a "bonehead" is unheard of. Apart from spending dozens of hours every week studying film of their opponents' techniques, constantly probing for the slightest flaw, players must assimilate a complex game plan assembled not by a human expert but by a computer. Each pro team has a repertoire of around 120 standard attacking plays, with about the same number of stock defensive manoeuvres. The computer analyses the opposition's repertoire and tries to predict what they'll do in a given situation — say, third down, 20 yards from the goal-line, five points behind, 10 minutes of the last quarter remaining. "In a perfect game," says Mason, "nothing unpredictable — from our point of view — will happen. But of course, it never turns out that way because we're human beings."

Beyond that incomprehensible level of technicality, Benjamin wanted Australian audiences to appreciate that American footballers are tremendous athletes. "You are talking," he says, "about *very, very* big men. A guy the size of Lindsey is not normally a well-balanced, finely tuned athlete — but in American football you have to be because the game is all about balance. The whole idea is to knock all the defenders off balance while your ball carrier remains balanced. This is a quality that doesn't really come out on screen, because every player has it in near-equal amounts. You don't see it, but it requires intense training and great talent." — *Peter McDonald*

Americans Mason and Benjamin in Australia and impressed

that blew me out — the way those players came straight out and *got right on it* — no warm-ups, no delays." Benjamin was incredulous to hear that a favorite tactic of Australian football coaches is to instruct players to "Go out there and enjoy yourselves." The complexity and technicality of gridiron make that sort of approach impossible. "I have a desire, as a quarterback, to go out there and do what I want

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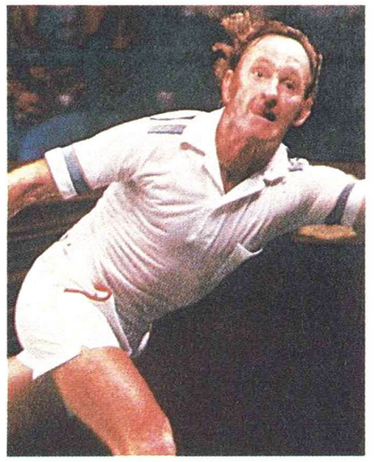

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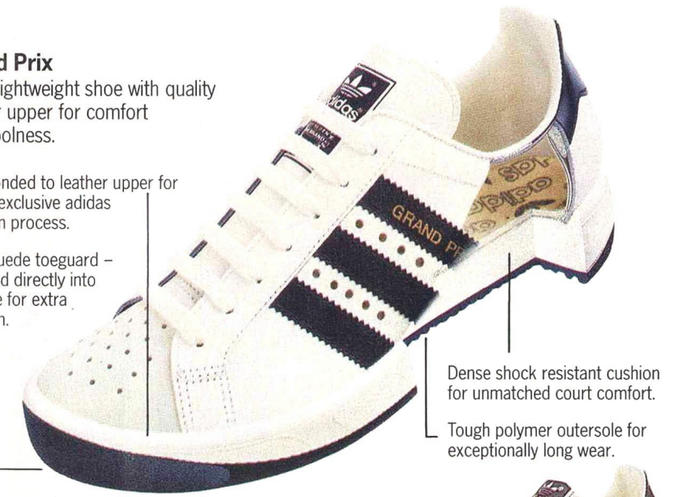

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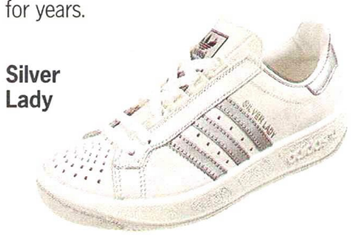

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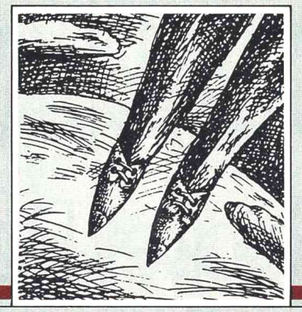
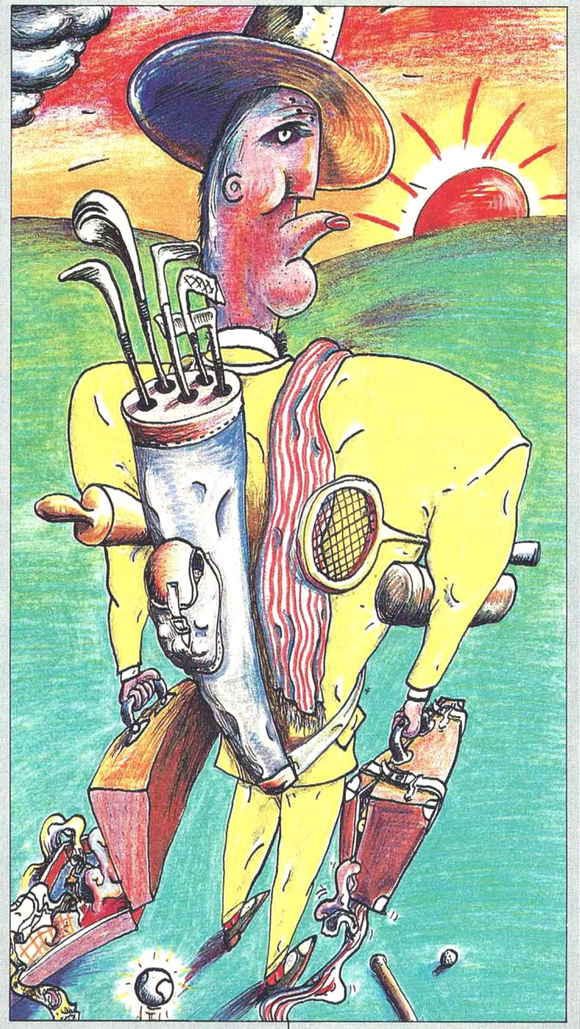


TRAVEL

PACKING PRIORITIES



A friend of mine — I'll refer to him as Gridley to save him any embarrassment — really hates travelling. It's a bit of a pity, because he's a noted travel writer. Gridley finds travel a chaotic, enervating ordeal. Things just somehow get out of control: he's always late for flights, stumbling through the check-in in a flurry of fumbled banknotes, dropped passports and grubby underwear trailing from bulging suitcases. And, judging by the number of similar tiny tragedies I witness on my own travels, Gridley is a member of a very widespread species. He's an enviably successful writer, but it's people like him who give the rest of us at least a touch of superiority.

Gridley's troubles stem mainly from the fact that he doesn't know how to pack. How you pack your bags can make all the difference between travelling in style and travelling Gridley-style, leaving a trail of petty disasters in your wake.

First, watch what you're taking to where you're going. Don't, for instance, take leather shoes into the tropics; if they get wet — and they inevitably will — they'll go hard when they dry out, and you'll never rid them of the reek of tropical mould. Find out about the likely climate before you go — ask the travel agent if you will need something warmer for the evenings.

Take clothes that will wash and drip-dry (and take a small packet of detergent with you). If you need to look spiffy, it's worth investing in a small traveller's iron adjustable for different power supplies, as well as one of those clever universal adaptors which lets you plug in just about anywhere. And always pack for a couple of days more than you'll need, to allow for delays and for waiters dumping soup in your lap. Take along a couple of big plastic bags for dirty laundry. This stops sweaty underwear from seasoning other gear that you haven't worn.

Don't be too methodical in keeping things organised by cases: luggage still goes missing, and it's a real bore to be stuck in London with the case full of underwear while the one with your shirts is languishing in Leningrad. Spread your stuff equally between cases, and make sure you pack at least a change of underwear and a spare shirt in the shoulder bag you take on board your flight. While there are official limits on what you're supposed to be able to take aboard, in practice nobody bothers unless it's really outrageous.

In that shoulder bag should be your toiletry and medical kit, reading matter, camera and anything else you need in the way of minor comforts — but not money or travel documents. Those you keep on your person at all times, and never all in one lump. Use more than one pocket. If you're travelling with a companion, make sure you both carry your own; that way, even if one of you is robbed, you won't be completely stranded. On no account should you ever put valuables, especially cameras, into your luggage. They should travel with you, not in your hold. If you have a lot of photographic equipment, buy a special insulated case for it.

Insure the lot for what it's worth. Compensation standards set by airlines and other carriers are derisory — as little as $200 a bag. Extravagant friends of mine own ties worth more than that. Your travel agent will be able to fix up the insurance.

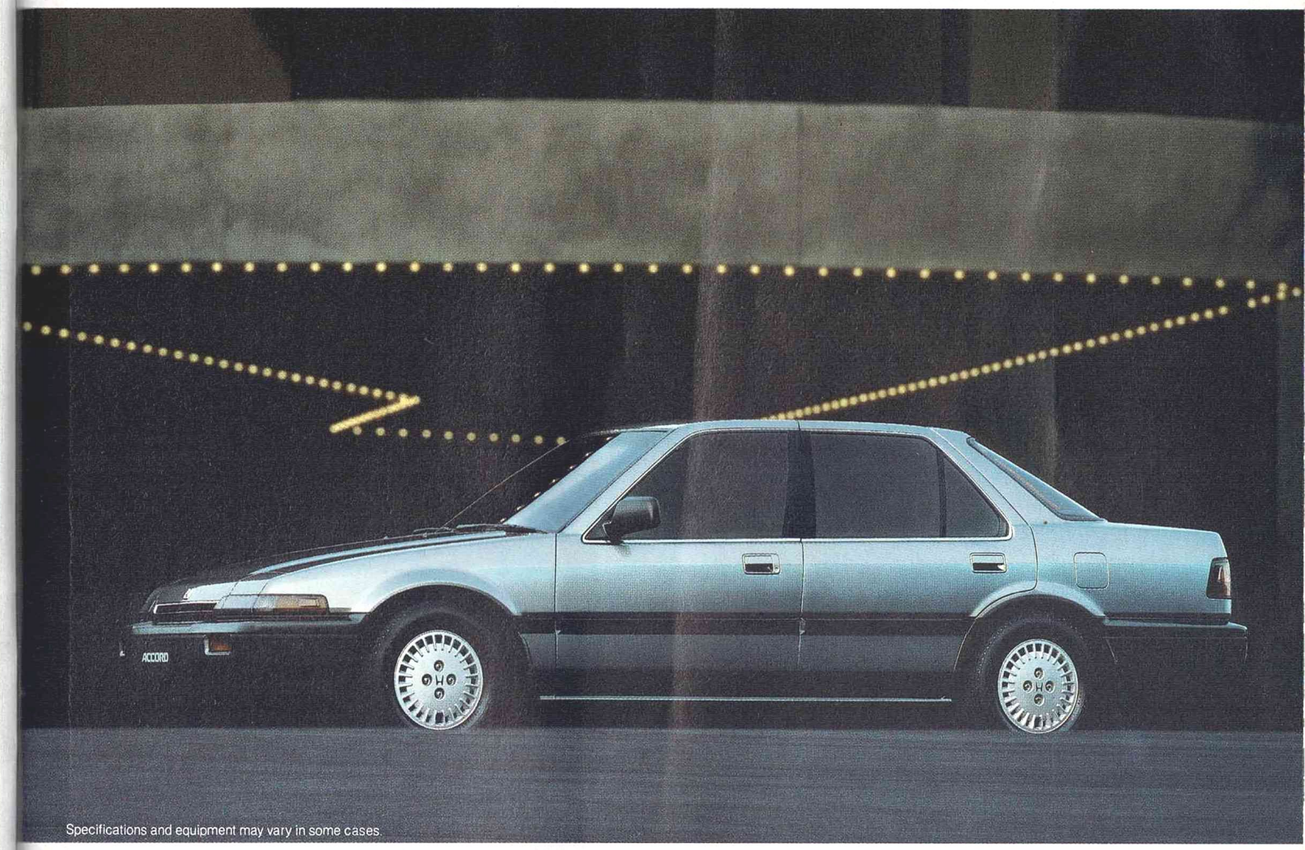
If you're travelling by air, always weigh your bags on the bathroom scales unless you're prepared to cop the extortionate excess baggage charges levied by airlines. It's always amazed me that someone weighing 60kg with 5kg of excess baggage has to pay for the privilege of having it carried, while fatties of 120kg with no excess get their enormous bulk aboard scot free.

The choice of luggage is important, too. It must be robust, lockable and easily recognisable on baggage carousels. I favor rigid cases over the snazzier designer luggage — they are less easily pilfered by knife-packing thieves in baggage-handling areas. Always label your cases with a protected tag attached to the handle, and on the lid inside. Mark it on the outside with colored tape to identify it as yours and to aid recognition. Don't leave stickers on it, however exotic the destination; it's a silly form of one-upmanship that can confuse semi-literate baggage-handlers into sending it back where you came from.

Proper packing can head off a whole lot of irritation. All it takes is a little commonsense and planning. — *Fred Baker*

Illustration by Fane Flaws

Now the performance begins.



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THE COMMODORE KID

BY PAUL MANN

When it came to a chase, the king of Australian car thieves didn't give up easily

January 1973. Belmont, NSW. In a drab, three-bedroom house on a corner block a few steps away from the Pacific Highway linking Sydney with Newcastle, a harassed young mother is looking for her six-year-old son. It's washing day and she's busy. She has four young children — three boys and a girl — and no husband to help. Outside the summer sun is blazing and the house seems to hum and vibrate constantly, as holiday traffic and giant semis trundle north 24 hours a day.

Then she hears a strange sound coming from her bedroom. As she draws closer, she realises it is the high-pitched whine little boys make when they imitate the soaring notes of a revving engine. She opens the door and silently peeps in. There is her missing son, Garry. He is sitting on the edge of the bed with her sewing machine pulled in front of him, and holding the circular lid of the laundry basket against the top of the machine. He is pretending he is driving a fast car. The pedal of the sewing machine is the accelerator; the lid of the laundry basket is the steering wheel. His lips are drawn back in a kind of snarl, his teeth are clenched and his throat is rigid with the strain of keeping up the engine roar.

He doesn't see his mother. All he sees is the highway in front of him, the white

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

THE KID

dashes of the centre line blipping beneath the wheels of his speeding car. When he comes to a curve his body leans sideways as he struggles to hold the road, and when he levels up for the straights his young body inclines forward, tense and slightly hunched, his eyes fierce with concentration . . . and all the time his small, bare foot keeps the accelerator pedal jammed against the carpeted floor. He is lost in imagination, embarked on some pointless, endless, compelling race inside his head. It is the first time his mother has had an inkling of the depth of her son's obsession.

March 1985. Newcastle, NSW. Garry John Hutcherson is sentenced in the Newcastle District Court to five years imprisonment for stealing cars. Mostly Commodores. They're easy to steal and easier to drive. How many cars he has stolen nobody really knows — perhaps not even him. His record shows more than 80 convictions, starting when he was 11. Most of these are for multiple offences of car stealing. Newcastle police say these are the offences they could pin on him. God only knows, they say, what other cars have been burned, dumped over cliffs, shoved into lakes or abandoned in quarries and isolated areas of the bush.

Then there are the chases. Hutcherson never gives up easily. The cops say you actually have to get your hands on him and hold the bugger down to stop him trying to get away. Before you get your hands on him you have to stop him. Police have lost count of the number of high-speed chases they have been involved in with Hutcherson around the Newcastle area. They know about Hutcherson at Penrith, west of Sydney, too. A couple of police cars were damaged and one officer injured during a chase to catch him there.

All this probably makes Garry the most persistent, the most dedicated, the most incorrigible car thief in Australia . . . *ever*. Which is why his nickname is "The Commodore Kid." It has a certain ring, a certain *cachet*, and it recognises that he is the king of Australia's car thieves . . . speciality: Commodores. The name stuck; the Newcastle press picked up on it; even the police began using it. Just like the movies say: Garry John Hutcherson *is* The Commodore Kid. He liked that.

At his sentencing lawyers, police, witnesses — even the judge — agreed that Hutcherson was a likeable young man. He had an amiable, easygoing manner and blond, surfie good looks. He was always open and relaxed about his stealing. He laughed easily and sometimes even the police had to shake their heads and laugh with him. It seemed it was all just a game with The Commodore Kid. A game which had cost car owners, insurance companies, police departments, local councils and ultimately the taxpayers hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A game in which innocent people may be going to be killed one day. Schoolchildren perhaps, or a young mother with a baby or a pensioner too slow and arthritic to get out of the Kid's way as he roars down some suburban street in a stolen car at 180 km/h.

Yes, the Commodore Kid was a likeable rogue, agreed the judge.

Likeable . . . but not irresistible. Which is why the judge rapped him with five years — a daunting punishment for someone so young and not charged with a major crime like murder, manslaughter or armed holdup. It was an indication of how the accumulated weight of the Kid's offences, and his relentless abuse of second chances were beginning to grind down everyone's patience. The boyish charm had worn a little thin.

The Kid got his five years a few days after his 18th birthday.

It was The Commodore Kid's boast that he could break into a car, start it and have it rolling in less than a minute. If car stealing was an Olympic event he could have been counted on to bring back the gold for Australia.

He would pick his target, preferably a Commodore, walk up and smash the rear side quarter window panel, reach in and open a rear door, then the driver's door. Once in the driver's seat he would prise loose a plastic panel on the steering column and use a method he called "push rodding" to start the car. This meant shoving a screwdriver into the column in such a way that it tripped and held the small lever which activates the ignition on all Commodores. Most car thieves know how to do it. The Kid perfected it.

Even insurance companies recognise the absurd simplicity of stealing a Commodore — it is Australia's most stolen car and the premiums show it. The General has struck back by installing a metal plate on the dash. The Kid says it now takes 90 seconds to knock off a Commodore instead of 60.

Detective Senior Constable Kenny Henderson, of the Regional Crime Squad at Newcastle, has been with the NSW Police Department for 14 years. During the past two years he has been the policeman most consistently involved in the pursuit and prosecution of the Kid. They have a kind of grudging mutual respect, he says, developed through many car chases, manhunts and escapes from various detention centres.

"He would have to be the best car thief I have ever come across," says Henderson. "I can't think of anybody else with a comparable record. His first convictions go back to when he was 11. He was charged with nine counts of stealing; four of those were cars. And there's something else about him: he's fearless, *absolutely* fearless. He thinks nothing of going through a string of red lights at 160-180 km/h. We won't do that. Our blokes won't risk their lives or the lives of other innocent people for him . . . but he doesn't give it a thought. I've asked him how he would feel if he killed somebody and he laughs . . . just laughs it off."

And then, unintentionally, Henderson borrows a phrase from a Burt Reynolds film, *Smokey And The Bandit*, about a lovable rogue who leads the cops on a merry, spectacular and highly destructive series of car chases. "What we're dealing with here," Henderson says, "is a total lack of respect for the law."

Belmont, where Garry John Hutcherson grew up, is an Australian urban desert of the ugliest kind: a grubby bulge in the Pacific Highway 20 kilometres south of Newcastle. The Pacific Highway is never quiet at Belmont. There are always cars and trucks going somewhere, never dallying for long. This is fast food and service station country, where the intoxicating smell of petrol fumes blends with the stench of cooking fat to produce an aroma known to roadies the world over. The kind of concrete wilderness where ice cream wrappers get ironed into the sun-softened bitumen by passing traffic. Even nearby Lake Macquarie doesn't help, blurred as it is by the blue haze of exhaust fumes drifting over from the highway.

It's easy to see why that highway represents the only way out.

Garry never had much of an education, choosing instead to educate himself in the alternative sciences of the street, such as breaking and entering. He spent much of his time hanging around street corners and parking lots with a gang of pubescent toughs whose idea of a good time was burglary, thieving, car stealing and joy riding. His talent and his nerve quickly made him the most admired kid in the gang. His first convictions at age 11 only tell us that that was the first time he got caught.

Those first nine convictions for B & E (break and entry) and stealing cars are dated October 3, 1978. After that they never let up, running into half a dozen close-typed foolscap sheets on his police record: a monotonous litany of thefts, B & E, malicious damage, more thefts, more B & E. The only job he ever held was for three months as a store assistant at Flemings food store in Hamilton, when he left Swansea High School after turning 15. Then the magistrates began to tire of slapping him on the wrist and he became an increasingly frequent guest of the state at various child detention centres. After his 15th birthday a new type of entry pops up on his record but quickly becomes as regular as all the others. "Abscondment" is the word. You name it, Garry absconded from it: Worimi, Mount Penang, Tamworth. Corrective Services had yet to learn what the police had known for years — that unless you actually held on to the little bugger, he was gone.

By the time he turned 16 he was the king of Newcastle's car thieves. A hero to the hoons who were his mates and a romantic outlaw to the gullible young girls who often kept him company on his wild rides all over the state and sometimes across the border into Queensland, seduced by his blond good looks and larrikin charm.

While Henderson had been hearing of the exploits of this persistent young lair for some time, he never actually fronted him until March 1984, when he was sent to Grafton, Queensland to collect him from the local cops who had picked him up in a hot LTD.

"He was so full of himself," Henderson recalls. "Very cheerful, happy to talk about everything he'd done. He always is. He loves the notoriety . . . thrives on it. Anyway, we have to make a note of any aliases and he was laughing and telling me he had thought up this nickname for himself: The Commodore Kid. That's what he was going to be calling himself from now on, he said . . . The Commodore Kid."

It caught on quickly and Hutcherson was so taken with it he began using it all the time, especially with girls.

"We chased him through a few places," Henderson remembers. "Places he'd been hiding out for a day or two. If we were right behind him he'd leave stuff behind and we often found bits and pieces about him cut out of the local newspapers. He had a copy of his record too, and he'd show it to people to impress 'em. He'd show it to other kids and tell 'em that was him . . . The Commodore Kid."

In the eyes of the law Hutcherson was a pathetic thief. In the eyes of the police he was a pest, a dangerous pest. But in his own eyes Hutcherson was something else . . . he was a star. A local hero, a black knight of the road, a 20th Century bushranger with a hot V8.

"That's how he saw himself," Henderson confirms. "He thought he was some kind of bushranger. It was always a big joke with him . . . a game."

Between the Kid's 16th and 17th birthdays the game began to speed up. His life began to take on a meaner, more desperate edge. People who got too close to him were burned. He got his older brother, Danny, aged 19, in trouble with the law for helping him steal cars. He went through a string of girls — Henderson remembers seeing at least five in one year — bored suburban spunks, impressionable, easily led 15 and 16-year-olds. He had tattooed a cross on each forearm and the word "sex" on his lower right calf while in prison. The girls were lured to the flame of notoriety, the thrill of associating with The Commodore Kid. As the song says, "The heat was on the street." Three of those girls have police records for life now, thanks to

THE KID

Garry.

Sometimes Hutcherson didn't have to take the trouble to escape in order to embark on a new joy riding spree. The law opened the door for him.

In June 1984 police were appalled when Hutcherson was sentenced to 12 months, but because of the generous NSW system of automatic remissions and a backdating of his sentence it worked out that Corrective Services owed him a day. He was returned to Worimi Children's Centre, where he had been on remand awaiting trial. Detective Henderson was due to pick him up to commence extradition proceedings back to Queensland, where Hutcherson was wanted in connection with a malicious wounding incident. When Henderson called to announce he'd be coming by to pick Hutcherson up, he was told the Kid was gone. Held for five minutes and released, thanks to the largesse of the law.

Instead of even thinking about going straight, the Kid would just go directly to the nearest car park and help himself to a car, and the game was on again. He stole cars from pubs, hotels, the Belmont 16-footer Sailing Club, offices, homes. He even knocked one off from the local hospital, where an anxious husband had just delivered his heavily pregnant wife.

Car owners formed vigilante squads to patrol suburban streets and car parks. Just the word that The Commodore Kid was out was enough to prompt the police to put out a widespread alert to clubs and pubs and to induce a high level of tension in suburbia.

As Henderson put it: "We were heartily sick of him and so were they. I don't say his life was in danger, but if any of those vigilante groups had got hold of him before we did he was in for the hiding of his life. They were very, very pissed off . . . and so would you be if your car and everything in it had been knocked off and then burned or stripped."

Because the Kid was running out of places to go his life became a kind of blur. He was a full-time fugitive on a merry-go-round of escapes, thefts and chases that was going faster and faster. Trapped by his own momentum, he seemed either unwilling or unable to get off.

Says Henderson: "He lived like a dog all the time I knew him. He never stayed anywhere longer than a night or two. I don't think he even owned a pair of shoes. Every time we caught him he was in bare feet . . . dirty bare feet."

The faster the ride the more daring and audacious the Kid became. On one occasion he decided on an old ploy to avoid capture, assuming that the last place the police would think of looking for an escapee was in jail. The Kid rolled up at the front door of the Tingara Heights rehabilitation centre, where he knew a mate from his time at Mount Penang was staying. He parked his stolen car at the door, announced he had come to visit his incarcerated friend, and hid in his mate's room. That time the police outsmarted him. They spotted the stolen car at the rehabilitation centre, and knowing that nothing was too cheeky for the Kid, they searched the rooms and found him.

The only way the police could ever catch the Kid was when he was in hiding. Henderson admits they could never catch him if he was behind the wheel of a car.

"He would just out-drive or outrun us," says Henderson. "He fancied himself as a driver but it wasn't his skill with cars that would get him away. It was his total lack of fear. Whenever he stole cars he would thrash 'em. Just drive 'em into the ground. He never drove anywhere under 100 km/h. When one of our patrols spotted him he would take off and he'd go through red lights at 160-180 km/h. Or he'd crash 'em and take off on foot into the dark. He always used to hide up in the day and come out at night to steal cars and go riding around. He was an outlaw."

When the Kid came out to play at night he liked nothing better than a good high-speed car chase to liven up a dull day. It seems that it was, and yet it wasn't, a game with him. He liked being chased but he genuinely didn't like being caught. But sometimes, when he had lost his pursuers, he would drive around until he found them again and then restart the chase.

The first time the Kid really began to taunt police was about 18 months before the capture which led to his current imprisonment.

Police patrols had been alerted about a car theft in the Belmont area and a couple of officers in a police truck spotted the Kid travelling north on the Pacific Highway in the hot Commodore, shortly after midnight. There is no way those police paddy wagons can keep up with a V8 and the Kid had no trouble leaving them behind on the open highway. The officers continued up the highway for another few kilometres, and coming up one of the many long climbs at Charlestown, on the southern edge of Newcastle, they spotted the silhouette of the stolen Commodore, parked on the brow of the hill, in the middle of the road, waiting for them. As they drew closer they saw the Kid was still in it. He was waiting for them to draw closer. When they were within 100 metres he stamped on the accelerator, laid a long track of burnt rubber on the highway and screamed away from them, taking the Commodore from zero to 180 in a time it is not supposed to do. The word went out that the game was being played a little differently now.

How differently the police were to discover only a few weeks later when a patrol car again went in pursuit of the Kid. This time Hutcherson threw something at them they could hardly believe. He must have been watching car chase movies or, as Henderson puts it: "He might have been practising somewhere . . . you know, he'd steal a car then take it out and thrash it, trying to do tricks." This time the chase was heading south out of Belmont on the Pacific Highway with a police pursuit car right up the Kid's rear end.

Hutcherson tried to throw a 180 degree handbrake turn at 140 km/h. Apparently he was trying to pull it so he could do a full turn through a gap in the median strip and roar away from the police back up the other side of the highway. Unfortunately for the mate and the girl with him in the car and the police in the pursuing vehicle, it was a manoeuvre far beyond Hutcherson's capability. The police car rammed the stolen Commodore and the two cars screeched to a halt, locked together in the middle of the highway. One officer was injured; the damage ran into thousands of dollars. The Kid's mate and his girlfriend were badly shaken up. He abandoned them both, jumped out of the car and ran away from the crash scene to lose himself in the night.

One chase in particular illustrates how desperately Hutcherson would try to evade police when a chase was on. Again, Henderson was involved. Hutcherson and a mate stole a Holden sedan from the car park of the Charlestown shopping centre — a car with the same susceptibility to theft as the Commodore. Henderson remembers the date well. It was the afternoon of February 29, 1984. He was at a regional office when the call came through that a police patrol car had spotted the Kid and his mate driving south on the Pacific Highway. As soon as the police car pulled up behind the Kid he turned off into a side-street.

A few minutes later Henderson arrived in his car and another police car joined in, so the Kid was under pursuit through suburban streets by three police cars. The convoy screamed around a corner into Alick Street; the Kid couldn't hold it and crashed into the front fence of a bungalow occupied by an elderly couple.

"I came around the corner just as they ran into the fence," Henderson recalls. "They threw open their doors and bolted. Hutcherson jumped straight through an open window, out the back of the house, into the garden and — we only found this out later — crawled under a bush. The other one goes in the door and hides under the old folks' bed. We ran into the house; the two pensioners were shouting and carrying on — they didn't know what was happening. The one under the bed dives out the window and runs into a caravan park nearby, breaks into a caravan and hides. We searched the area until dark but we couldn't find them. Hutcherson told me later he could see the feet of the policemen looking for him from under his bush.

"Well, Hutcherson crawls out from under his bush after dark, walks down to a bowling club and steals the secretary-manager's Commodore — and it's all on again."

By August 1984 the courts had had enough. When police brought Hutcherson before Judge Ducker in the Newcastle District Court the judge dealt with the Kid as an adult offender for the first time and slapped him with a four-year jail term.

Hutcherson subsequently went to Long Bay but was later transferred to Endeavour House at Tamworth, a maximum security detention centre for juveniles. Unbelievably, despite his record, prison officials allowed Hutcherson out with another youth, in the company of two prison officers, to go on a fishing trip. Police followed a trail of stolen cars from Tamworth to Newcastle and put out another alert that The Commodore Kid was at large again. Following yet another high-speed chase involving two police cars Hutcherson was nabbed again, detained overnight at Worimi, and escaped again by scaling a wall.

By the time he was brought before Judge Ducker again in March last year he had exhausted everyone's patience. The judge gave him five years and he is currently doing his time in Long Bay. When he completes this sentence he will be extradited back to Queensland to face charges in connection with a stabbing incident still holding over from his excursion into the Sunshine State.

According to Henderson, the Kid is unhappy about going to Queensland. Apparently he is afraid that the Queensland legal system will not show the same tolerance he has enjoyed in NSW and that he will end up doing some hard time. Which makes him all the more dangerous, says Henderson, because he will try that much harder to avoid being extradited when his term in NSW is up.

Meanwhile, says Henderson, the slightly built surfie kid of 160 centimetres is getting older, stronger and smarter. "He's not a kid anymore," says Henderson. "He's going to learn a lot more about crime from the older blokes in jail."

Asked what future he sees for The Commodore Kid, Henderson shakes his head. "We would be very happy to see the back of him, see him move away from this area altogether. We, and everybody else who lives here, I believe, are heartily sick of him. But what I think may happen is that he'll learn all sorts of new tricks in jail, he'll come out harder and wiser and he'll be tempted to move on to serious crimes like armed hold-up. That's what I'm afraid may be going to happen."

Whichever way you look at it the prospects for the Kid are bleak. The chances of him disappearing into the sunset, never to be heard of again, leaving only mystery and legend rendered romantic and harmless by time, are remote.

And he can't even use his one proven talent to find honest employment when he gets out, to help him get on the straight and narrow. The Commodore Kid has never held a driver's licence.

"An unusual technique! Most neurosurgeons use a drill to enter the skull."

THE KID INSIDE

Since sentencing, Garry John Hutcherson has been moved within the NSW prison system from Maitland to Sydney's Long Bay and more recently to Bathurst. In letters exchanged between Hutcherson and the author he has been disarmingly frank — even to the point of admitting that he has no idea how many cars he has stolen over the years because he hasn't bothered to keep count. He has only told the police "about a few so they won't hassle me for any more."

He admits that he enjoyed provoking the police and writes of one occasion: "Me and a mate were driving around in a high powered Commodore and we were both half drunk and we seen a police car sitting on the side of the road. So we decided to give them a bit of trouble so we got beside them and spun the wheels and took off. We were heaps in front of them, doing over 200 km/h, when I told him to turn a corner and he lost control of it and we were going straight towards a telegraph pole. The pole was lined up with my door and when the car hit the gutter the car jumped forward and the pole was sitting behind me.

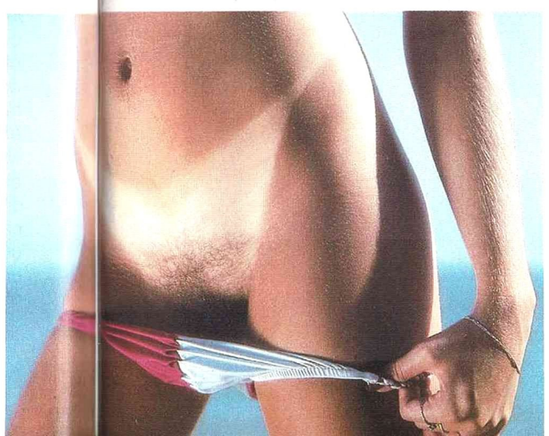
"It was a bit of fun stirring the police up but the whole thing nearly turned into a tragedy."

He writes of another occasion where he did not escape unscathed after stealing a car: "I drove it out to a bush track and poured petrol over it and set fire to it with a lighter and the whole car just exploded in my face and burnt all my hair and half the shirt I was wearing."

Hutcherson confirms that Commodores are "too easy" to steal, but so are SLR Toranas, GTS Monaros and most V8s, he adds.

He says he did not acquire the name The Commodore Kid until mid-1984 and claims it was given to him by the police: "The police made the name up and gave it to the newspapers," he writes. "I thought it was a good name at first but after a while I hated it and I still do."

Garry John Hutcherson will be eligible for parole by December 1986 and writes: "By the time I am released I will be a changed person."



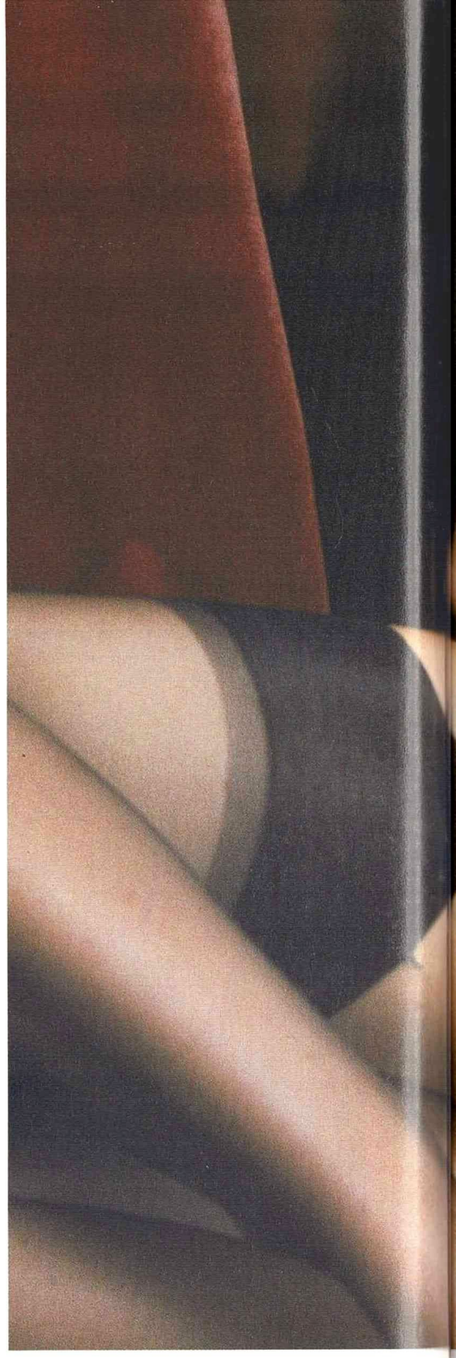
TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

There is a popular theory that holds that the size of a woman's brain is inversely proportionate to the size of her breasts,'' says 23-year-old Lisa Baumann. ''The theory further purports that a woman's hair color decrees an intelligence quotient akin to that of a housebrick and a boundless propensity for what they call 'fun'.'' Pausing to give full weight to her next sentence, Lisa continues: ''Well, I'll politely term that theory a load of tripe.''

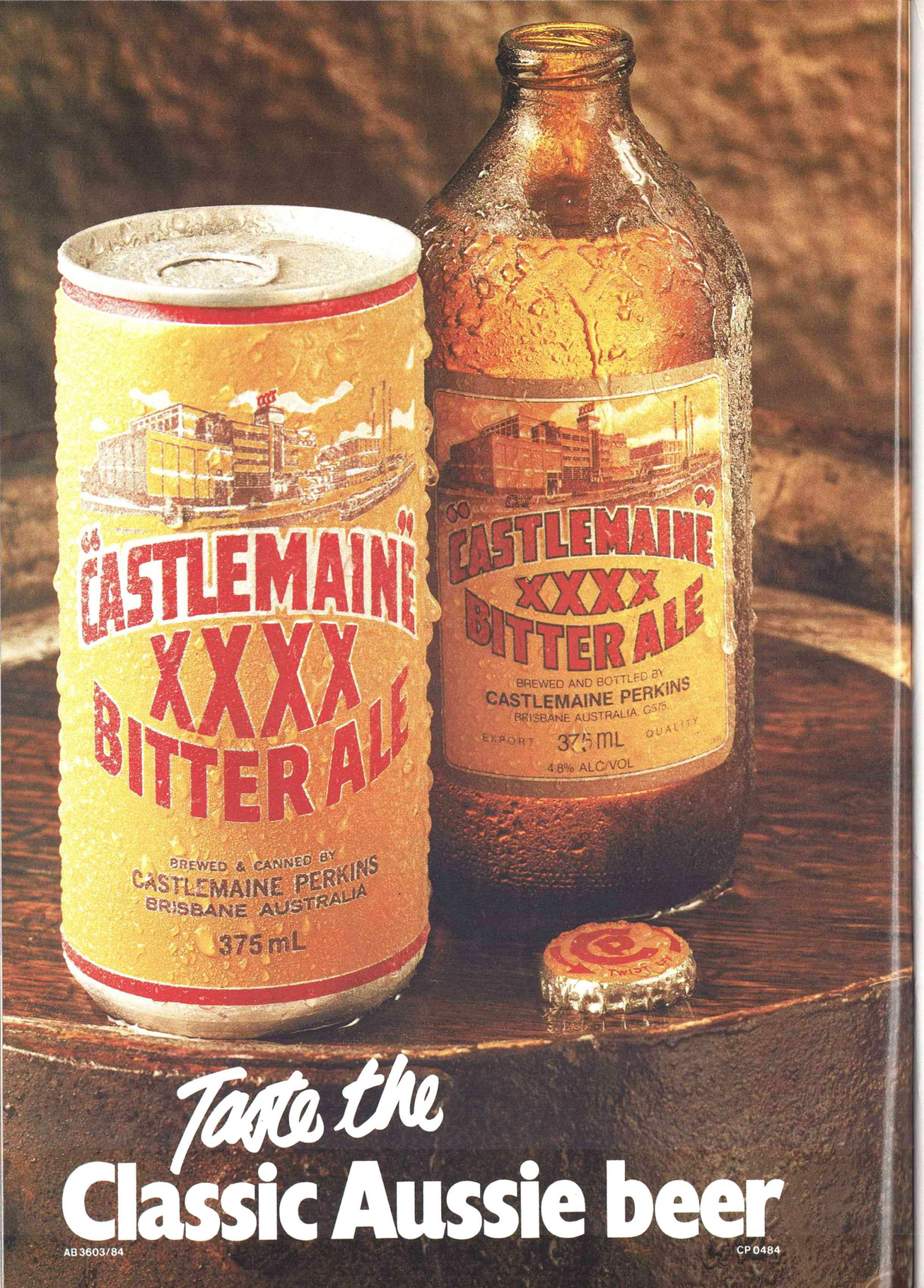
This punchy blonde seems to have more fun playing with strong words than the emotions of the opposite sex. "Don't get me wrong," she says, "I like men. In fact, some of my best friends have dicks. I just can't stand to be patronised."

This gives rise to a question so obvious that it jumps up and down to be asked. Lisa doesn't wait for it. "I suppose you want to know what I'm doing posing for your photographer. The answer's simple: Why the hell not?"



''I'm not a feminist, I'm a humanist,'' she says. ''I'm a believer in equality and self-fulfilment and the maker of my own morality and destiny. I believe the perception of the naked human form as 'rude' and human sexuality as 'naughty' is ludicrous.''

"I'm also a businesswoman. You're paying me extremely well to model for you. I'm obtaining a high-quality portfolio of myself that many young models pay thousands for — and you're employing me to sell magazines. We're exploiting each other, but that's business, and all's *laissez-faire* in love and war."



HORRORSCOPES

OR How Far Is Uranus From Earth?

Penthouse presents an alternative guide to the zodiac

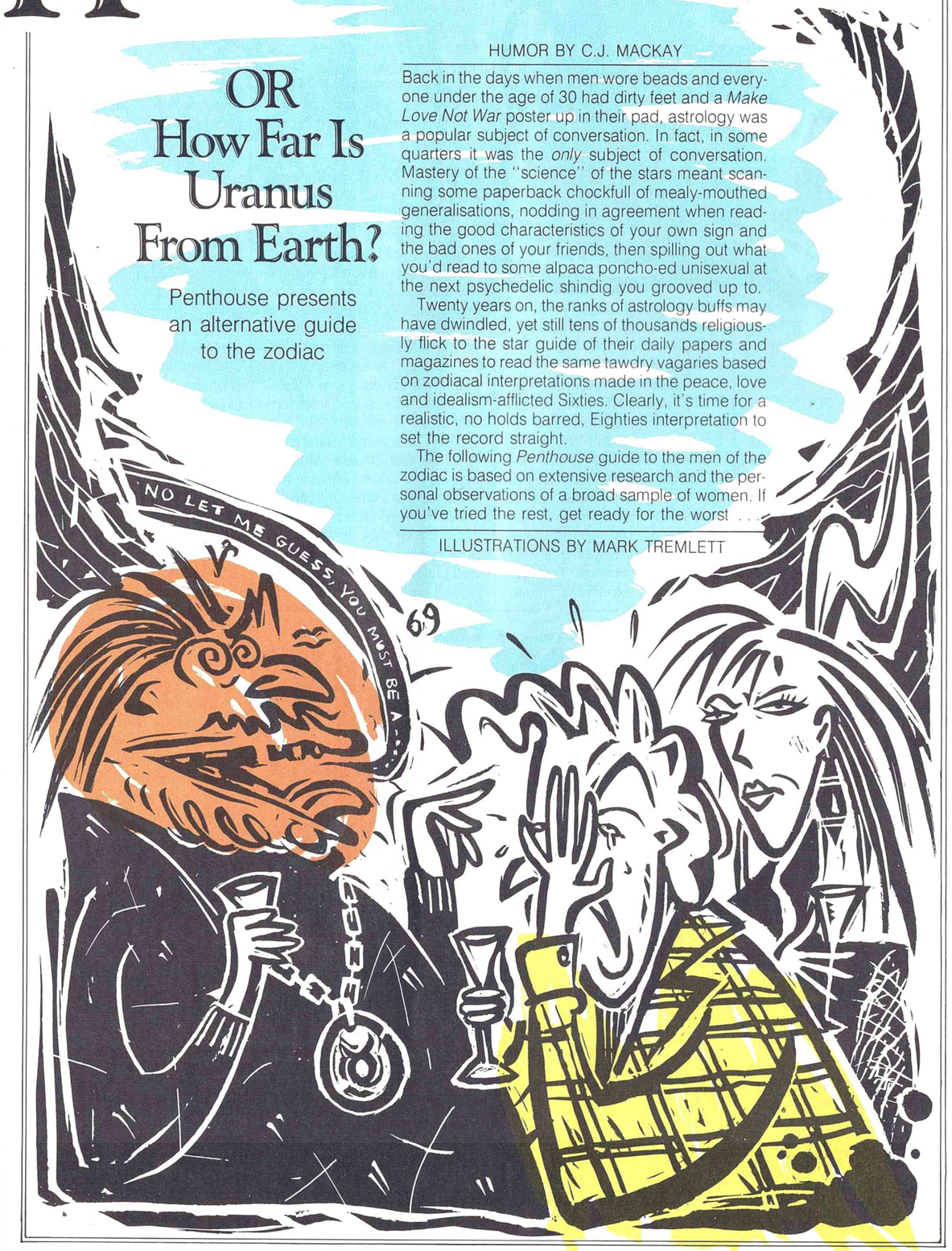
HUMOR BY C.J. MACKAY

Back in the days when men wore beads and everyone under the age of 30 had dirty feet and a *Make Love Not War* poster up in their pad, astrology was a popular subject of conversation. In fact, in some quarters it was the *only* subject of conversation. Mastery of the "science" of the stars meant scanning some paperback chockfull of mealy-mouthed generalisations, nodding in agreement when reading the good characteristics of your own sign and the bad ones of your friends, then spilling out what you'd read to some alpaca poncho-ed unisexual at the next psychedelic shindig you grooved up to.

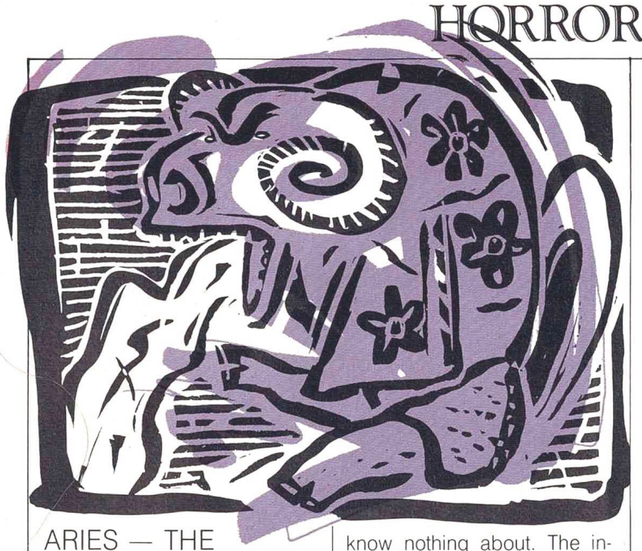
Twenty years on, the ranks of astrology buffs may have dwindled, yet still tens of thousands religiously flick to the star guide of their daily papers and magazines to read the same tawdry vagaries based on zodiacal interpretations made in the peace, love and idealism-afflicted Sixties. Clearly, it's time for a realistic, no holds barred, Eighties interpretation to set the record straight.

The following *Penthouse* guide to the men of the zodiac is based on extensive research and the personal observations of a broad sample of women. If you've tried the rest, get ready for the worst . . .

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK TREMLETT



HORRORSCOPES



ARIES — THE WANKER

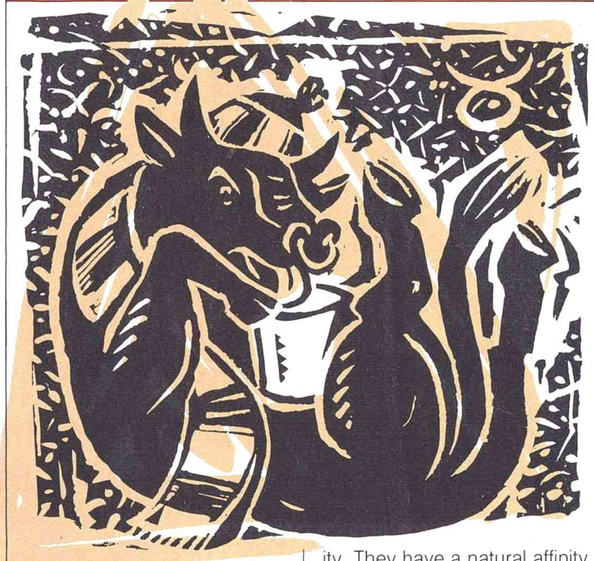
March 21 — April 20

Ariens are the heaviest masturbators of the zodiac, the ones most likely to play pocket billiards and the ones most likely to indulge in fantasies that involve infantilism. They love to be babied by women and they often smell of Johnson's powder, dribble when they eat and throw nasty tantrums or sulk if they don't get their own way. Their inability to keep their hands off themselves often results in open pores or pockmarks on adult Ariens who squeezed their pimples overenthusiastically when young. The Arien man has been labelled the missing link of the zodiac for he generally has eyebrows that join in the middle, broad shoulders that hunch forward, a hairy back and telltale gravel rash on his knuckles. His diplomatic skills can be likened to those of Rex Mossop and he takes some pride in the crippling strength of his handshake. Frequently an Arien will leap in with the punchline when you're telling a joke.

Being noted attention seekers, Arien men constitute the section of the community most likely to buy a bowtie that lights up. They also show a tendency for entering talent quests and singing "Danny Boy" or "The Rose." A great many Ariens opt for loud clothing: Hawaiian shirts and matching white vinyl shoe and belt sets. They talk a lot, usually about themselves, and they are happiest when giving advice on subjects they know nothing about. The intellectual depth of many can be likened to the depth needed to shallow-fry chips.

Arien men are generally ruthlessly ambitious and unless they're trying to impress someone they wouldn't shout if a shark bit them. Their motto: "Always be sincere, even if you don't mean it." Older Ariens may still cling to the expression "Hubba hubba" and may frequently be seen dipping as they dance on cruise ships. Younger Ariens join expensive health clubs and yell, "Right on!" from the back of the gym class, then let their membership lapse after a month. A morbid fear of dentists explains this sign's traits of bad breath and disgusting teeth. Displaying a touching naivete, Arien men will often prefer the cabbage patch theory to admitting that their parents ever had sex. While all signs except Virgo enjoy the smell of their own farts, Ariens enjoy them most. Ariens are also tit men who refer to mammaries with such expressions as "bazoomas." They are passionately jealous of their mates even though they reserve the right to the odd dabble on the side themselves. Many feel that their fragile masculinity is endangered when women climb on top for sex. Arien men sleep soundly and noisily immediately after intercourse, seldom bothering to roll off.

Dead giveaways: Safety pin in fly; unfashionable wide tie bearing the luminous inscription "Brisbane is a wow of a town"; a size 10 vinyl loafer descending on your face in the Arien push to get ahead; anyone who looks like Ben Casey; blow-waved eyebrows.



TAURUS — THE ANIMAL LOVER

April 21 — May 21

Statistics reveal that Taureans form the community sector most likely to be charged with bestiality. They have a natural affinity with animals and indeed many Taureans are often mistaken for animals due to their habit of conversing in monosyllabic grunts and sporting disgracefully dirty fingernails. Often they bear more than a passing resemblance to Jethro Bodine and many have weak eyes as a result of watching too much television. Though they're generally not too choosy about what they watch, a fondness for football, wrestling and British comedians who tell tit-bum-knicker jokes has been noted.

Taureans love to sing in the bath but you'll seldom hear them doing so as this is the grubbiest sign of the zodiac. Hence Taureans are more than likely to have skid marks on their underpants. They have a tendency to alcoholism, wife beating and jobs selling real estate. Taurean men will rarely cook for themselves, preferring to eat anything that takes up space at the hot food counters of milk bars.

A Taurean child will often suck his thumb, and many adult Taurean males suffer back problems as a result of attempts to fellate themselves. They firmly suspect that their own penis is shorter and skinnier than anyone else's they've ever seen. And, in keeping with the general attributes of Taureans, their tempers are often remarked upon for their shortness and foulness.

Unlike Ariens, those born under the sign of Taurus prefer to lie back for sex and let their partners do all the work. Apart from the fact that they do so out of general laziness, cunning Taurus has worked out that his dick will go in further in this position, thus minimalising whingeing from his spouse. Taurean men are not pushy or aggressive in bed and relatively few suffer premature ejaculation problems. Early in a relationship this is seen as a positive boon by the Taurean's mate, but he disappoints her later on with what appears to be a rapidly diminishing sex drive. His erection rate remains the same; however, he's just become lazier and worked out that having a wank while his wife is up at the shops is a lot less trouble.

Dead giveaways: Footie scarves and beanies; puff pastry crumbs or sauce stains on their cardigans; getting changed in the toilet cubicle when visiting the beach or local pool; Benny Hill records; shiny deposit on right sleeve where suspect wiped his nose; the lines: "Smegma? What's smegma?", and "Um, the dog's slept on my jumper."

GEMINI — THE TRANSVESTITE

May 22 — June 21

While those born under the sign of Gemini are most likely to harbor transvestite leanings, it doesn't mean they necessarily indulge them publicly. A Gemini lumberjack may cut a mean figure in his shirt of woven steel wool and his sandpaper strides held up with a barbed wire belt, as he bellows loudly about his masculinity. Don't let him fool you. X-ray vision would reveal a slinky silk teddy suit, an angora spencer and a darling pair of string-sided lace panties with a cool cotton crotch that breathes where he needs it most. By and large, Geminis are not freckle punchers or punchees, they just like soft silky fabrics next to their skin. A Gemini man will have at least one set of satin sheets and he'll point them out to you when showing you around his home, indicating particularly the snail-like trails he's left on them with alleged partners.

Geminis often work in advertising or in used car yards and they admire the business acumen of Colonel Tom Parker. Many drive fancy sports cars with personalised number plates that read: HE-MAN or SPUNKY. Often a Gemini man will push himself to the brink of orgasm by fantasising that he owns a Lamborghini or a Porsche. He also toys with the fantasy of working in talkback radio and cutting off callers who are getting the better of him in an argument.

Gemini men can never hold your gaze in a conversation; they're always looking over your shoulder to see if anyone more important has entered the room. They tend to go bald early and either opt for a hairpiece or brazen it out by announcing to anyone who'll listen that they have an excess of male hormones. Geminis tell a lot of lies and they make excellent counterfeiters and blackmailers. Geminis know for sure that there's such a thing as a free lunch for this is the sign that invented the "Dine 'n' dash." They are notoriously promiscuous and unfaithful and they never respect a woman in the morning. They favor a lot of mirrors in their bedrooms so they can check out their sexual technique, even if they're alone.

Gemini is the swinger of the zodiac and is always the first to suggest to embarrassed friends that they throw their keys in the middle of the dinner table. Being the least sexually jealous sign, he can often be heard dropping hints to his girlfriend that he wouldn't mind if she had sex with another man as long as he can watch.

Dead giveaways: Calls out his own name upon orgasm; hand darting to top of head if a stiff breeze springs up; ancient gold fertility symbols on chain around neck; silk shirt with three buttons undone; the lines: "I'll only put it in a little way and if it hurts I'll take it out . . .", "What sort of car do you drive?", "Ah, those peekaboo swansdown panties were left here by a girlfriend. Yes, she was a big girl."

CANCER — THE PEEPING TOM

June 22 — July 23

That shadow outside your venetian blinds belongs to a Cancerian. So does that rapidly moving shape scaling your back fence after snowdropping your wife's smalls from the Hills Hoist. Chances are that he lives nearby, for this sign belongs to homelovers who confine their perving and panty-pinching to their immediate neighborhood. But you won't spot the culprit at the next street party, for he'll be the friendliest, most normal, least suspicious character ever to bring his nose into contact with a window pane, a reinforced crotch or a young girl's bicycle seat. He's a real wag — always the first to plonk a lampshade on his head and start a conga line around the kitchen when he's got a few giggle juices inside him.

The Cancerian man is always telling jokes and laughing long and loud at them, and few suspect that he actually keeps a little book in which he has written every joke he's ever heard in a determined effort to be the life of the party. He has a habit of telling the boys about his past sexual conquests, being careful to be conversational rather than boastful. If, however, the names he drops are not picked up, he will repeat them until everyone catches his drift. As a sidelight to this tendency to shoot their mouths off, it should be noted that Ernest Hemingway was a Cancer. Cancerian men are often strongly tied to the apron strings of their mothers and their penchant for being tied up themselves or performing a few granny knots on close personal friends is a reflection of this.

Sexual cruelty is a common trait among Cancerians and most feel that a blowjob hasn't been properly executed unless the donor gags painfully several times. On money matters, they are generally as tight as a fish's freckle and this may translate to a common fantasy about receiving a handjob from a woman with a $20 note sticky-taped to her palm. The Cancer man feels most at home in the sack with a woman of independent means and will always ask a woman what her father does before getting serious. A Cancerian man will shoot himself and his whole family if his financial situation looks sticky.

Dead giveaways: Binoculars; running shoes; old bits of rope tied around bedposts; Lawrence Hargreaves blinking if and when the suspect takes a $20 note from his wallet; the lines: "Ha, ha ha . . . have you got a pen?", "Where's the tin opener?" and "Darling, B&D doesn't only mean garage doors, you know."

LEO — THE FLASHER

July 24 — August 23

Leo is the biggest show-off of the zodiac and the sign most likely to leap up on the dinner table and chuck a brown-eye if anyone has a camera. If he's not getting enough attention he will lurk quietly in a corner with his old fella hanging out until the hostess notices him and screams. Either that or you'll find him near the swings in public parks, a bag of boiled lollies and other nice surprises for the kids bulging in his raincoat pocket.

The Leo man has a tendency to know his penis by an affectionate name like Thor, The Meat Cleaver, Darth Vader or The Donger Of Death. They are renowned tarts who will have a go at anything with two legs and a bit of juice. As a result of this Leo is the zodiacal sign most prone to venereal disease and the occasional penile wart. Fancying themselves as supreme pants men, they will say anything to get a root and often find themselves in deep trouble when in the grip of passion they call the lady of the moment Cheryl instead of Narelle. Leos are just about always in debt and biting friends for a few dollars to tide them over, although their tendency to eat in expensive restaurants, wear flashy clothes and buy expensive drugs would indicate that they've got money. Ever the optimist, a Leo can often be found standing outside a newsagency industriously scratching Instant Lottery tickets.

Most Leos have a dark, violent side to their personality which may erupt at any time into a vicious kick to a vending machine that has failed to deliver a packet of cigarettes or a can of Passiona. Leos who go bald will usually adopt recession hairdressing — growing one long hank of hair on the side of their head and artfully arranging it in a tactical swoop over their pate. Leo's tendency to always have sex with the light on may be explained as a combination of his vanity, his fondness for watching his friend, the dick, having new adventures, and his chronic fear of the dark. Many relatively young Leos suffer heart attacks while performing tricky sexual manoeuvres and many old ones succumb while remembering them.

Dead giveaways: Tight jeans; white powder in the vicinity of nostrils; sticking underpants; winces while urinating; the lines: "Mate, how are you travelling for cash?", "It's only a cold sore . . .", "Of course I love you . . .", "Why don't you come home and I'll introduce you to a dear friend of mine?" and "Touch him . . . he won't bite. See, he likes you."

VIRGO — THE MASOCHIST

August 24 — September 23

If you ever stumble upon a man dressed in a school uniform with his trousers lowered, as a woman wearing only horn-rimmed spectacles and a mortarboard delivers stinging cuts to his pink derriere, don't bother asking him what his star sign is. Just stomp purposefully on his fingers and move on. It's London to a brick he's a Virgo. This is the sign of the zodiac that relishes punishment and wallows in sexual guilt. A Virgo man lets his buddies push him around. At home, his wife pushes him around and plays cruel games like Dutch Ovens on him and he never complains, believing he should feel privileged to breathe the air she pollutes. Even his kids dump all over him. Now that gets to him, for if there's anything a Virgo can't stand, it's having shit all over himself.

Fair enough, it's a real weirdo that enjoys being coated in cack, but Virgos have a near pathological fear of dirt. Show me a Virgo plumber and I'll show you a man whose parents never told him he was adopted and really a Taurus. Many Virgos suffer from constipation or anal retention, having never really come to terms with the fact that they actually have to defecate to stay alive. Virgo water rates are the highest of the zodiac. A Virgo man will shower before and after sex and he's notoriously quick on the trigger in the sack as he hurries to rub up against the Lifebuoy once more. He has been known to wear condoms even if his wife or girlfriend is on the Pill because he fears that he may catch something from her. He prefers the missionary position with the lights off and no fancy French stuff, because he knows all too bloody well that the frogs are the dirtiest race in the world. His abhorrence of cunnilingus ties in with his tendency toward vegetarianism.

Virgos are the worst people to invite to dinner parties because they'll invariably have some kind of ideological objection to something on the menu or will pass remarks about the hostess' taupe leather pumps being crafted by South American slave labor. When you're travelling, Virgos are always asking you what you paid for that nice meal you washed down with a couple of good beers. When you tell them they pull a face and say: "You were ripped off, man. Me and my friend shared a plate of rice and a cup of steam and paid a tenth of what you did, sucker." Virgos jam station switchboards whenever anyone says "fuck" on television. To annoy a Virgo, leave little curly hairs on his soap or a big grogan on his welcome mat. He'll love you for it.

Dead giveaways: Welts on posterior; dinnerplates smelling of Pine-O-Cleen; rubber gloves for masturbation purposes in the bedroom; *Wonderful Ways With Lentils* cookbooks; anyone who owns up to a crime he didn't commit; anyone who sprays air freshener while sitting on the toilet.

LIBRA — THE PILLOW BITER

September 24 — October 23

Libra rules all those folks who are most likely to have had at least one homosexual experience. Maybe it was just an innocent tug or two performed by a friend at boarding school. Or maybe it was the time he squealed like a pig while stooping for a group of drunken waterside workers in the darkened yard of a dockland pub . . . no matter, he enjoyed it. Oscar Wilde was a Libran. There are more latent jobbie jockeys born under the sign of the scales than any other, but of course not all of them take it up the quoit like a chook. A lot of heterosexual Librans are labelled pillow biters simply because they have a fondness of nice clothes and have telltale habits like going to the theatre a lot and knowing about art.

A great many Librans have an oral fixation and will stuff bits of anything or anyone into their mouths. Obesity and cold sores are Libran traits. Libran men can't stand to be on their own for too long and will go to desperate lengths for a bit of company or to look as if they're popular. They may buy cardboard cut-outs of Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe from faggy card shops and strategically place them near windows so anyone passing in the street sees the shadows and thinks they've got a lot of friends. Lonely Librans masturbate into glove puppets of Miss Piggy or they will carefully and artfully draw a little face on their own hands to create the illusion of sharing the act. They also practise sincere smiles in their mirrors while splashing on too much expensive after-shave.

Librans are devoted partygoers and you'll find one by sniffing the air for Aramis and looking for the pink polo shirt motormouthing about old movies or existentialist theatre.

Librans touch you a lot when they talk, often ask if they can squeeze your blackheads, are always late for appointments, cheat mercilessly on their wives and can never make up their minds about anything.

When a Libran man talks to a woman about his support for the feminist cause he salivates overly and sneaks furtive glances at her tits. Librans like their sexual hi-jinks but they tend to overdo it a little with the buzzing toys and the doggy position. Like Ariens, they sleep like logs after sex and many have suffered severe internal damage when they dropped off without removing their battery-operated butt plug.

Dead giveaways: A big arse; opera season tickets; *Save the ABC* badge; the lines: "Pretentious, *moi*?", "My hobby is meeting people", "Okay, who scratched my Piaf record?", "Doctor, it's about my lymph glands."

SCORPIO — THE SADIST

October 24 — November 22

The sign of the scorpion rules the world's prisons, for it is during this sun sector that the most mass murderers, sexual deviants, smack dealers, necrophiliacs and just plain nasty bastards are born. This sign is commonly referred to by experts as the horror of the horoscope.

If a Scorpio sneezes and you run to his chest of drawers to get him a hankie, you'll find them in between the pointy bamboo manicure set and that strange electrical transformer thing with the alligator clips marked "left breast", "right breast" and "genitals." Lifting the hankie from the drawer, you may note the swastika monogrammed in its corner. Generally, Scorpios are hard men who nurture grudges and collect knives. They pass themselves off as normal human beings by cleverly adopting nice smiles and boyishly tousled hairstyles. Don't be deceived. If one day your dog disappears, look no further for the mutilated carcass than the backyard of Mr Scorpio at number 10. Old Fido probably knocked over his garbage can in a bid to get closer to the smell of putrefying flesh that was emanating from it. Mr Scorpio blew the ageing mutt away with a .303 fitted with a custom-built silencer, skinned him with a Bowie knife and threw the rest on the large bull-ant nest he cultivates in his garden, then filmed what followed.

Scorpios have bloodstains on their sheets in places that indicate they're anything but menstrual. They are passionate lovers who often leave bite marks on their partners. They may like to engage in anal sex but will tell women that they're allergic to every kind of lubricant on the market. Scorpios are gamblers and winners who believe that the death penalty should be restored, adding that hanging's too good for the bastards. They may litter their coffee tables with knicknacks like miniature guillotines for cutting the end off anything shaped like a cigar. They may also leave handguns lying about in their loungerooms in the secret hope that guests will mistake them for cigarette lighters and blow their brains out. They are born rulers with inscrutable features and a tendency to marry Asian brides. These they insult viciously whenever they let them out in public, and seldom teach them more English than "Pleased to be of service, massa." If someone is teetering on the edge of a tall building, it's a cinch to pick the Scorpios in the crowd below. They're the ones yelling: "Jump."

Dead giveaways: Nipple clamps in the bedside drawer; membership of an extreme right wing group or the Moral Majority; track marks on arms; *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* in the video collection; loners; trendy mirrored sunglasses to conceal shark-like eyes; suspect talking about 'Nam and good buddy William Calley; the lines: "She was asking for it" and "You love it, bitch."

HORRORSCOPES

SAGITTARIUS — THE KLUTZ

November 23 — December 21

Sagittarius rules all those men who are rushed to hospital with their penis wedged in the neck of a milk bottle or the handle of the Hoover upright stuck up their arse. No-one at the hospital will ask what happened but Sagittarius will blurt out some feeble excuse like: "I fell over when I was vacuuming."

Sagittarians will try anything once and those born under this sign are most likely to fall out of bed while trying a new sexual position. This man knows no subtlety or diplomacy. At a dinner party he is likely to come out with a statement like: "My wife farts in bed when she's asleep." Not content to leave it there he will add, "But it's funny, she never does it when she's snoring. Personally, I prefer it when she's snoring because for a little woman she really cooks up a killer fart." He will fail to understand why his wife refuses to talk to him after the event. His favorite jokes include party stoppers like "How does a Mexican know when he's hungry? When his arse stops itching." He will deliver the punchline while demonstrating the Mexican's scratching technique and laughing very loudly. More often than not he will forget the punchline of a particularly long joke and leave everyone groaning. Not the brightest of the astrological signs, he can be very slow on the uptake and will sometimes get a joke hours after it has been told. This may result in him surfacing from oral sex, laughing uncontrollably and telling his surprised partner: "D'ya hear about the blind man who passed the fish shop and said, 'Hello girls?' Haha ha ha ha ha ha . . . Ooops, I think I just shat myself."

Sagittarians like to travel a lot; they may get caught up in strange religious orders and end up giving out tissue paper carnations at airport departure lounges. The first seven people to line up for Jim Jones' Kool-Aid cocktail were Sagittarians. If you go to a slide night at a Sagittarian's house (and you will undoubtedly be invited to one at some stage), two-thirds of his slides will be upside down. Then he'll trip over the extension cord and break the projector. The remainder of the evening will be occupied with him showing you card tricks and getting them wrong. Despite his ineptitude he is one of the most likeable signs of the zodiac, much as the local idiot was a popular attraction at any medieval village. Sagittarians also buy a lot of lottery tickets and call them things like: "The impossible dream" and "You gotta be in it 2 win it."

Dead giveaways: Plaster casts; paint on fingers from testing the variety of "Wet Paint" signs; anyone who slips a plastic Kurly-Turd into the party punch and tells everyone he did it; third-degree burns after cracker night; anyone who tries to tell you what a great guy Bhagwan is; ants or the words "Hot Stuff" on his undies; the lines: "Uh-oh, sorry" and "But that's what it said in the instructions."

CAPRICORN — THE GIGOLO

December 22 — January 20

Capricorns are the brown-nosers of the zodiac. They will say anything and flatter wildly if they can smell a dollar or a promotion in it for them. They are also notorious cowards who'll never volunteer to do anything unless they get to keep the product they tested or they get paid.

A few television characters may illustrate the Capricorn personality, namely Dr Zachary Smith from *Lost In Space*, Eddie Haskell, the opportunist adolescent arsehole from *Leave It To Beaver*, and Elroy Carpenter, Captain Binghamton's sucker fish in *McHale's Navy*. This sign is known to dote on decrepit old relatives who've stashed away a bit during their hard lives. While pouring tea, Capricorn feigns attention to Aunt Maud's rambling about the Depression while mentally measuring up her antique oak buffet, fawning over her cameo brooch, fondling the silverware and totting up how much he'll get for the old girl's whalebone step-ins .

Capricorns are usually long-lived and many can be found wearing flannelette pyjamas and goosing the night nurse in rest homes. Outwardly, they are not show-offs, preferring to skulk in the background sizing up who it may be advantageous to talk to. Inwardly, they entertain a vivid fantasy life and until the age of 45 the Capricorn man will still pose in front of his wardrobe mirror playing his tennis racquet as if it were an electric guitar.

He usually marries women who are considerably older than himself or ones that look like John Merrick in an expensive dress. He will have charmed them over with lines about the beauty of the soul or the chestnut about the magnetism of women of maturity and experience. He woos his women extravagantly while going over their assets with a fine-toothed comb. Before marriage he is usually regarded as a good and prolific lover. Afterwards, his secretive feelings about sex decree a routine sex life with the act performed once a week at a set time. However, Capricorns with failing erections are the first sign to consider a penile prosthetic implant. Basically, they are as cunning as shithouse rats and their interest in sex increases in direct proportion to their diminishing ability to perform it.

Dead giveaways: Carpet burns on the knees; discolored tongue; yellowish blond hairs down the spine; the lines, "So what do you do for a living?", "Silly giggling schoolgirls do nothing for me", and "Nurse, I dropped my reading glasses."

AQUARIUS — THE DEAD LOSS

January 21 — February 19

Aquarius rules all those men who disentangle themselves from intercourse on the premise of going to take a leak, then forget to come back. This trait can be largely attributed to the fact that Aquarians are the heaviest dope smokers of the zodiac. Their actions can be explained thus: they have a smoke and gain the requisite erection and begin intercourse. Halfway through the act they get an objective view of how ludicrous it is to be lying on top of someone and wiggling their dick around. They make their excuse about going to the bathroom, but when they get there they forget what they were doing and get a beer from the fridge instead, then settle back naked to listen to *The Dark Side Of The Moon* on their headphones. Their fondness for a variety of drugs also accounts for their inability to remember anyone's name, even if they've been married to that anyone for some time. Not that Aquarian men stay married for long; too often they frustrate their wives by refusing to get off their bums and get a job.

Early in a relationship an Aquarian may pleasantly surprise his mate by getting out of bed at dawn and making clinking and gurgling sounds that suggest he's boiling up a nice morning cup of tea. When the cuppa fails to arrive after 15 minutes, however, and the Aquarian's mate goes to investigate, she finds him pulling on a bong and watching reruns of *The Monkees*. Aquarians loathe clinging women and many have been known to lose their partners in card games or other gambling activities. Many hint at or suggest outright to their partners that they want to experiment with open marriage, suggesting that fidelity is a hassle and the greatest con forced on us by society. Very few Aquarians are premature ejaculators, due to a basic failure to concentrate on one fantasy long enough to induce orgasm. This aspect of the Aquarian make-up is viewed with mixed feelings by their partners for this sign is most likely to make a navigational error when entering, causing his partner to regret that he takes forever to come.

Other points of interest include: Maynard G. Krebbs was an Aquarian; Aquarians are most likely to see a UFO or at least think they did; most likely to write Forum letters; most likely to develop facial tics in Commonwealth Employment Centres; most likely to invent remote controlled fridge doors; and most likely to go mad.

Dead giveaways: Bong and beercan collections; eyes that suggest they've tripped once too often; the lines: "What was I saying?", "Just until my cheque arrives . . .", "Mellow out, baby" and "That coyote . . . man, he blows me away."

PISCES — THE WIMP

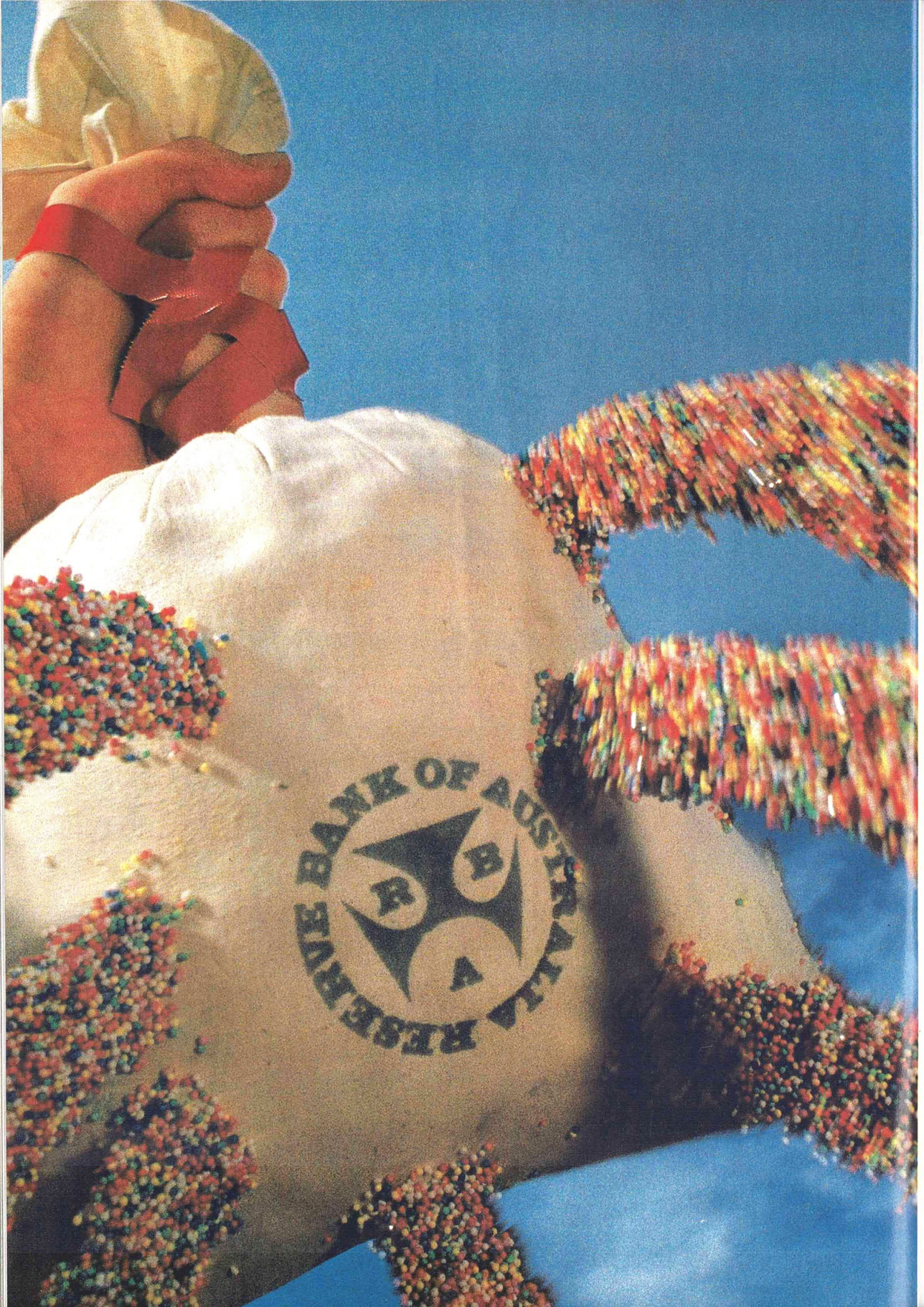
February 20 — March 20

More than any other sign, those born under Pisces are prone to humping plastic dolls — as long as they're pretty ones. Pisceans can seldom tell the difference between illusion and reality and though they try to hide their emotions, their habit of going all misty in mushy movies gives them away as wimps. While preparing to make love to his inflatable friend, a Piscean man may dim the lights, pour a couple of glasses of champagne, make romantic small talk and put on a Barry Manilow record. Hell, they have been known to go down on rubber dolls with a rare enthusiasm that sees their partners returning the favor. Their feelings of sexual inadequacy come to the fore when dealing with real women, and though they try very hard to be good lovers they are usually clumsy, inexpert and always ask women whether or not they've come.

Never look into a Piscean's bathroom waste paper basket for what you'll find there will undoubtedly make your flesh crawl. Weirdos, sick people and incompetents are usually attracted to Pisceans like flies to crap and at any given time a Piscean will have two or three ailing crazies camping on his couch, staining it with their incontinence and littering his bathroom with the soggy and putrid dressings from their weeping sores. The guy seen ladling vomit on to a dustpan and saying "No, really, I don't mind" after a drunken hoon has thrown a map at a party is usually a Piscean. Not that friendly, forgiving Pisces will judge the bilious young scallywag. Rather, he'll view the situation philosophically, thinking to himself: "There but for a few drinks go I."

Pisceans are notorious piss artists, known to drink anything as long as it's in a nice glass. The few that aren't seen to swill down copious amounts of alcohol in public are closet drinkers. At the home of a Piscean you may notice he has an industrial-sized bottle of Galliano perched on a wire stand on his sideboard. While sober, many a Piscean is quiet and mousey; but when he's got a few drinks inside him he may reveal either a boorish alter-ego or a maudlin self-pity that sees him recounting the ghastly details of some friend's slow demise from a wasting disease, and his fears that he too may have contracted the ailment. Pisceans are natural actors who may assume false personae to conceal their basically uninteresting true selves. They will patiently wait for you to finish telling a story and just about always say: "Well, that's nothing . . ." and launch into a story that one-ups yours but sounds as if they made it up.

Dead giveaways: Pens and pencils with The House With No Steps written on them; mercurachrome stains on fingers; the smell of booze; the smell of plastic; the smell of death; brings his own bottle of creme de menthe to parties.



For the big time scammers dole fraud is as easy as taking candy from a baby

CHEQUES IN THE MAIL

BY DAVID HICKIE

Last May a Sydney court heard details of the amazing scam perpetrated by 31-year-old Kings Cross waiter Manuel Blanco, who obtained $242,000 in unemployment benefits from the Department of Social Security under 37 false names over two and a half years. More than half of that fraud was perpetrated while he was already on bail on similar charges. And not a cent of his colossal haul has been recovered.

Most disturbingly, his activities were not revealed by official Social Security Department checks. Rather, they were exposed purely by chance, after drug addicts stole one of his leather handbags with 17 of his bank passbooks. Each of those passbooks contained social security documents relating to the names of the bogus account holders, and some also included fake vehicle registration papers in the same false names. Some time later Sydney drug police happened upon the bag when they arrested the bag thieves on another matter.

This led to Blanco's arrest in May 1983

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

IN THE MAIL

by Federal Police. But Blanco was let out on $20,000 bail, and immediately set up another long list of aliases which netted him more than $100,000 until his second arrest in December 1984, following further police investigation. "If he hadn't had that bag stolen, he could still be out there getting that money," commented one of the Federal policemen involved in the case. "Unless he did something else illegal, we would probably never have caught up with him."

Beginning in August 1982, Blanco received cheques every fortnight, each for around $260, from his new Fairy Godmother — the Department of Social Security — using post office boxes in various suburbs. He then cashed the cheques at nearby Commonwealth and Westpac banks at which he had opened savings accounts using various false names. The drug addicts told detectives they'd stolen the leather handbag containing the tell-tale documents from a letterbox in a doorway next to Raquel's Restaurant in William Street, in Sydney's Kings Cross. After investigation, an alert was raised at all the banks involved and next day Federal Police were contacted by the Commonwealth Bank branch at Redfern. They rushed to the bank and took into custody a man standing at the counter waiting to draw money.

His bank passbook showed the name Bates. But the man later admitted his real name was Manuel Jamie Ulpiano Blanco, and that all the Social Security applications were in fictitious names. Blanco explained he'd placed the leather handbag in the letterbox next door to the restaurant so that it would not be in his possession if police investigated. Blanco also explained that the false vehicle registration papers were used as identification when registering for unemployment benefits. After being accepted as eligible for benefits, Blanco had then instructed the Department of Social Security to send his cheques care of the post office in the particular suburb in which he had opened a bank account.

In sentencing Blanco, Judge Muir was moved to criticise the maximum sentence of two years set down by the government for this particular offence as "not very substantial." Around Australia there is a growing public perception that there are many other Manuel Blancos busily thinking up names and filling in forms that bring them easy riches — that honest taxpayers subsidise cheats who can live like millionaires simply by manipulating the system. In the 1983-84 financial year the Department of Social Security paid money to 179,035 people who should not have received it, at a cost to taxpayers of $63.7 million— and that's just the mispayments it knows about.

Twelve months ago senior Federal Police officers warned a parliamentary committee that organised crime figures were moving into large-scale welfare fraud, which would escalate unless urgent action was taken to tighten the system. The most common types of fraud, they warned, were the use of stolen or forged identification, theft of cheques from letterboxes (some criminals followed postmen on their rounds and systematically stole cheques from letter boxes), and false claims for duplicate cheques. By these and other ruses, millions of dollars were being stolen from the department through false applications for unemployment benefits, false applications for sickness benefits by use of forged documents, false applications for non-existent children in family allowance claims, continued payment of pensions when people have died, falsely claiming the non-receipt of the original cheque and thereby obtaining a replacement cheque, and fraudulent negotiation of stolen cheques.

To illustrate the problem, the police gave details of six Victorian fraud cases in a six-month period. They involved 21 people using at least 135 false names to obtain $228,000; one group of 16 people obtained $64,000 by using 65 names to get benefits; another person used 40 names to get $40,000; another used 15 names to get $39,000; yet another used seven names to get $60,000.

> In the past ten years the number of Australians receiving some form of social security has doubled to around four million

The Federal Police also warned that it can take up to two years before fraud cases are brought to their attention, by which time ' the chances of discovering the offender are slim . . . [for example] most traders and employees who have negotiated stolen cheques have difficulty in recalling particulars of the person who negotiated the cheque." The police cited the case of a Chinese businessman who cashed a large number of stolen cheques valued at more than $10,000. The police said the cheques were cashed during an eight-month period and the businessman did not receive any warnings from his bank or the Social Security Department.

Another instance the police gave to emphasise "the apparent ease" with which criminals are able to defraud the department involved a migrant who spoke very little English and used false documents to obtain a considerable sum of money. "It appeared to the Federal Police detectives on the case that no checks were made as to the authenticity of the claims before the benefits were paid," the police submission said.

The growing public perception that the Department of Social Security is being systematically ripped-off has been fostered by a series of recent exposures.

• In 1984, 48-year-old Melbourne painter and docker Peter Wilfred King pleaded guilty to 296 fraud-related charges over eight years involving $69,353. He used three different names on Social Security forms, and told the court before being sentenced: "It was a tinpot fraud . . . It was self-evident to me. All you had to do was get the claim form, send it in, and it was all done for you." He added that operating the fraud "wasn't easy", and at one stage he even gave up drinking because he had to stay sober to remember what names to use when collecting cheques.

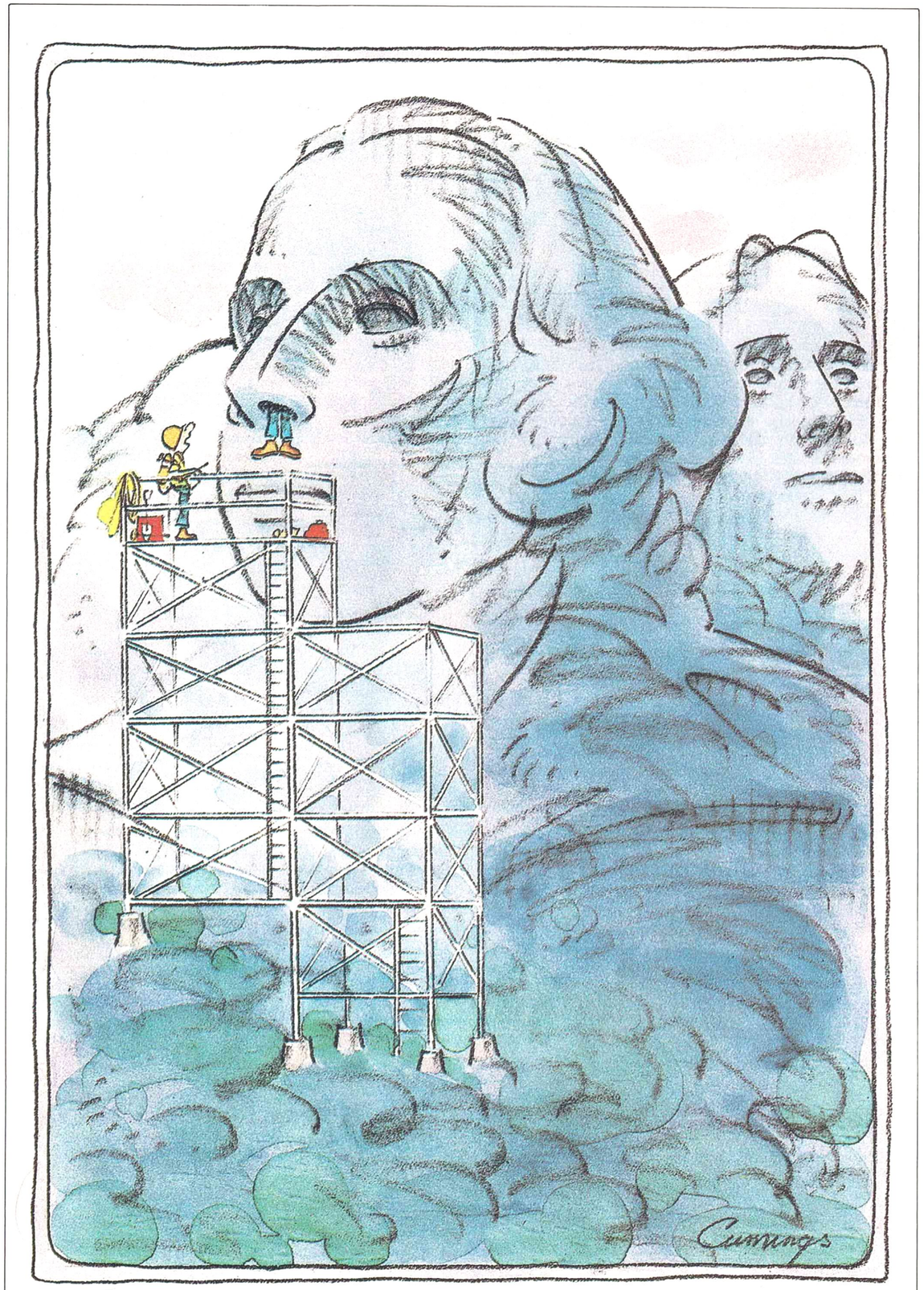
• In another case, the police revealed that six people were charged with using forged local and foreign documents to claim unemployment benefits worth more than $150,000.

• In September 1984, 50-year-old Brisbane laborer Alfred John Young pleaded guilty to 19 charges of receiving unemployment and sickness benefits totalling $21,543 over a five-year period while working under assumed names. Young had told police he had been trying to "get a little bit here and a little bit there."

• In January last year, 30-year-old Jeanette Swinge pleaded guilty in Wollongong Court to making a false statement in a pension entitlement form. She'd received a supporting mother's pension while working on a fulltime basis, and the overpayment totalled $16,185. She was ordered to repay $20 a week to the Department of Social Security, a debt which therefore won't be clear until the year 2000.

• In June, 26-year-old former Wollongong barman Kenneth Leslie Hansen, who began gambling by joining in family card games, pleaded guilty to dole fraud offences. He received about $4600 from the Department of Social Security by using a false name while receiving benefits in his own name, and by making false statements that he had received no income in the claim period. Moreover the magistrate noted that Hansen was already on a bond for fraud offences.

Former Federal Opposition Community Services spokesman Senator Messner sensed the growing public alarm when he said the $242,000 Blanco case raised serious doubts about the government's ability to crack down on social security cheats. Critics noted that his comments followed the government's May mini-Budget promise to institute a blitz on social security fraud. While the Department of Social



"This is the part of the job I hate the most."

IN THE MAIL

Security maintains that welfare fraud is still a relatively small operation, alarm bells have begun ringing in several quarters.

In March the Federal Police revealed the existence of four major groups being investigated for organised Social Security cheque frauds; two involved New Zealanders and Cuban refugees, one involved painters and dockers identified by the Costigan Royal Commission, and a fourth was based in Melbourne but also operating in Sydney. In at least three cases cheques of up to $30,000 were paid into bank accounts in a month.

Then in April, Special Minister of State Mick Young said more evidence was coming to light of massive social security fraud (estimated at about $17.4 million in 1983-84) using false names and addresses, and false birth, marriage and naturalisation certificates. Two cases being investigated involved amounts of $125,000 and $100,000. "Individuals and groups, families or otherwise, are defrauding the Commonwealth of millions of dollars using false names and addresses and false birth, marriage and naturalisation certificates," he said.

The department emphasises the distinction between fraud and "overpayments." But whatever the label, the apparent mispayments are significant. The latest Auditor-General's report noted that the recovery of overpayments (totalling $101 million) appeared to be given a low priority in comparison with the emphasis placed on the continued payment of benefits.

Late in 1984 the Commonwealth special prosecutor Robert Redlich found that Social Security had detected $62.5 million in benefit overpayments in 1983-84 and that there was little to deter those wanting to defraud the department. Redlich added that neither the department nor the Federal Police had sufficient resources to deal with the problem. He noted that by March 1984, there were 13,312 files awaiting investigation by Federal Police, who were unable to make significant inroads into the backlog.

"No credible deterrent to fraud on the [Social Security] Department can be mounted whilst the resources available to the Australian Federal Police are totally inadequate to deal with the huge backlog of cases referred to them," he declared. Redlich's annual report noted: "Although the capacity of the department to detect overpayment has improved in recent years . . . the amount of overpayment by and fraud upon the department has increased dramatically."

Redlich added that the "overpayment figure is by any standard too high and cannot be tolerated as an acceptable social welfare aberration." He said there was a widespread view that the department was being "ripped off", a view "shared by some senior officers of the Australian Federal Police who have been closely associated with the investigation of social security fraud." Redlich noted that the biggest area of fraud and overpayment (80-90 percent) occurred in the payment of unemployment benefits.

Back in 1975-76, one in every 6000 people receiving unemployment benefits was prosecuted for fraud. By 1979-80 it was up to one in every 700. But, said Redlich, despite increases in prosecutions a substantial proportion of the fraud committed on the department was not investigated or prosecuted. And in successful cases, only three percent of offenders were jailed and 86 percent were fined. Redlich's report also revealed that random surveys of welfare benefits had found that eight percent of unemployment beneficiaries were overpaid and 10.8 percent of supporting parent benefit payments were incorrect.

Inside the Department of Social Security, fraud and overpayment matters are the responsibility of the "Benefits Control Branch." The BCB maintains that stories about thousands of "dole bludgers" receiving multiple cheques have built up an "inaccurate perception" within the community. The official line is that the "great majority" are honest. Of stories about people working part-time while receiving the dole, and bank tellers knowing of these crooks in their hundreds, *Penthouse* was told: "People write to us. We don't promote it, but we check up on the cases. And a lot of the stories that go around parties on Saturday nights are a bit of folklore."

> Special Minister of State Mick Young said more evidence was coming to light of massive social security fraud (estimated at $17.4 million in 1983–84)

At present, the uncovering of fraud and/or overpayments works like this: beneficiaries are required to inform the department of changes in their circumstances which might affect continued entitlement; officials remember they are dealing generally with disadvantaged people, not lawyers; a percentage incur changed circumstances of which they don't inform the department; the BCB uncovers some of these in its regular reviews and asks for the money back.

In 1983-84 the BCB recovered $63.7 million in overpayments from all pensions and benefits. Its figures show that those it weeded out who hadn't advised the department of changed circumstances represented only 0.48 percent of total Social Security payments — and that of the $63.7 million, the BCB's experience is that ten percent can be attributed to deliberate misrepresentation.

From mid-June last year, all unemployment, sickness and special benefits have been paid directly into bank accounts. Most pensioners and family allowance beneficiaries have received their payments via bank accounts since last January. The primary aim is to clamp down on one of the most common frauds: cashing cheques and then claiming payment was never made. At the same time it addresses departmental worries over the extent that cheques in letter boxes were going astray.

Proof of identity arrangements changed in November, 1984. Before that, claimants were expected to simply present certain documents; now there is more emphasis that people prove they are who they claim to be. But that's still basically as far as the fraud preventative measures go. Once a person is on the list, their entitlement is basically only subject to the normal periodic review.

The BCB rationale was put to *Penthouse* simply: "We're not running a policing department here. Therefore, we don't do surveillance work and the like. We simply look, in our normal reviews, for people who don't fit the pattern — that is, identify those with a higher than average risk of overpayment because they fall into a group with certain characteristics. Then we review those cases."

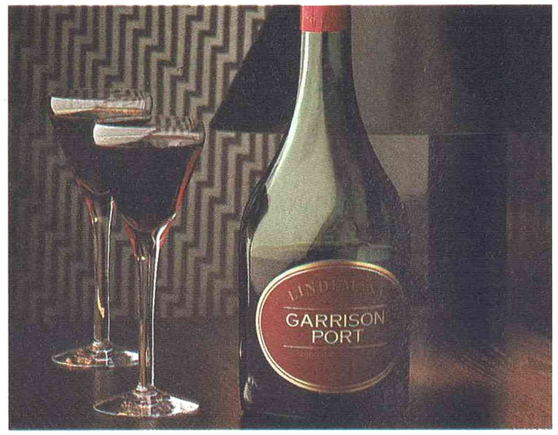
If the public perception of skyrocketing welfare fraud is exaggerated, the feeling that the welfare bill generally is mushrooming out of control is certainly close to the mark. In the past ten years the number of Australians receiving some form of Social Security has doubled to around four million, including 800,000 children. The number on unemployment benefits ballooned by over 1880 percent between 1974 and 1983, and supporting parent recipients rose by over 430 percent in the same period.

Unemployment, rather than any big increase in the aged population, is largely responsible for the rapid growth in welfare dependants. By early 1985 over 200,000 of those receiving unemployment benefits had been out of work for more than a year — that was about 36 percent of the total, compared with 27 percent in 1983.

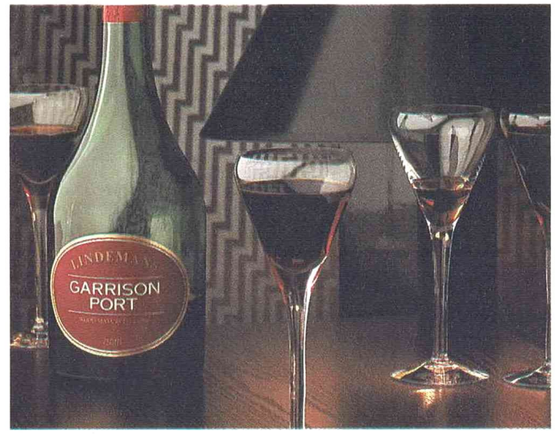
The department's image problem suffered a further body-blow in June, when the Federal Opposition called for a clampdown on New Zealand "dole bludgers." Social Security Minister Brian Howe replied that there was no evidence that New Zealanders were flocking across the Tasman to collect Australian unemployment benefits. But the figures disturbed many

10.00 pm. Just a small after dinner port.

10.30 pm. We agreed where Paul Keating went wrong.

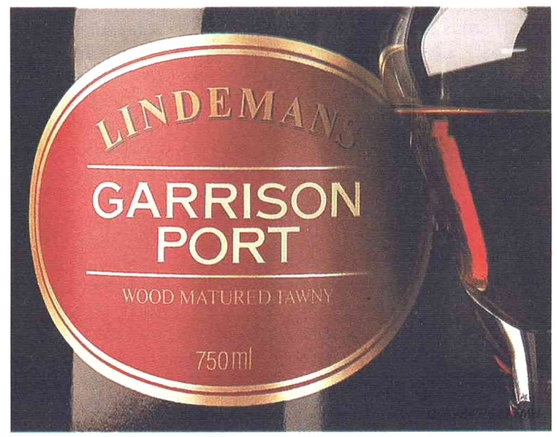


11.30 pm. Ronald Reagan is a better president than actor.



12.00 am. Ronald Reagan is a better actor than president.

12:30 am. Maybe if Robert De Niro ran for president . . .



Once breached, there's no saving the Garrison.

IN THE MAIL

critics. There are more than 11,000 New Zealanders on the Australian dole, costing more than $50 million annually.

The ready availability of the dole to Britons and New Zealanders has provided some amazing tales. Officially, a Briton automatically qualifies for the Australian dole, but a New Zealander must be in the country at least six months. However, Kiwis who can prove hardship may receive money immediately. And what a rort that's proving to be!

In June, Sydney *Daily Mirror* reporter Jeremy Harland explained it simply: "Take a holiday on the Australian taxpayer . . . it's a cinch! Armed with my Kiwi passport and a sob story I marched into the Commonwealth Employment Service offices in Kings Cross yesterday. 'They're going to throw me out of my flat tonight unless I can get $65 rent,' I said through my tears. Gripping stuff. The CES interviewer had already seen 30 Kiwis during the day so my story was probably old hat, but she directed me to the Social Security Department and gave me a pocketful of free train tickets, also courtesy of the government. 'You're not another Kiwi,' was the greeting from the department receptionist. I felt it was a polite way of saying 'dole-bludging immigrant.' Within minutes I had satisfied staff of my nationality and was promised a cheque for $85.20 if I returned in the morning!"

Then there's the experience of the two female British residents out here on a six-month working holiday who heard about the Department of Social Security, where they received the dole immediately, no pertinent questions asked. They were instantly $85 a week richer.

But their story is chickenfeed in comparison to the adventures of the amazing Roessler family. Earlier this year the FBI arrested 55-year-old American Apache Indian Thomas Roessler, who claimed to be a minister of a religious sect in San Diego.

Roessler, in concert with his wife, had been using over 50 aliases, phoney publishing companies, false addresses and bogus passports to net several hundred thousand dollars from credit companies and the Australian Department of Social Security. The scam included receiving about $5000 a month from 15 different Australian pension cheques in 15 different names, care of five post boxes in the USA and Canada.

Roessler originally visited Australia under the name Thomas Russell on a six-month visa in 1968. According to police, he told them he stayed at motels in Sydney's Kings Cross, using credit cards to pay for his lifestyle. Back in the USA he was ordained a minister of the Universal Life Church. Then in July 1970 he returned to Australia for a month, again using the Thomas Russell alias. During the stay he again made heavy use of credit cards in various names. He told police in Los Angeles he returned to Australia eight years later using his real name—a trip police have described as probably to "test the waters" for his future ventures.

In 1980 Roessler went to Canada, bought a birth certificate in the name William Martin, and took out a Canadian passport in that name. He then left Vancouver for Australia. On this trip he made his first official contact with the Department of Social Security, registering at a Sydney employment office. At this point he found out about the unemployment benefit system, getting paid under the name Martin. And he met a Liverpool couple who explained how easy it was to obtain the dole; as a result he claimed it again under another alias, Thomas Cameron. Roessler returned briefly to Vancouver in early 1981, and then returned Down Under using the name William or Russell Martin, accompanied by his wife and new-born daughter.

> Roessler had been using more than 50 aliases and phoney addresses to net several hundred thousand dollars from the Department of Social Security

The couple then "went the whole hog." They established a series of addresses at vacant allotments and unoccupied premises around Australia and set up a bogus publishing company. Another company employed phantom staff in the names of the many aliases they used. They then applied for various loans from finance companies worth over $100,000. At a Granville address in Sydney they even used an answering service with a list of fictitious employees and salary rates. The answering service was also used for credit companies to check the bona fides of the phantom credit applications.

Police have since discovered that the only legal activity of Roessler's publishing company was production of a pornographic book. A second book titled *The Cardman* remains in manuscript form due to a legal dispute; it detailed the story of a man and woman fraudulently obtaining credit cards and travelling the world on the proceeds while hiding from the FBI!

Using the name Reverend Thomas Russell of the Universal Life Church, Roessler moved to expand his income. He was already receiving five dole cheques, at the married rate, in five different names. But posing as the religious minister, Roessler toured various registry offices around Australia with his wife and another man. The Rev. Russell would produce his certificate of ordination and state he had witnessed the birth of a child to the couple with him. He would claim that, according to his religion, births occurred at home and no doctors were allowed to be present. He would then get a birth certificate in a bogus name, without producing any evidence of the birth. He used the same simple ruse to obtain bogus marriage certificates. By using all these bogus certificates in various names, his wife successfully claimed for nine supporting mother's pensions and one widow's pension.

After a time they decided to avoid any possible trouble in Australia, and arranged to have their Social Security payments sent to America. They left Australia on December 31, 1981, with their child on a New Zealand Airlines flight after obtaining Australian passports under the names Walter Alexander Levinge and Helen Millar. But before they left Roessler and his wife wrote 15 letters, using 15 different names, to the Department of Social Security. Each time they said the person concerned was going to America for 12 months to visit a sick relative and asked for payments to be forwarded to five different post office boxes in America and Canada. The applications were made by ten "mothers" to transfer their cheques overseas. For five months they were receiving 15 pension cheques regularly, all forwarded to various addresses by the Australian Embassy in Washington.

In the end, Roessler was only caught when two cheques were returned to the Washington Embassy in May 1982 because of a changed address, an embassy officer became suspicious and a probe began. It was discovered that one woman was claiming ten pensions in different names, but investigators were unable to track down the swindlers.

First they sent further cheques to a Los Angeles address but missed their targets. Then, in an attempt to smoke out the Roesslers, authorities decided to stall payments — and the woman replied immediately. She wrote a terse letter to the embassy, under the bogus name Zimmerman, demanding to know what had happened to her payments. She was told there had been a computer breakdown and she'd receive her cheques soon. But instead the police moved in.

Roessler later told police they had been living at Rosarito Beach in Mexico under the alias Ricardo T. Lessur and family. The result of official inquiries into the Roessler case stunned authorities.

Unfortunately for the department, the growing *deja vu* of such revelations has stunned a large section of the public as well.

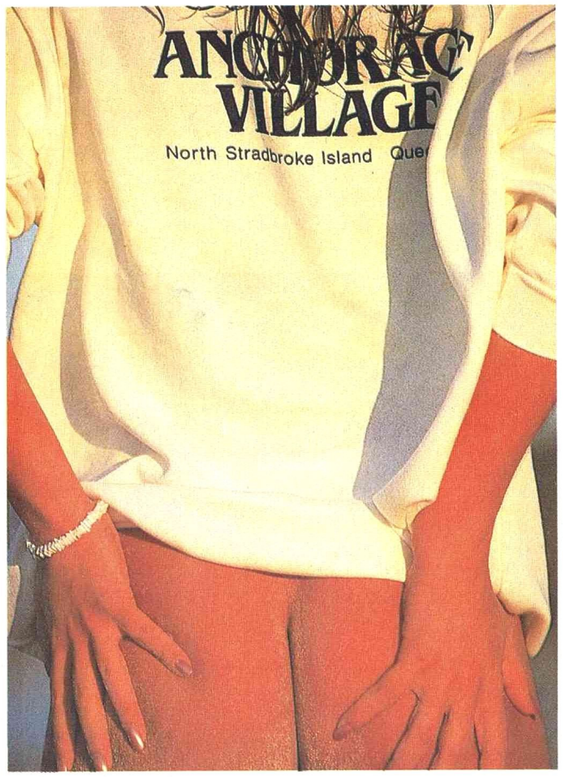
KATHY

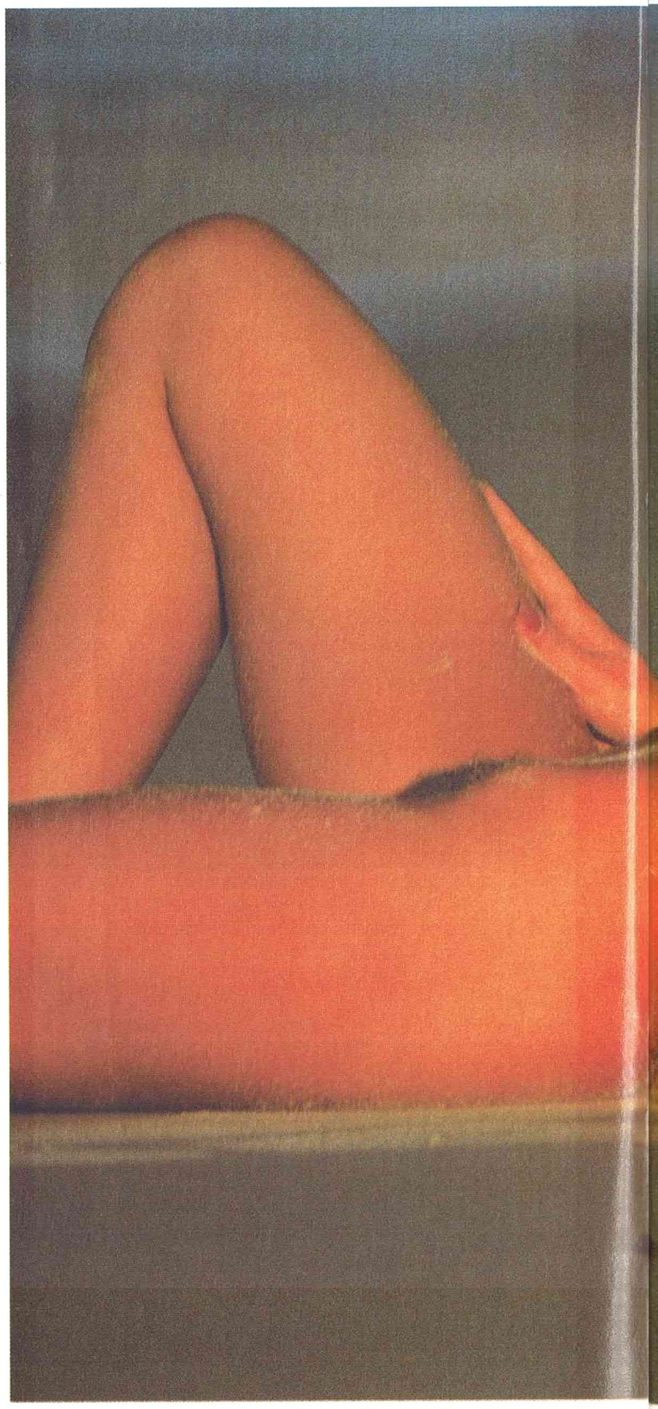
Shot on location at Queensland's premier resort, Anchorage Village, Nth Stradbroke Island; Make-up by Olliver Schefler; Hair by Lee Joyce; Swimwear supplied by First Edition, Brisbane.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY NOLAN

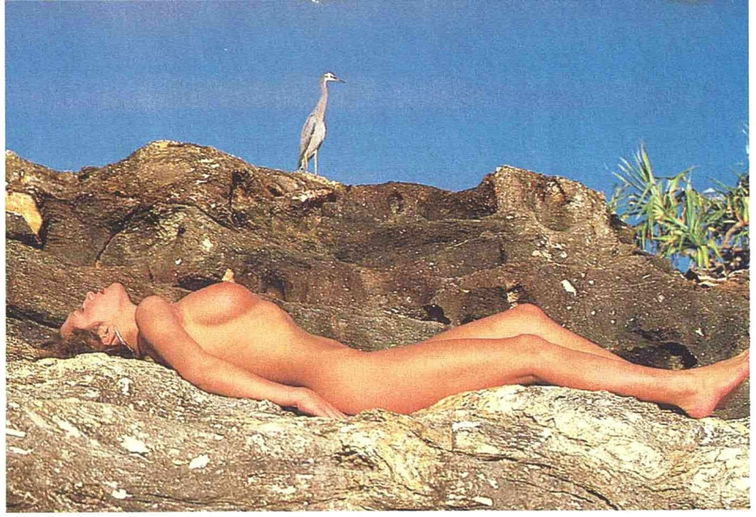
MINDBENDER

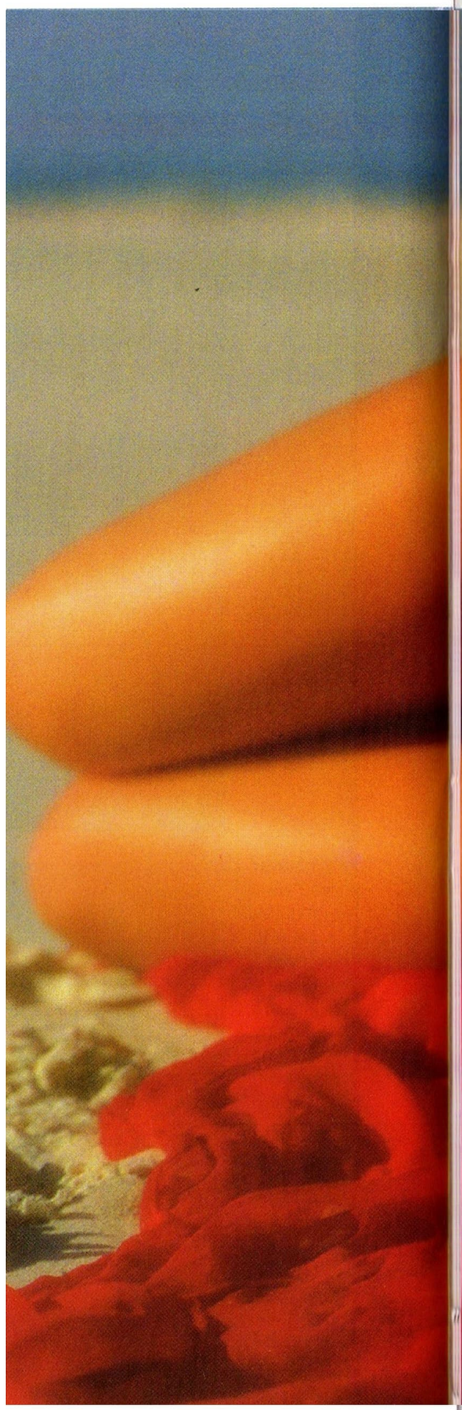
When 20-year-old Kathy Davis fixes you in her enticing gaze and tells you that she'd like to study mind power so she can learn to move objects, the first thing to come to mind is to let her know that she doesn't need to study *anything*. As if meeting this Brisbane beauty isn't enough, the associated palpitations and rise in blood pressure make a Uri Geller spoon-bending demonstration look like kids' stuff.

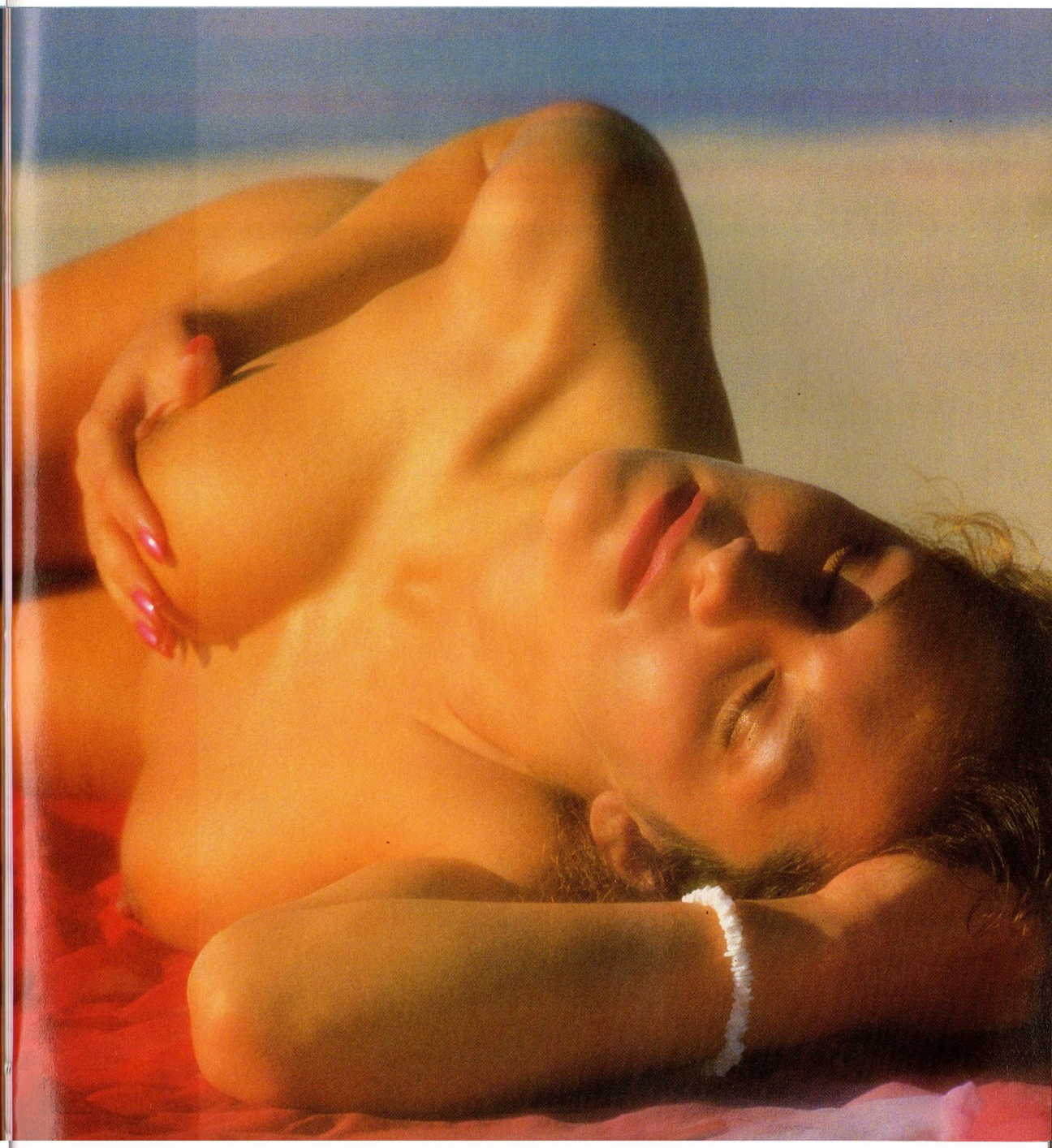




"Whatever you want you can get with your eyes," she states. "There are many situations where even *no* action speaks louder than any words. That's one of the advantages of being a woman. Do you know what I mean?"

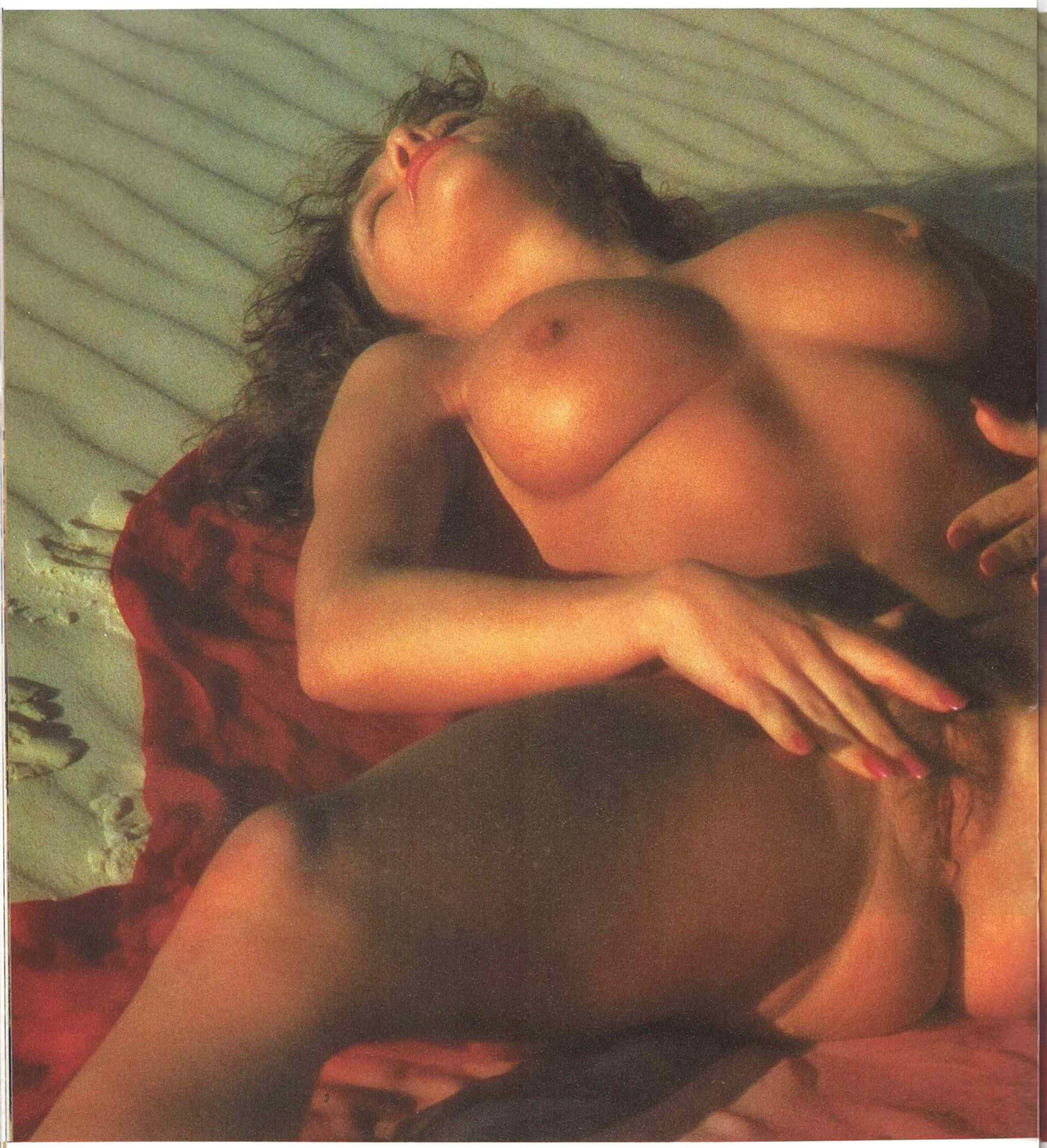


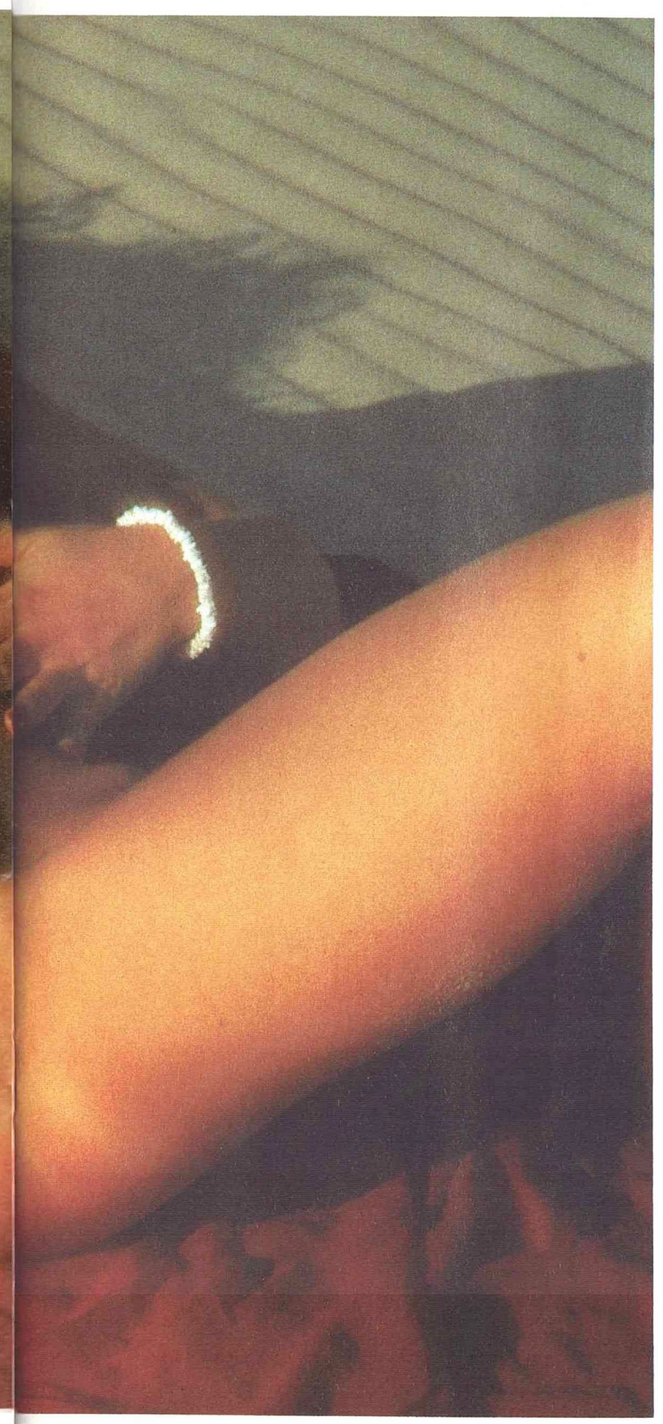




Believe it when she says she likes men looking at her. She works for an established Brisbane outfit called Book 'n' Act and lists her professional specialities as delivering Strip-a-Surprise telegrams, oil wrestling, and lingerie and fantasy parades.

Posing for *Penthouse* realised an ambition she'd had since she was a mere 15, and if that wasn't enough for her to enjoy the shoot, returning to her home vacationing turf at North Stradbroke Island in a luxury resort allowed her the opportunity to savor every moment of this dream-come-true.





She's a fighting fit, non-drinking, silent type, but underneath that cool exterior she knows what she wants in a man (surprise, surprise): "The over-30s have that extra maturity, are usually secure, know what they want, and I can learn from them . . ." she says.

MISS KATHY DAVIS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Neil Cunningham's dreams died on the Gold Coast

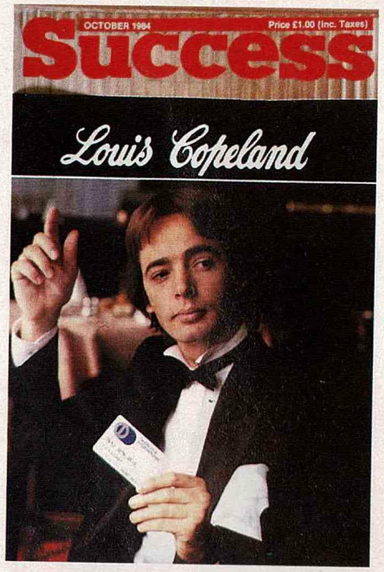
EVIL IN PARADISE

BY FRANK ROBSON PHOTO BY PETER CRAWFORD

On a hot day in February this year, three young men charged with the murder of a call girl sat in the dock of a small Gold Coast courtroom.

Confessions made to police by two of them had been typed, duplicated and distributed to reporters, complete with the usual appalling errors of spelling and grammar. These "records of interview" lay in piles at the feet of the journalists who sat in the public gallery, only a few metres from the three young men.

The most impressive of the accused men, in the sense that he was the one you felt compelled to observe, was Craig Andrew McConnell, 20, a heavily muscled



EVIL

Neil Cunningham's dream of racing success were close to the realisation when tragedy struck.

printer with neatly groomed brown hair. He wore blue trousers and a short-sleeved white shirt. He sighed frequently and looked at the clock on the opposite wall. He touched his thin-lipped, down-turned mouth, sighed and rubbed his eyes — eyes that displayed, in profile, the same bleak impersonality as those of a common seagull. He sighed and sighed, touching his mouth and eyes. It didn't require a student of body language to know that Craig Andrew McConnell was very, very frightened.

His record of interview was made, according to police, almost four months earlier, when McConnell and the other two — Nigel Phillip Vincent Andrews, 25, and Anthony Michael Duncan Rau, 22 — were arrested and charged with having murdered 45-year-old Surfers Paradise call girl Lovena Cunningham.

The three were also charged with having murdered Gold Coast sex shop proprietor Kevin Mannix, 40, on June 22, 1984, and both charges — on the day I sat in on committal proceedings at the Southport Magistrates Court — were being heard together with Mr B. Latham SM. (A jury in the Supreme Court of Queensland has found Andrews guilty on two charges of murder; McConnell pleaded guilty to two charges of murder and Rau pleaded to unlawfully killing Mannix and Cunningham.)

My interest on this day was in the slaying of Lovena Cunningham, a petite, pretty woman with a gentle smile who lived alone in an apartment building in Surfers Paradise. Lovena died with her throat cut only weeks before she and her 22-year-old son, Neil, were due to realise a dream they had shared for more than 15 years.

It was a dream of Dickensian scope, containing elements of the fairy tale and the horror story, but based mainly on a mother's unwavering determination to give her children a start in life.

In the case of Neil Cunningham, the dream involved motor racing. Almost from the time he could walk Neil had fantasised about becoming a world champion racing driver.

His mother, to whom he had always been remarkably close, shared and encouraged the boy's plans, escaping an unhappy marriage and personal disillusion by joining the child in a world of their own making: a world in which they visualised themselves as the King and Queen of the European Formula One circuit, a world of victory laps and champagne and glittering prizes, a world where the one thing they'd never had — money — would be so abundant they would gleefully give it to charity.

Money, as it turned out, provided a grim symmetry to the conclusion of Lovena Cunningham's life. It was the pursuit of money that brought her, with Neil and her daughter Debbie (now 24), to the Gold Coast from New Zealand in 1973.

For quite a while before her children knew about it, Lovena supplemented her small office work income by selling sex and companionship to lonely men.

When they were older, she left Neil and his sister in the family home at Miami (on the Gold Coast) and moved into the Surfers apartment. The money she earned up there on the seventh floor of a block called The Moorings went largely on financing the shared dream. Many thousands of dollars were spent on racing cars and equipment as Neil, displaying a natural talent for the sport, began to make a name for himself — first in Australia, then as a sort of curiosity on the European circuit.

To friends sometimes critical of her selfless devotion to Neil's career, Lovena would respond: "If I don't get him started, who will? Where are your kids right now? Drunk somewhere? Planning a crime?" On the night of August 24 last year, that's exactly what McConnell, Rau and Andrews were doing.

I read how the young man with seagull eyes had left the others waiting in his car while he went up to "Angie's" apartment (the name Lovena used in her advertisements), paid $60 for a massage and sex, and then — "after I come" — strangled Lovena to unconsciousness, later cutting her throat with a steak knife.

Rau claimed to have entered the apartment after the murder. "Craig told me that he had started to strangle her but she was still gasping for air, so he got a knife . . . and stabbed her through the throat," Rau (who went voluntarily to police to make the first confession) allegedly told them.

Andrews apparently did not enter the apartment. McConnell and Rau took about $1000 cash and various valuables after ransacking the unit. In Rau's record of interview, it was difficult to get past Question 28: "Did Craig say why he killed her?"

The answer from Rau: "Because then she wouldn't recognise him."

When I glanced up at the dock, McConnell — handcuffed to Andrews — was looking right at me. He sighed, rubbed his eyes and turned to stare again at a red-faced detective under cross-examination. I read Rau's account of what they did immediately after the murder: "We drove down and had a meal at the all-night takeaway shop."

During the luncheon adjournment a newspaper reporter told me that a relative of Lovena Cunningham had described Neil Cunningham as a parasite on his mother.

"Did you know," he said with some relish, "that Cunningham sold the rights to film his mother's funeral to the *Willesee* program!" He shook his head. *"His own mum!* What kind of person would do that?" The same reporter expressed surprise that three such "ordinary-looking" young men a McConnell, Rau and Andrews could commit murder.

That afternoon, McConnell became the first of the trio to be committed for trial. Like the others, he had entered no plea. Next day, Detective Sergeant Pat Glancy said McConnell was "the greatest argument for the death penalty there ever was."

Glancy, a popular Gold Coast family man, told the court McConnell was a cold, calculating killer, adding: "It wouldn't be a sad day if he went to the gallows."

That was the day I phoned a producer for the *Willesee* program and discovered that Neil Cunningham had not been paid a cent. It was no surprise; the Gold Coast thrives on malicious gossip. It's also a city well endowed with aimless, "ordinary-looking" young men.

Driving to Surfers for my second interview session with Cunningham, I couldn't stop thinking of what he had already told me about looking for his mother's killer; how, in the months before McConnell, Rau and Andrews were arrested, he had passed sleepless nights by going into bars and nightclubs and looking at strangers' faces.

"I would stare at some guy a few feet away and think: 'Did *you* do it?' It was crazy; there was no way I could know. But I thought something might show in their eyes. I thought if I knew who killed my mother, I would get a gun and sort him out myself. So I stared and stared at faces. I walked on beaches at 3am. I cried and shook and drove past Mum's apartment over and over, looking up there in case the light was on and it was all a dream. It was the worst time of my life."

Thus spoke "the parasite."

Arohanui Lovena Cunningham was part-Maori, her family bloodline going back to tribal chiefs in New Zealand's Northland. "Arohanui" translates as "much love" — an appropriate name, it would seem, in view of the sacrifices she made and the softness of her heart.

Lovena married young into an unhappy relationship. Neil remembered violent arguments between his parents; he talked of hiding behind his mother's legs and of hating his father. Even then, Lovena was the centre of his universe. Their closeness was emphasised by Neil's partial deafness, which meant he had little formal schooling until the condition corrected itself when he was 13.

Since he was a toddler, Neil played at being a race driver. Lovena indulged his every daydream. "One day," she promised over and over, "you'll be a champion." She drove Neil and Debbie hundreds of kilometres to attend racing events, where the boy's face became so well known drivers would tousle his hair and call him "Young 'Un."

After her divorce, Lovena brought the kids to the Gold Coast in quest of a fresh start — but money remained the obstacle. Their poverty made a mockery of The Dream, yet Lovena and her son never missed a day talking of what they would do when he was world champion.

"She was only small — just over five foot — but in spirit she was a tiger," said Neil. "Once she'd set her sights on a thing, nothing could stop her."

When Neil was 11, Lovena raised enough to buy him a go-cart. She made him a leather driving suit with authentic-looking stripes and colors, and he — rather uncannily, it was thought at the time — began winning races against older and much more experienced drivers.

Sometimes, when was supposed to be asleep, Neil would find his mother crying because even here in what she'd assured her children was the Promised Land, she lacked the skills to earn decent wages. Surprised that she seemed to have forgotten their plans, he would remind her: "But I'm going to be a champion. We'll make lots of money and go round and round the world."

Later, when she'd moved into the Surfers apartment and Neil was saving for his first racing car (he worked an airbrushing business in the backyard), Lovena told him exactly what she was doing for money.

She said being a call girl was more honorable than being married and cheating on your partner, as just about everyone else on the Gold Coast seemed to be doing. Half the time, she assured him, her customers did not want sex; they were happy to pour out their problems, and hearing these sad stories had made her realise how messed up the world was and how she and Neil and Debbie would have to stick together — "like a little army" — to avoid ending up as lonely as her clients at The Moorings.

Detective Sergeant Pat Glancy said McConnell was "the greatest argument for the death penalty there ever was."

Neil, as usual, saw things her way. He admitted to being a bit shocked at first, but this passed when he realised how much she enjoyed her financial independence. He was pleased about her smart new clothes and began thinking of his mother as a "marriage counsellor." At 17 he bought a racing car, but when the engine blew up he had no money for a replacement.

When Lovena offered to buy a better car, Neil told her it was a rich kids' sport. "I've had my fling," he said, perhaps recognising The Dream for what it was. "Why don't we just watch racing on TV?"

His mother wouldn't hear of it.

"To hell with TV! We're going racing. That's all there is to it."

After that, Neil offered no resistance. After all, didn't they both want the same thing? That's what the shy young man kept telling himself when Lovena mortaged the Miami house to send him to Europe, where he was desperately lonely and homesick.

He hired a racing car that was virtually falling apart and bought second-hand tyres from the circuit's rich kids, worked at night, lived in ratty boarding houses and managed to take part in a few races. He spent hours alone, reading Lovena's encouraging letters over and over. If a letter didn't arrive on time he'd ring her, usually to say he was scared that he didn't have what it took to be a champion.

Things would improve, she told him. He must not give up. "Don't look back," she would always say. "Keep walking forward. Never lose The Dream."

After a while, it began to seem that Lovena was right.

By 1984, Cunningham was gaining recognition as a plucky underdog, a people's champion. He began getting drives in sponsored cars, and turning in faster laps than many big-name performers.

The legendary Alan Jones, another who fought for his breaks the hard way, became a friend, describing Neil as a potential great of motor racing. At that stage, incredibly, Neil was running second in the European Formula One championships, behind Maurizo Sala of Brazil.

The racing press took an interest and a glossy British magazine called *Success* devoted a cover to Neil, a darkly good-looking young man in an evening suit. That picture seemed to embody everything Lovena had worked for.

Back then, and until her death, only the family knew how Lovena made her money. A taste of the good life broadened the scope of The Dream; mother and son talked for hours by phone of the *Ultimate* Dream, in which Neil would become *seven* times world champion, twice more than the famous Juan Fangio. They put a date to when The Dream would start to be realised: with all debts cleared, she would join him in Europe at the start of 1985. By the end of 1988, at the outside, he would be champion.

But racing fans who watched the rising star at the tracks, or saw his suave pose on the cover of *Success,* could not have guessed what a curious mixture of strengths and weaknesses he was. Lovena's determination kept him going when others might have given up in solitary despair. Without her encouragement, constantly reinforcing his efforts by letter and phone, Neil felt aimless and lost.

Ten days before Lovena's death, Neil felt particularly homesick. He managed to organise a complimentary return ticket and flew to the Gold Coast; Lovena took time off work and they spent every evening together for a week, discussing — of course — The Dream.

Then Neil went back.

On the Friday of her murder he was racing in Holland. He now says he had a peculiar sense of being guided, of knowing exactly when to increase power and when to ease off. He got out of the car feeling it was perhaps the best race he had ever driven.

EVIL

The following Monday, he tried three times to ring his mother from the farm outside London where he was boarding, but each time the phone rang out. Neil was outside mowing lawns when local police rang to say Lovena Cunningham had been murdered.

Gold Coast call girls who work from home seem immensely proud of their "private" status. It means they have regular clients — men who sometimes assume the status of old family friends — and it distinguishes them from massage parlor girls who have no control over whom they see.

Advertisements for "personal escort services" fill several columns of the *Gold Coast Bulletin,* and many of the ads specify such qualities as "understanding nature" and "good listener." Lovena Cunningham had become so concerned for the psychological welfare of lonely clients that she took a marriage counselling course during a visit to America. On the same visit she underwent a course in Bible studies.

But while private call girls enjoy the self-image of being more than just a body for hire, their method of operation means they are always in danger. In mid-1983 a customer built like a weight-lifter went crazy in Lovena's apartment. He trapped her head with a massive arm and held a knife to her throat. Lovena spoke to him as if she was dealing with a naughty child, telling him, in effect, to stop being a silly boy. When he relaxed and began sobbing out his woes, Lovena made them both a cup of coffee. She did not report the attack. No-one except Neil was even told of it.

On the night when Craig McConnell was ringing her buzzer for several minutes downstairs, Lovena was apparently having the evening off. She had been asleep, and her phone was off the hook. According to McConnell's record of interview, she "humed and hared (sic) for a few minutes and said, 'Have you been here before?' I replied yes [he claimed to have been 'with' Lovena two years earlier]. She then let me into the building."

This night, Lovena would have no opportunity to use her powers of persuasion; the "ordinary-looking" young man demonstrated to police how he cupped his powerful hands to apply a stranglehold to her throat. That he did this the instant after orgasm seems the ultimate horror: the act of murder delayed, with such ghastly opportunism, until completion of the act of life.

At the conclusion of his confession to police, McConnell was asked if he had anything to add.

"I've tried forgetting it," he allegedly said. "I wish it had never happened."

Humans in moments of extreme stress rarely behave in the way we expect. Neil Cunningham, at first, felt no outrage or anger. He cried a little, then stopped. He went out to get his hair cut, then got on a jet for the 30-hour flight to Brisbane.

"On the plane," he said, "I felt strangely relaxed. I started thinking: maybe it's the wrong person. Maybe I was dreaming. I thought of all kinds of reasons why it wasn't really happening. At Singapore airport the hostesses started handing out Australian newspapers. Then they went into a huddle, looking at me, and started taking the papers back again. Then I knew! They were trying to spare me those stories about how Mum was murdered. I sat there listening to my heart beating . . ."

On the Gold Coast, Neil went directly to the Broadbeach CIB office to answer questions. Then he walked the streets, ending up at Lovena's apartment. Police still on duty there saw him moving about as if in a daze, staring at his racing trophies strewn about the floor. Later, he would return to collect the trophies and send them to his enstranged father in New Zealand.

> She said being a call girl was more honorable than cheating on your partner, like everyone else on the Gold Coast seemed to be doing

His reason for doing so points to how tragically *adrift* he must have felt; how Lovena's death stripped him of a sense of belonging on the Gold Coast . . . or anywhere else.

"I sent the trophies to my father because I had no home left on the Gold Coast," he said. "So I sent them to my old home. But it was stupid. My father and I are strangers. To mum, the trophies meant everything. To him — well, he doesn't care what I do."

After Lovena's funeral, attended by 80 people including several of her 'regulars', Neil asked himself what she would want him to do next.

Keep going, he decided. *She'd want me to keep on going.* So he returned to the UK and was racing in Ireland when he lost the car on a turn and crashed. Lucky to emerge uninjured, Neil worked desperately to repair the car. He remembers watching blood ooze from his torn hands, burnt by hot metal, and thinking, *keep going, keep going, keep going!*

But it didn't work. Tormented by thoughts of the murder, he returned to Australia and — for no other reason than that she had wanted him to — managed to get a drive in the Australian Grand Prix. Later he developed the habit of walking for miles around the Gold Coast "looking for clues." Police pointed out that the crime might not be solved for years, if at all, so Neil decided that after becoming Formula One champion, he would engage the world's finest private detectives and put them on the case.

Day after day, week after week, nothing happened. One morning, sobbing in frustration, Neil Cunningham stood in the shower and prayed: "Come on God. Don't let them get away. Please!" Later that day McConnell, Rau and Andrews were arrested.

Meeting Cunningham after my session in the Southport courtroom, I asked how he felt about the men charged with murder. Did he feel any compulsion to go to the court and look at them? He shook his head, but seemed to understand what I was getting at. "I have seen photographs of them," he said. "But I can't remember any of the faces. If they walked past us now, I wouldn't know them." It was the absence of any real motive that plagued his thoughts — and the idea of his mother dying slowly in pain, "lying there thinking of us."

Arohanui Cunningham's body was buried at Whangarei, NZ, where her ancestors once ruled the rugged land. Her son spent several weeks there, sitting by the grave and trying to gain some perspective on his future. It was then he realised that he'd lost his grip on The Dream.

"Then it came to me," he said. "Everything I had done had been for her. Always, I'd been thinking of the look on her face when I won the first really important race. That's what kept me going. Now I will have to do it for myself."

In the next breath, describing his response to those who ask whether he will return to Europe to race, he said angrily: "What do they expect me to do? I can't stay here. My Mum would be ashamed of me if I gave up."

Neil Cunningham left Australia for good a few days later, vowing not to return — even for a visit — until The Dream had been realised. His mother, he said, would race with him now; he felt her "presence" each time he got behind the wheel.

We walked through Surfers and he looked around forlornly, seeming close to tears.

"I used to *love* this place," he said. "I loved surfing and walking along those beautiful beaches. It was home, you know? But now when I look at the place I see so much evil and greed; life's so easy here. If people don't have what they want, they just go and *take* it. I could never live here again." ○—■

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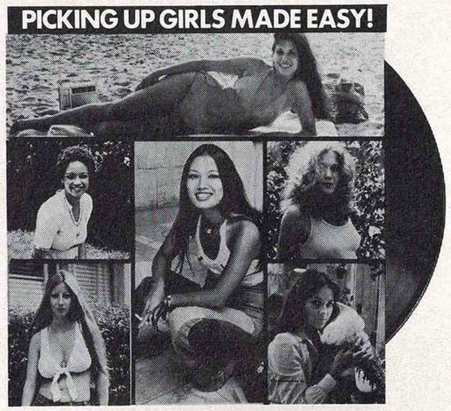

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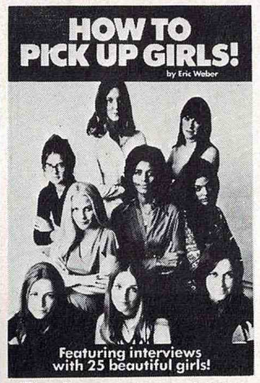

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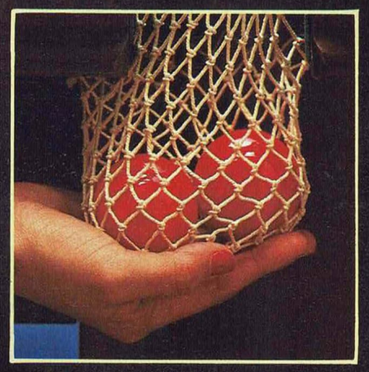
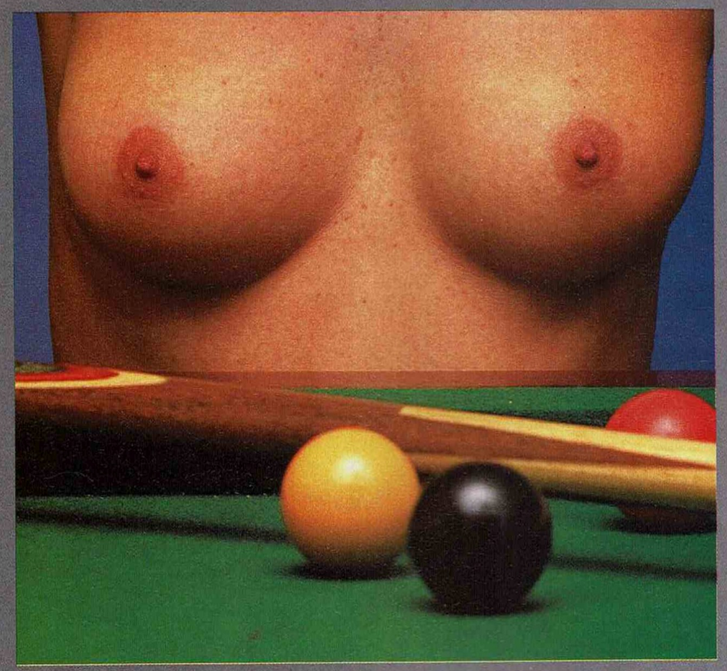
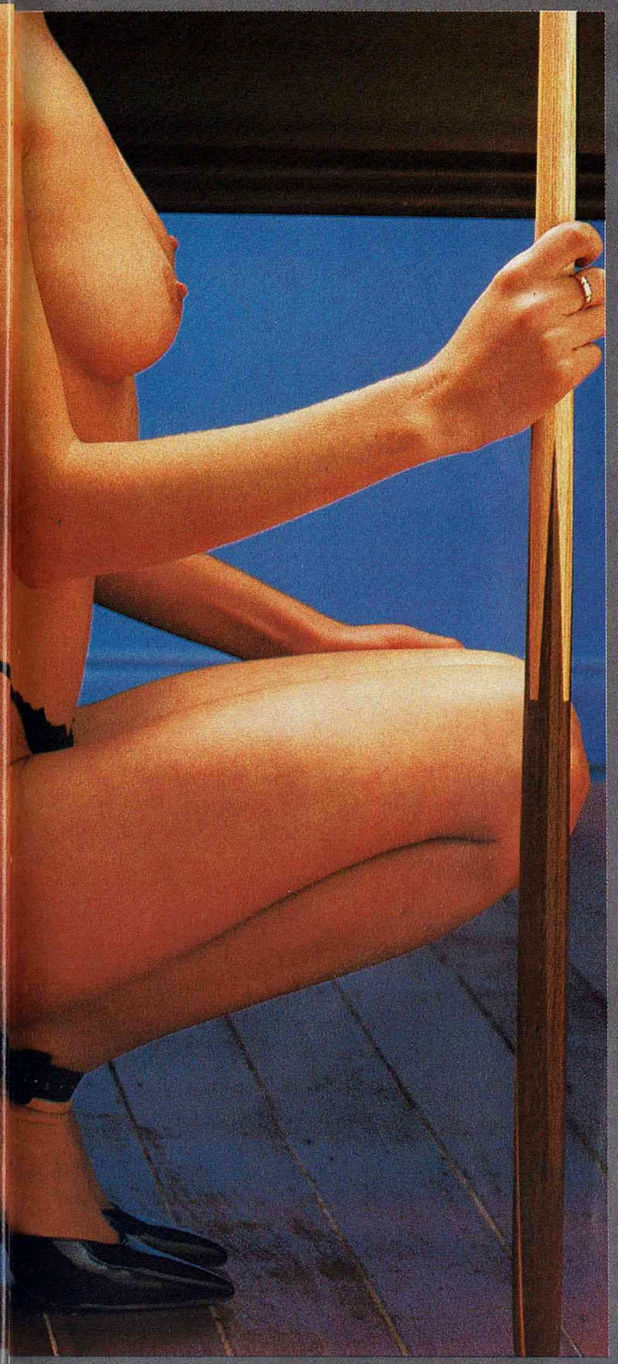


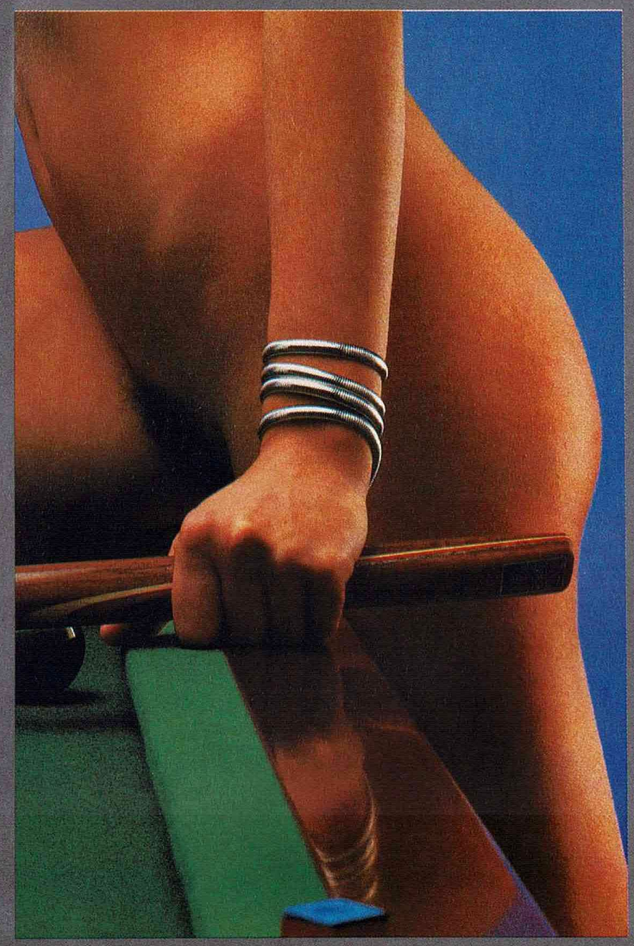
DIRTY POOL

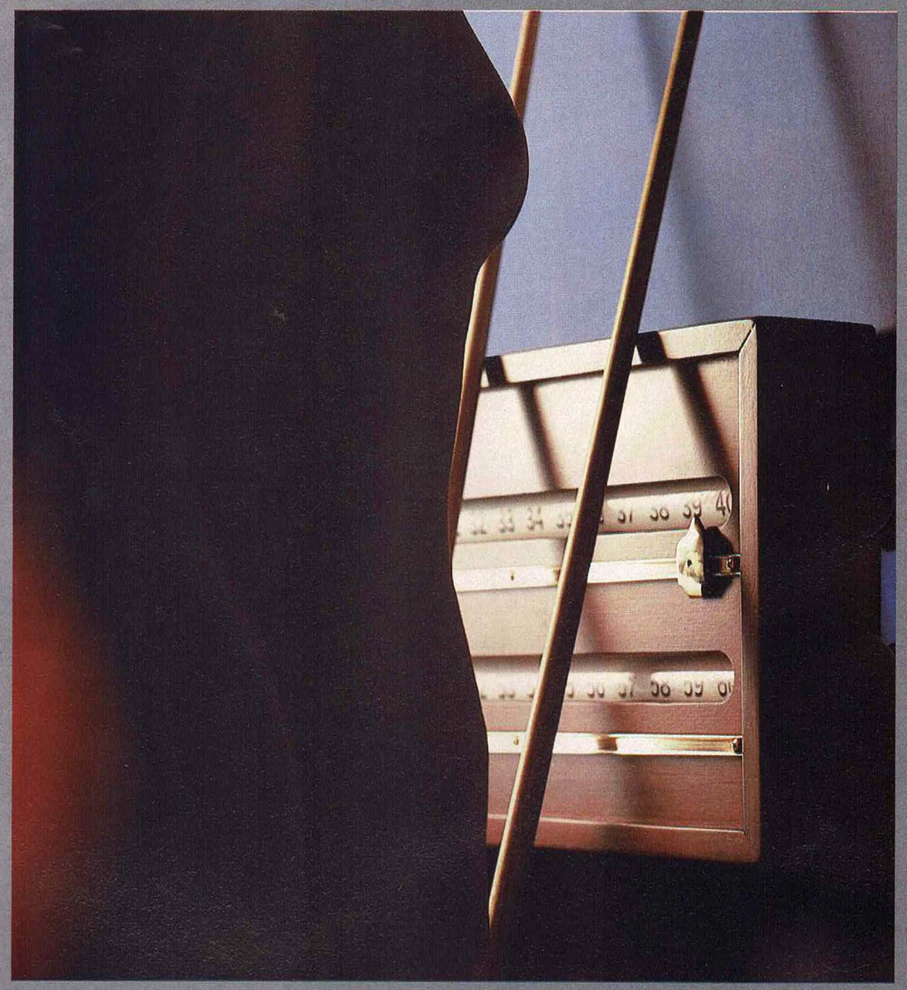
There are few sights more invigorating than that of a woman who can handle a pool cue with devastating authority. By penetrating the male domain these *Penthouse* Pets have transformed the accoutrements of the game into objects of erotic fantasy. Retiring to the pool room is seldom as stimulating as this. Pocket billiards, anyone?

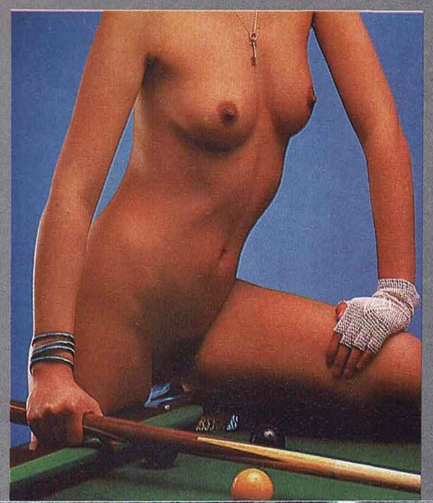
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID LEVIN











Our Cultural Attache bones up on his favorite Australian attraction

SEX DOWN UNDER

BY SIR LES PATTERSON

Although I am not a regular church-goer, I have always felt that there was something Up There, and last night my current Girl Friday (who's a Mick) told me she felt there was definitely something up there too. And there was.

I'm a pretty complex organism. I'm a bit of a mystic, but I'm also flesh and blood for Christ's sake, and although I'll soon be nudging the old three score, I still get that randy sometimes I could root the hair on a barbershop floor. My old mother — the Lord be good to her — used to say: "Where there's hair there's comfort", though I'm still not sure if that wise old Australian saying meant the same to both of us. In fact it meant bugger all to me until I got my first handful, but since then I've never looked back.

I can hear my readers all saying as with one voice, "For Christ's sake Les, how can a senior Australian Elder Statesman respected throughout the world for his Yartz knowhow and credibility across the board, who is happily married to a once fairly attractive former model with a wonderful family of kids who think the sun shines out of his freckle, knock off the sheilahs like maggots off a chop and get away with it?"

There are no easy answers but let's get it straight up-front. My heart's

**Excerpted from* The Traveller's Tool, *Sir Les Patterson, MacMillan's rrp $14.95.*

DOWN UNDER

Karen and Craig, wherever my dick might happen to be. I know for a fact most men reading this book will be with me on that one, and if a member of the gentler sex accidentally reads these words, serves her right for wandering out of the kitchen, God bless her. The fact of the matter is that if you are going to Australia on business or pleasure, and you think it's just a land of swimming, sunshine and steaks, you've got a pleasant surprise awaiting you because if you play your cards right, and I mean *credit* cards, your Old Feller could be begging you to get back on that plane and give him a rest after a couple of weeks in the Land of the Golden Doughnut. Let's face it, I'm a Romantic and I'd never deliberately hurt a member of the fairer sex. Well, not after the first time anyway. In fact, I'm that bloody considerate and gentle, I've sometimes paid a high price for it, with a busted jar of vaseline oozing out of my Samsonite.

My intimate equipment happens to be pretty legendary in diplomatic circles but the typing pool would all agree that I am one of nature's gentlemen. On the odd occasion when an awestruck little Girl Friday cops an eyeful of the old Patterson pyjama python for the first time, if she reckons she can't handle it, I generally put her at ease by sticking a bit of chewing gum on the tip. Then I quip: "Okay darling, climb aboard and when you start chewing I'll stop pushing." Believe me, this usually breaks the ice.

The ideal research assistant in my book is married or has got a steady boyfriend. If a sheilah's unattached, the chances are she'll start crapping on about wanting a "relationship" just because you've knocked her off a couple of times. Boy oh boy, that word "relationship" gives me the Joes, especially if it's called a "caring relationship." That's a real turn-off. I suppose a caring relationship is when all you ever put in a woman's hand is your pay cheque.

If I've got a relationship with anyone, I'd say it's with the Australian Taxpayer because I've got a huge responsibility representing the greatest fuckin' country in the world overseas. But if I've got a responsibility to my wife, the Lady Patterson, it's the responsibility of never letting her find out where I put it every night. Fair enough? Yet human nature being the shithouse thing it is, there's always some stirrer who likes to finger husbands to their wives. You all know the routine: "It's because I'm so *fond of you both* that I feel you ought to know..."

Here's a true life story:

On a routine visit to Dr Proctor, a specialist in Harley Road, London, just to get a crabs prescription renewed, I asked him to run the periscope over me. I should have kept my mouth shut. The stupid bastard reckoned I had an enlarged liver, blood pressure, a heart murmur and impacted veruccas. Naturally I told him where to stick his diagnosis. These blokes don't have the first idea of what it's like to be an international troubleshooter and strategist, *forced* to do a certain amount of judicious round-the-clock entertaining of foreign dignitaries and women. Sometimes I work a 24, 25, even a *26-hour day*, but try telling that to a Pom who wouldn't work in an iron lung! All the same, that quack put the wind up me and I checked into a health farm I'd heard of, where I had it on reliable authority there were always a few stray sheilahs and a certain amount of after hours activity in the passages.

But I've knocked around this planet long enough to know that nothing is a certainty and I believe in hedging my beds — *with me?* So I decided that my current research assistant, Philippa Pappadopolos (an Australian girl with a Greek father who must have once accidentally lobbed it in the right hole) needed a little rest cure as well. When I got to this health farm, they gave me the VIP suite and her room conveniently adjacent. It was the perfect set-up and I lost half a stone that week just lying on my back. I'm a trusting bastard and I didn't know how keen she was getting until I got a tearful letter from the wife, special delivery via the diplomatic pouch. Funnily enough I was sitting in the mixed sauna at the time, having the zits on my back squeezed by a very spunky little Red Sea Pedestrian ragtrade lass. She'd come to the health farm to lose about five stone and talk about food to someone, and I was kicking myself that I was lumbered with Phil The Greek. I also had my eye on another horny little weight-watcher in the yoga class, whose shorts were well worth watching when she got into the wheelbarrow position.

The gist of Gwen's stiff note (about the only stiff thing that's passed between us in yonks) was that she'd copped a poison pen letter from someone. She enclosed a bit of it too, and Esther, my clammy little companion, picked it up off the sauna floor for me, affording me a very nice glimpse of south-west Tasmania.

The letter ran as follows:

Scrubmere Health Farm,
Little Chafings,
Near Throttle,
Hants.

Dear Lady Patterson,

I am writing this letter to make this as painless as possible for you. You don't know me, but I feel I know you and Karen and Craig so well. Leslie even talks about you in his sleep. There... it's out and somehow I sincerely wanted to break it to you more gently because I don't want any pain. Where there's real love there isn't any room for pain, are you with me? (as Leslie would say). By the time you read this, your husband and I will be having Underwater Massage. Hell, this isn't easy Gwen — may I call you Gwen? You see I know what you must have been through all those years... pretending, pretending, your marriage a mockery. I know you must have longed to give him the kind of loving he needed, but it was not within your grasp.

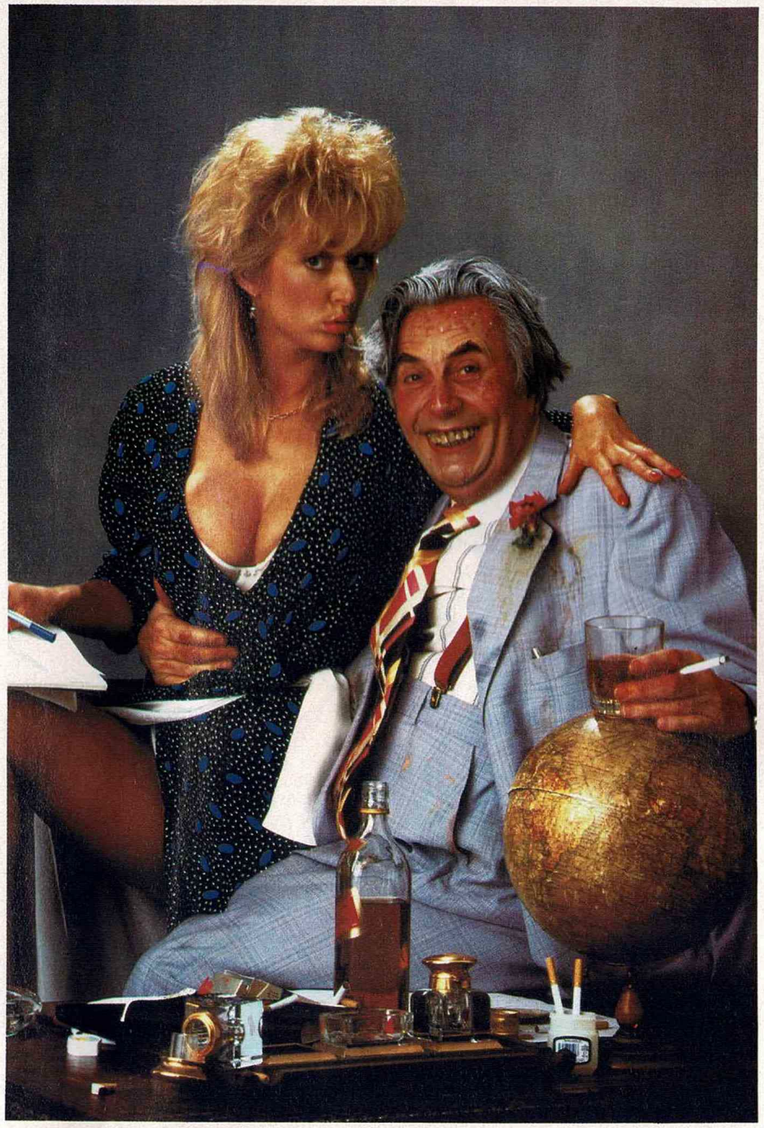
Believe me Gwen, I swear on the Ching that I never wanted to get involved with a married man, even if that marriage was a hollow farce. I fought against it, and so did Leslie. I begged him to tell you everything yonks, ages ago to spare you unnecessary pain but he kept putting it off. We even waited till your last lot of tests had come through, but Leslie still stalled, God love him. I think he thought that if you, well if you needed an operation, Fate might solve our problem for us and you'd never need to know. That's so like him isn't it? Then came the telex from Australia. The simple words: *Lady Pat's test negative*. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. You see, although Leslie and I are lovers, I feel very close to you too. Don't you see? You must see. I guess you feel close to me now too. Dare we meet, Gwen? Dare we weep in each other's arms? Weep and then laugh and even fool around a little. I'm young, at the height of my sexual powers, and your life is behind you, a fragrant and resonant memory. Leslie has given us both something very precious and very bizarre and strange and resonant. He has given us each other. Does this sound stupid?

God knows I'm pretty straight. After my lovemaking with Leslie I sometimes think I may be too straight, and I've never been with a woman. Can you believe this? I have never had a homosexual experience! But somehow I know in my blood, in my womb if you like, that we could make music together. Sure I know you're no Katherine Hepburn or Peggy Ashcroft, and anxiety and loneliness have inevitably left their mark upon your face, but when you feel my famished mouth moving down your lean body, my fingers kneading your spent breasts, your wise old head cradled between my knees, my tongue quickening in your navel... Ahhhhg... God, only then...

Gwen must have ripped Philippa's letter in half about then because I never read any more, but it was pretty clear I'd shacked up in the health farm with a Grade A ratbag. Mind you, Gwen sounded a bit off her rocker too in her letter and I suppose Phil would have said she was "overreacting."

The Responsibilities Of A Family Man

I've said before in this publication that my wife is as Good as Gold and she's never given me much aggro in all our married life. Sure, she's smelt a rat from time to time. Before I copped the Cultural Attache job in London, I was doing the five-day crash course in World Culture at Sydney Uni. I'd come home every night and



Gwen would run a tape measure down my tie. She used to do it before I pissed off in the morning too, and if it was any longer or shorter at night, she'd know I'd had my gear off at some point during the day. I never twigged to what she was up to at the time — in fact I took her word for it that she was just measuring me for a Father's Day present.

But women are crafty bastards, and a mate of mine, a former High Court Judge going grey, was caught out by his wife when she found some curly ginger hairs in his toothbrush. He reckoned later it was the unluckiest meal of his life because she not only took him and his research assistant to the cleaners but tipped the bucket on him at the umpteenth Royal Commission On Corruption In The Judiciary and he had a fortnight inside at a VIP correctional facility on full pay.

What with the steam in the sauna and Gwen's bombshell, I was in a bit of a daze, but I came to feeling Esther's agile green fingernails working over my back. Although I was a senior Australian politician I knew I'd have to think fast and there were no easy answers, to coin a phrase. I decided that my ill-fated Girl Friday's work permit was going to have to run out pretty quickly and I knew just the fixer at the Australian Embassy who could square *that* away. We could shoot her back to the typing pool in Canberra quick smart, and get her seconded to the randiest minister in the business. One thing was for sure, I knew it would be tough giving her the shove and she'd probably hang around like a fart in a phone box until she copped the golden handshake; in which case I knew I could call upon my trusted old mate the Australian Taxpayer, *no worries*.

Meanwhile, a few pals in the security branch could check out her flat in London

Continued on page 152

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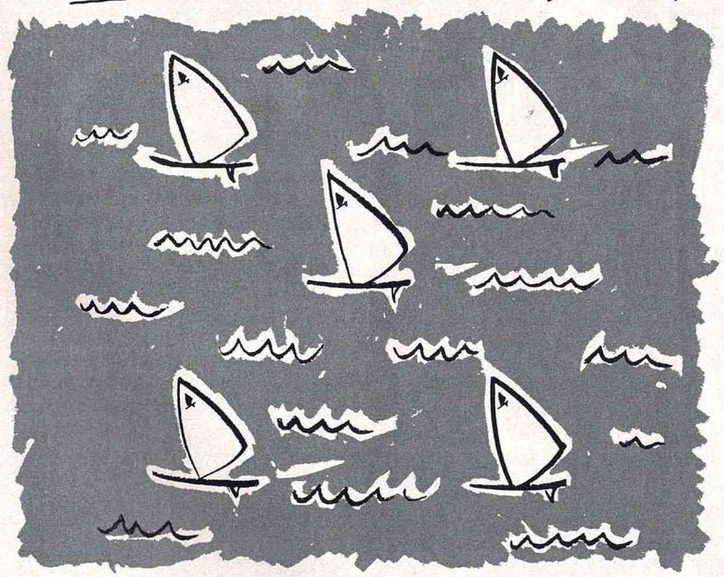

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A client's violent death leads Cliff Hardy dangerously close to the edge

THE BIG DROP

FICTION BY PETER CORRIS

They found my late client, Norman Scholfield, at the bottom of a half-built office block in the city. That is, they found part of him there. The office block is destined to rise 25 storeys above our fair city and Norman came off the 20th, which is just a concrete shell. He bounced on the scaffolding a few times on the way down and this smeared and scattered him around a little. Still, my card was in pristine condition in his pants pocket, which was why Detective-Sergeant Frank Parker was sitting in the client's chair in my office. The last bum on that chair had been the now fairly widely distributed Norman's, but I didn't tell Frank that.

"What did you make of him?" Parker asked.

I shrugged. "Man in trouble, real or imagined. He had a delivery to make to an address and he needed protection."

"What was he delivering?"

"Money, what else? Said he was paying off a bet."

"You believed that?"

I shrugged again. "People pay off bets — happens every day. Times are tough, Frank. He was a nice guy; I liked him. In this business liking the people who hire you is a bonus. He paid up like a gentleman."

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENN FORD

THE BIG DROP

"I bet he did. Where was the delivery to?"

"Well, that's another thing — wasn't as if it was a meeting in a sewer. How about you answer a question or two before I have to give my grandmother's maiden name?"

Frank looked interested; that was what made him more agreeable than the average cop — he had more on his mind than charge sheets and beer. "D'you know your grandmother's maiden name?"

"One of 'em, yeah. Come on, Frank. Give a bit."

"Norman had a few convictions and a few near misses. Nothing big, nothing very bad — fraud mostly." He grinned at me. "People found him a nice guy."

I let that pass. "I didn't think he was Fred Nile. So the money was hot?"

"We don't know — we didn't find any money — but the thing is, the forensic boys noticed some dye on his hands. You know, the kind that gets on money that men with stockings over their heads take out of banks."

"Oh oh." I was reaching back for my wallet before he finished talking. "He gave me two hundreds; I broke one of them." The other hundred dollar note was nestling in cosily with a couple of twenties and some others hardly worth talking about. I handed it to Frank. He looked at it.

"Looks clean to me. Got an envelope?"

I passed one across and he put the note in it. "Want a receipt?"

"Bet your arse."

"You'll have to come down to the depot to get one."

I spread my hands. "I'll trust you. Well, let me know how it checks out."

"Don't be funny, Cliff. Norman wasn't up there for the view and there's too much of that tie-dyed money floating around for comfort. This is a serious matter and I want the address you went to."

I looked out the window while I considered it. Scholfield had commented on the view when he was in the office: "Water view," he'd said, meaning the road repair trench that had filled up from the burst main. We'd had a few laughs and he'd paid me $200 for two hours easy work. I thought I owed him a little posthumous consideration.

"I'll take you there," I said. "Unexplained client death is bad for business."

I thought about the pub Scholfield and I had stopped at on our way to Hunters Hill, but I didn't mention it to Frank; he wasn't likely to tell me what his boss had said to him about the case or the other leads they might be pursuing, so why should I flap my mouth? The police driver drove like they all do — as if the roads were built for them alone. We made good time to Hunters Hill. The house was a big, white-painted place, almost showy with its lush garden and the ironwork picked out in black on the gates and the driveway just long enough to have a small, prestigious bend in it.

We sat in the car and looked at the house.

"You sure he went in?" Frank said.

"He went in, stayed half an hour, maybe less, came out. I waited out here. He took a bag in — lightweight, zippered thing — and came out with his hands in his pockets."

"What then?"

"We were in my car. I drove him back to town. Dropped him in Broadway."

Frank snorted. "You didn't see anyone in the house?"

I shook my head.

"Eloquent. Okay, let's take a look."

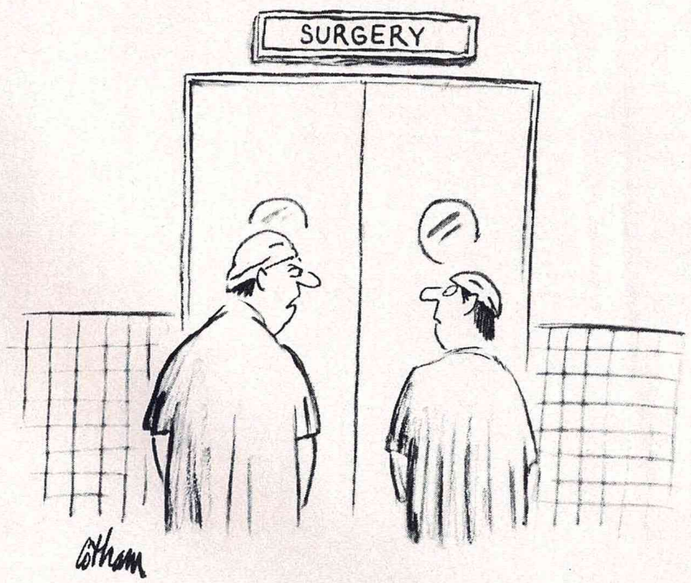
The three of us got out of the car, crossed the street and didn't bother trying to look inconspicuous. It was an unusual experience for me — pushing open a gate and marching up to a front door without having to think about pretending to be someone else or how to prevent the door being slammed in my face. I tried to enjoy it but somehow it didn't seem to be as much fun. Frank rang the bell until the chimes inside got boring. Back off the porch and down around the side: the lush garden didn't look so lush up close. It *had* been carefully tended in the past but was beginning to look a little dried out at the edges. The back of the house was an extravaganza in glass; double doors were set between ceiling-to-floor windows; cane blinds shaded cork-tiled floors. The driver looked enquiringly at Frank and when he got the nod he pulled out a bunch of keys and started on the lock. I glanced across at the big garage with its double roller door and heard the lock open before I could look back. None of us pulled a gun; we'd all been inside empty houses before.

Inside there was a layer of dust over a lot of the surfaces. A trained observer might have detected more; I'd say the odd person or two had had a snack and a drink and a wash of the hands lately. The toilet had been used too. The power and water were on and the phone was connected; there was food in the cupboards and more, plus beer and wine, in the refrigerator. Like all snoopers, we began by creeping and ended by stamping our feet. We didn't say anything because there was nothing to say. Regrouped at the back door, we looked to Frank for leadership.

"Let's try the garage," he said.

"Funny," I whispered. "That's what I was going to say."

The driver was an artist — the roller door came up like it does in the commercials and we stepped into a space big enough to hold three cars and light enough to play table tennis in. But there were no cars and no table tennis table — instead, there were a couple of benches covered with jars and retorts and plumbed for hot and cold water. There were bottles and brushes and magnifying glasses and a microscope. There were powders and pastes, tubes of goo and glass plates with metal clamps. I followed Parker as he ranged along the nearest bench; the biggest bottle had a screw top and Parker spun it off.



"Don't think about the blood. Think about the money."

"Well?"

"Can't be sure," he said. "But I think it's the blue stuff that gets on to the money."

"You know what that makes this set-up, then?"

"Yeah," he growled. "Looks like this is where they try to get it off."

And that was the way it looked a few days later when a microscopic examination of my $100 note had been made. Frank Parker rang me with the good news.

"Serial number checks with a run stolen from a bank in Parramatta last month. Traces of the dye — not visible to the naked eye. Someone's found a way to take it off."

"What about my money?"

"Sorry, mate. Evidence."

"Great. What about the house?"

"Nothing. Clean as a whistle. Leased under a phoney name, paid for in cash." His laugh was a harsh bark. "Cash!"

"Don't be bitter. You must have something to go on."

"Not a bloody thing. Looks like they just cleared out after your pal Scholfield went for the jump."

"Are you looking for people who've turned blue lately?"

"Have you got any other helpful comments, Cliff?"

"Can't you just take a photo of it?"

"What?"

"My hundred bucks."

That finished the conversation with Parker and left me wondering what to do next. It wasn't that I didn't have a case on hand; I was on a retainer from a security firm to check on some of their employees who were suspected of not rattling the doors they were supposed to rattle and not shining their torches where and when they were supposed to shine them. I ran over some of the results I'd got so far, but I couldn't keep my mind on the job. I kept getting pictures of Norman Scholfield trying to cope with worry in a good-humored way. I didn't like the idea of someone throwing him off a 20 storey building — that was too much for good humor. Then I remembered the pub.

Balmain has lost a lot of its good pubs to the bulldozer and to solicitors who've wanted interesting-looking buildings for their offices in which they can arrange the conveyancing of other interesting buildings. But this one was a survivor, and Scholfield had directed me there with a note in his voice resembling pride. It was down by the water with a balcony that gave you a good view of the container terminal, but there's something agreeable about drinking while other people work. We'd had a beer in the sun and he'd borrowed my pen. I saw him ring directory enquiries, scribble on the phone book and then make a quick call. He gave me back the pen — a thick-writing ballpoint with a purplish fluid.

It was much the same time of day again when I got to the pub, and I bought a beer and retraced my steps. The water was still there, and the container terminal; the directory was there too and the numbers stood out clearly on the page in thick purple backhand.

I sipped the beer and thought how unprofessional I was being, but then, that's one of the advantages of my non-profession. I dialled the number and heard a heavily accented woman's voice on the line.

"Yes? Yes?"

"Norman Scholfield, please."

There was a pause and then the voice came through slowly and emotively. "He is not here. Who is calling, please?"

In this business you make all sorts of half-arsed judgements; I took a punt now that this voice belonged to someone who wasn't glad that Norman had free-fallen without a chute. "I'd rather not say on the phone. I have something that might interest him. Could you ask him to meet me? Are you in touch?"

> She walked over to me and sat down and I could feel and hear breaths hissing out between clenched teeth all around

"Yes. Where should he meet you?"

I named the pub. "I'll be up on the balcony. He knows the place. We had a drink here a few days ago. I'll have a can of Fosters all ready for him. Umm . . . I take it he's just stepped out or something? I would like to see him soon."

"Yes. An hour?"

"Good. Thank you."

I went for a walk around the streets and fifty-five minutes later I was back on the balcony with a fresh beer and a clean glass and a can of Fosters in front of me.

She came in, dead on time. She was tall with black hair, olive skin and eyes and a nose like a Coptic mask. She was wearing a camel-colored coat and boots, and as she stood in the doorway there wasn't a man within sight who wasn't staring at her. She walked over to me and sat down and I could feel and hear breaths hissing out between clenched teeth from all around.

"Norman couldn't come," she said.

"I know. He's dead." I opened the beer can and poured some into my glass. "This was his drink, wasn't it?"

"Yes. That was his drink."

"And who're you? I'd say Norman was important to you and you don't look like a relative. I don't know anything else about you."

"Why did you want to see Norman?" She tramped right over what I'd been saying as if the words were a minor nuisance.

"I didn't. I wanted to see you."

She made a move to get up but I got my hands across, gripped her arm and pressed her down. "Wait. Let's talk. What harm can it do? Will you have a drink?"

She subsided and shrugged. In the smooth, brown skin of her face, especially around her eyes, were lines of strain and desperation. Her face looked too strong to ever show unhappiness as we lesser mortals do, but it was there. I got her a gin and tonic and I drank the Fosters while she took a few sips. Her teeth were even and white and she had long, slender hands with pink, polished nails cut short. I told her about my brief association with Scholfield and my scouting about with the cops, then waited for her contribution.

"You didn't give my number to the police?"

I shook my head.

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. If he was working with some people at getting dye off stolen money, I don't really care. It sounds like a pretty dumb scheme. I'm curious; he didn't look dumb to me. I liked him. I suppose I'm still curious. Do you know who killed him, or why?"

"No. If I did, I would kill them."

"Perhaps it's just as well then."

"I don't understand you." The skin tightened along her exquisite jawline; she was like an arrow in a bow — all lined up with the string taut.

I finished the beer. "Revenge is old-fashioned," I muttered. "Let it go."

"No! He was a lovely man, so funny. We laughed all the time. I know he was not always honest, not so very honest. But he didn't hurt people, just . . ." She waved her hands and all the men looked at her again.

"Institutions," I said. Frank had told me that Scholfield's frauds were insurance jobs, mostly.

"So. He was a gentle man. I think the one who killed him should be dead too. I would feel better then."

"In jail," I said. "We don't kill people any more for murder, not here." I don't know why it was, maybe just the idea of her feeling better because her man's killer was out of action got to me. I'd come close to Norman's condition more than once and no-one would have given a damn. Not that I'd really want anyone to. It was a confused sort of feeling. She nodded vigorously.

"Jail. Yes. For a very long time. Will you work for me?"

THE BIG DROP

"Eh?"

"You are a detective. You worked for Norman, you can work for me. I can pay you enough. Find out for me who killed him."

The proposition rocked me, but maybe it was what I had in mind all along. She told me that she was from the Philippines and had come to Australia as a sort of mail-order bride. This had happened almost ten years ago, when she was 18; she'd put up with six years of near-imprisonment until Scholfield had broken her out. She didn't give me the details and I didn't ask. She and Scholfield had been lovers since then, on an irregular basis because he was often out of town. He'd helped set her up in business as a handicrafts dealer. The way she told it, she had immigration and tax problems and Norman had marital problems, but she'd loved him and he was all aces to her.

"Did he tell you what he was doing? I mean . . . recently?"

"No. He never told me details. Big, he said. Very big. He treated it as a joke. But I don't think it was a joke. He was very worried when he rang me the last time."

"Was that . . ." I searched my memory and came up with the date. "And about this time of day?"

"Yes."

"He *was* worried. I was with him. He was worried two hundred bucks worth."

"I will pay you ten times that to find who killed him."

"Put it like that and I'd be glad to. Where would I start? Any ideas, Miss . . .?"

"Seneka, Louise Seneka. I don't know. I am thinking."

She sat and concentrated and you could almost feel the force of that concentration. Scholfield had been a tall, slim man with thick fair hair cut short. He wasn't handsome but he looked extremely healthy, which almost amounted to the same thing. They'd have made a good, contrasting pair. One thing was sure: with a woman like that, he wouldn't have jumped.

"He left something for me to post, in a coat at my place. I didn't do it. After he was dead I didn't want to look."

"Could be a start," I said. "Let's go. How did you get here?"

"I arrived in a taxi."

"We'll go in my car then." We went down the stairs and out on to the street. My car was parked around the corner and I took her arm to steer her; her arm was incredibly slender but felt very strong. I was completely distracted by her presence, the warmth and the light bones. I was utterly off-guard and when the man moved from behind the car next to mine and dug the gun into my ribs it took me slow, dumb seconds to react. And those seconds made it too late.

"You and the lady get in the car. You in the front and her in the back. I'll kill him, lady, if you don't get in."

> I could feel the head of the flame and I thought desperately for something to throw them, anything. Nothing came

I propped and she must have felt me go rigid as I gripped her arm. She got the message and went with me as I shuffled towards the black Fairlane. The gunman tapped me to indicate how I should bend and prodded me forward. I went. He was good; his big heavy body dealt with me and blocked her off at the same time. She got into the back with him and I sat down beside a youngish Asian who started the car and got it moving quickly and smoothly. I felt the gun on my neck.

"You got a gun?"

"No, I don't usually carry one when I go out for a drink."

"Don't shit me, Hardy. You never met her before. We've been trailing you since Scholfield used you to chauffeur him to Hunters Hill. This is the first interesting thing you've done. That was Norman's favorite pub."

That made him information-rich as well as gun-rich, a dangerous combination.

"She's a client. What's the idea?"

His voice was level, almost bored. "The idea is you shut up until we get where we're going."

"Where's that?" He answered me with a vicious dig of the gun into my neck and I shut up. The Asian drove like an angel; his hands barely moved and he touched the brake pedal as if it was a soap bubble. The car glided back towards the city as the afternoon light died and a little sprinkle of rain settled the dust. The driver left the freeway at Darling Harbor and wound up through the streets that avoid the bridge approaches. It was dark when we stopped in a lane which dead-ended in a high, dark ruin that was overdue for demolition. The gunman hustled us out of the car and the driver backed out of the lane and roared off.

Dead-end and sheer brick walls on either side; there was nothing to do but obey the gun. He shepherded us to a deeply recessed door and ordered me to knock on it. I did and stepped back when bright light hit me as the door opened. A small, dark man in a suit stepped away from the door and the gunman motioned Louise Seneka and I to pass him.

"Any trouble, Willie?" the man in the suit asked.

"None. What's up? Why the suit?"

"Appointment. I've got to go out."

"You mean you've got no guts for it."

We were standing on carpet in a sort of lobby that had an elevator and a door opening off it; through the door I could see a room with a chair and a desk. The whole place had an uncomfortably spare feel to it, but the feeling might have just been a product of the uncomfortable conversation of our hosts.

"This is a mistake," I said, just for the sake of saying something.

"You might think so very soon," Willie said. "You're staying, Barnes. Let's get them in there and get on with it."

Barnes took out a handkerchief which was dirty; it looked strange coming out of the pocket of his clean suit, but then, he didn't look as if he wore a suit all that often. He wiped his sweating, red face and then his hands. "All right," he said.

We all trooped through into the office-like room and Willie kicked the door shut behind him. There was a chair in front of the desk and he pushed me down on to it. Barnes pointed to the corner of the room.

"Go and sit over there."

Louise Seneka looked at him. "On the floor?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

No-one said anything to that; she walked across and crouched in the corner.

"Right down!" Willie barked. She sat, and looked defiant.

There was no natural light in the room, just harsh fluorescence; I could smell dust in the air, and fear — mostly mine. Barnes went behind the desk and Willie perched on it, about three feet away from me.

"No beating about the bush," Willie said. "Norman Scholfield gave you something — you or the woman. It's ours and we want it. Give!"

I glanced across at the woman; she'd opened her coat and I could see her slim body, held straight and tense. Our eyes met and she shook her head.

"Can't help you," I said. "Spent two hours with the bloke. He made a delivery, I went along for company. That's it."

"Maybe the woman's got it," Barnes said.

Willie got off the desk and went over to the corner.

"Well?"

She shook her head.

"Just like him," Willie said. "Nothing to say. Could be he was protecting you?"

She looked at him with those dark, hooded eyes and if he could see anything in them except hate and defiance he was sharper than me.

"Looks like it." Willie put his foot on her bent knee and pressed down. She gasped sharply but kept looking straight at him. Willie smiled and moved his foot. He stepped back and circled around behind me.

"Put your hands behind you, round the chair." He clipped me lightly with the gun as he spoke and I did what he said. I felt something rough bite into my wrists; I resisted, but with a couple of jerks and a steadying touch with the gun, he had my hands tied.

"Okay," Willie said. "Last chance. Anything to say?"

My shirt was wet by now and I could feel my scrotum tightening and a nerve dancing in my face. I shook my head.

"Barnes." The small man loosened his tie and pulled his collar open. He bent and reached into the back of the desk. What he came up with was a small blowtorch. I watched, fascinated, while he pumped and primed it. The flame shot out, red and yellow, and the torch gave out a low roar. It was a nasty sight — the roaring torch, Barnes' rictus of a smile and his running nose. I could feel the head of the flame and I thought desperately for something to throw them, anything. Nothing came.

I heard Louise scream as Barnes brought the jet close to my ankles, but he was past hearing anything. The flame seared into my stretched skin and seemed

> I hit him with everything at once — head foot, shoulder; I threw my body at him like a missile and hurtled him back against the wall

to cut to the bone. I felt, rather than heard, my bellow and strength flooded into me, brimming me full. I lashed out with my feet and the torch and Barnes went flying back; I reared up and whipped around, carrying the chair with me. The back fell apart and I rushed at Willie before he could get his gun up. I hit him with everything at once — head, foot, shoulder; I threw my body at him like a missile and hurtled him back into the wall. He hit it awkwardly and hard and the breath went out of him in a rush. I stumbled and fell to my knees. Both knees hammered down into Willie's chest with my full weight.

It seemed like minutes before I could force myself back up. I heard the torch roaring softly and when the mist had cleared from my eyes I saw Barnes lying on the ground, still and twisted. The jet of flame was playing on his outstretched hand, but he didn't move. I went over, hobbling, and eased the torch away with my foot. My hands had been tied to the struts of the chair and there was six inches of slack in the cord; I used the flame to cut through it. One side of Barnes' face was a red-black mess; one eye was obliterated, the other was open and still.

Louise Seneka stood with her back to the wall. She looked like a bronze statue — a statue with a gun in its hand. The gun was pointed at Willie.

"It's all right," I gasped. "Don't shoot him." I moved towards her and she swung the gun on me.

"Stop there. I know about guns. Do what I say or I will wound you and kill him. Is the small one dead?"

"I'd say so, yes."

"Good. Animal — both animals."

"Sure. Let's get the police."

"No, not police. I must know why Norman was killed."

"We'll find that out from Willie."

Willie had recovered his breath and had propped himself up against the wall. He was cradling his shoulder and his fleshy face was chalky white. There was red spittle around his mouth but he didn't look close to tears. His eyes were on the gun. The woman saw it and smiled.

"He thinks I won't shoot him. He doesn't know about the Philippines. I have seen many people shot; I have seen my brothers shot and I have shot two men myself."

"I believe you," I said. "But we don't want any shooting here. This one's not a big fish. He'll talk to save his own skin. We'll find out what happened."

"No. He will have reasons not to talk. There will be lawyers and much time wasted. I want to know *now*! Get up!"

Willie could see she meant it; he hoisted himself up, still supporting one arm.

"Shoulder's broken," he said.

The blowtorch sputtered and coughed, and the flame died. We all looked at it. The woman gestured with the gun.

"Go out to the elevator."

We went out into the lobby and I pressed the button to call the lift. My ankles were screaming where the flame had touched but I could walk. Standing still was harder. I leaned against the wall while we waited for the lift in the silent building. It came. She herded us in and pressed the button for the top floor, the eighth. The lift was old and

What to buy if the Porsche, the penthouse apartment and the spa don't impress the pants off her

MDA/JOV 2

THE BIG DROP

creaky and slow. As we passed the floors it looked more and more as if the building was unoccupied.

The top floor was stripped clean; it was bare boards and peeling walls. There were large windows along one wall with some of the city night light coming through them, not much. She glanced around and saw a heavy swivel chair near the lift. Willie stood stiffly, watching her, watching me.

"Get over to the window, animal. Hardy, bring the chair."

The window was an old-fashioned job which had a low, knee-high sill and extended up above head height. She pointed at it.

"Break the bottom part of the window with the chair."

Willie got the idea a fraction ahead of me. "No," he said.

"Break it!"

I slammed the chair into the window frame; the old wood gave and the bottom panes fell through, leaving an empty space for about three feet above the sill.

"Sit there!"

Willie sat on the sill, keeping his feet firmly anchored on the floor and as much of his body inside as he could.

"Move the chair this way, Hardy, and stand by the window — there."

I did as she said and she sat on the chair, facing Willie and the open gap, and about four feet back. She raised the gun.

"Tell me."

Willie got it out in gulps and gasps. The people he worked for had a double scheme running — counterfeiting and removing the dye from hot money. The plan was to get both kinds of money into circulation by confusing the authorities. It was all to do with serial numbers and switching denominations — elaborate stuff. Norman had been in on the counterfeiting side of it and had flipped when he'd heard about the other aspect of the deal. He'd wanted out and tried to get some leverage by nicking one of the counterfeiting plates. The masters said the mess was Barnes, and Willie's responsibility, and Willie said they were handling it alone.

"Anyone know you picked us up?" I said.

"No. The driver doesn't know who you are."

"What did Norman tell you about the plate?"

Willie spoke carefully, watching his balance. "He said something about a coat, that was all. Then he shut up. Wouldn't say a word."

She looked at me. "The coat, at my place. He protected me from the animals." She looked back at Willie. "So you killed him. You threw him from 20 storeys."

"It was an accident. I was just trying to scare him."

She sighed and seemed to relax. "You tell me, Hardy, that in this country a murderer goes to jail for a long time."

"That's right," I said, but I was thinking — *sometimes*.

She moved up from the chair; Willie leaned in from the sill. She beckoned me close and handed me the gun.

Louise Seneka moved faster than Carl Lewis. She spun the chair and rammed it hard into Willie's mid-section. He doubled, reeled back and she whipped the chair into him again. He went through the window in a helpless collapse, and his scream seemed to flow back in through the gap and fill the room.

I rubbed my sleeve over the chair and the elevator buttons. She didn't even look into the room at the bottom and I didn't go in. We hadn't touched anything in there. We were out of the building and had covered a couple of blocks before the sirens started. She didn't speak in the taxi and neither did I. We collected my car in Balmain and drove to her flat in Bellevue Hill.

The flat was big and light and had just enough east Asian decoration to be interesting. She opened a closet and took out a heavy tweed overcoat on a hanger. From an inside pocket she pulled out a flat, brown paper-wrapped package about the size of a video cassette. She handed it to me. A post office box address was printed boldly on the brown paper.

"You think I was wrong?"

"You said taking revenge would make you feel better — did it?"

As I spoke, my eye fell on a bright poster on the wall. The burst of color reminded me of the blow torch flame and I went cold inside. She considered my question.

"Yes," she said.

"Good."

"You need treatment for your legs."

I looked down. From the instant Willie had gone out the window until that moment, the burn hadn't hurt. I saw that the synthetic material of my socks had singed and hardened and was sticking to the raw, burnt flesh. It hurt like hell.

"I know a doctor. Better get to him."

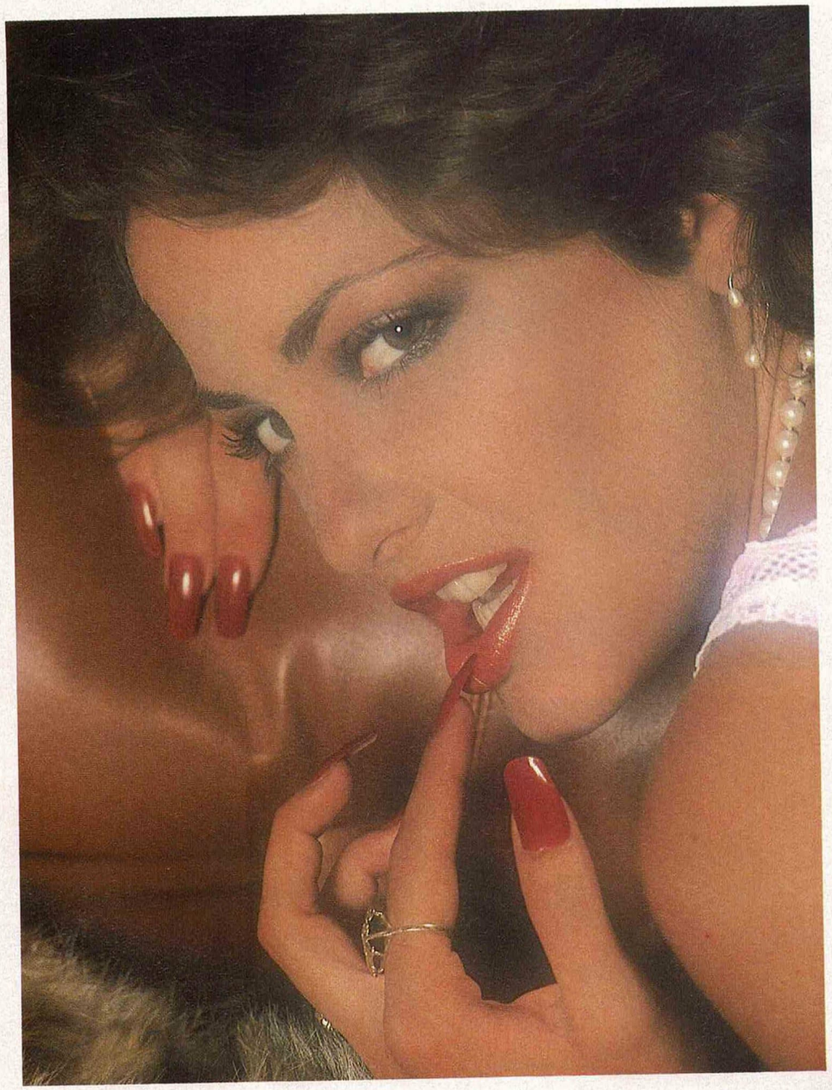
"I would like to pay the expense; also for your help, Mr Hardy. Thank you."

She held out her hand. I shook it. Her skin was warm and there was the same strength in her hand that I'd felt in her arm. She was strong all over and inside as well. *She's the most beautiful thing in the world*, I thought, and then I realised that the pain was making me dopey.

"Okay, Miss Seneka," I said. "I'll send you a bill."

I headed for home, wincing every time I had to use the clutch. At home I could phone my medical mate, who'd come over and dress my wounds and prescribe some pills I could take with alcohol.

Before I got there, though, I stopped at the end of Glebe Point Road, hobbled to the rail and threw the parcel and the gun out into the dark water.



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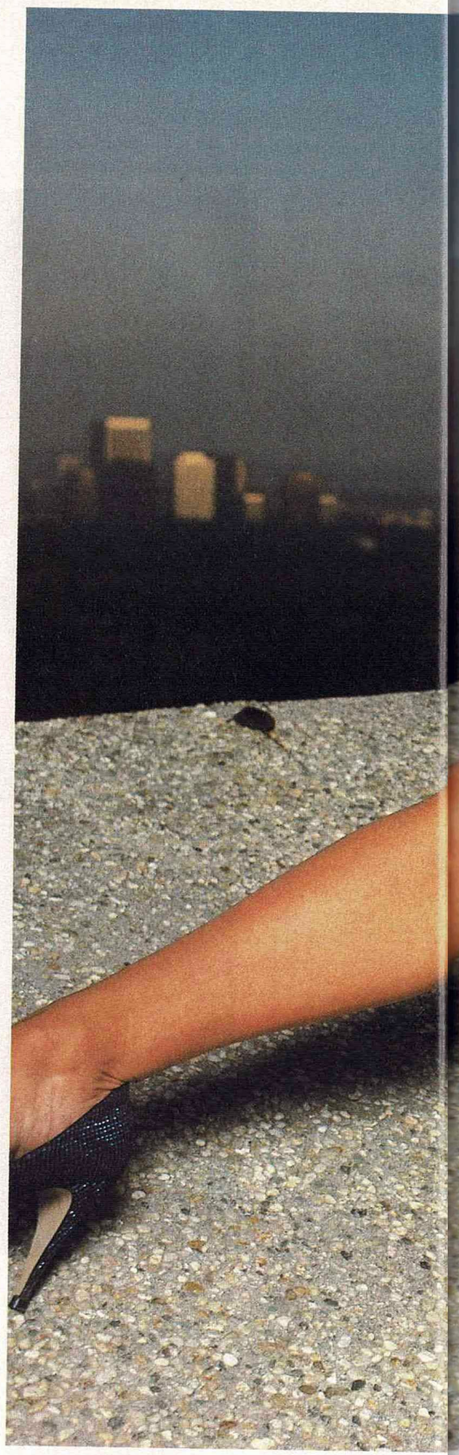
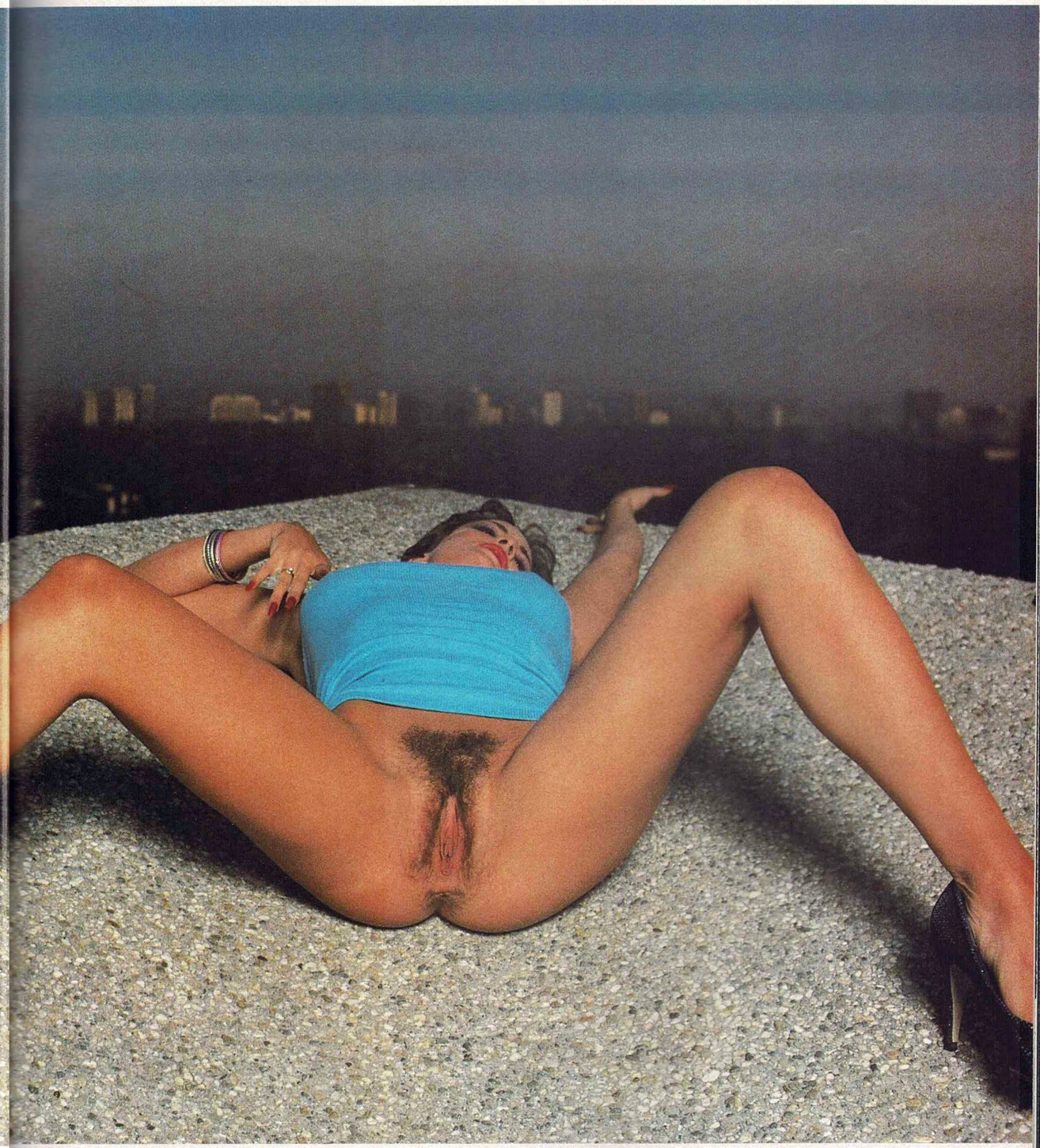
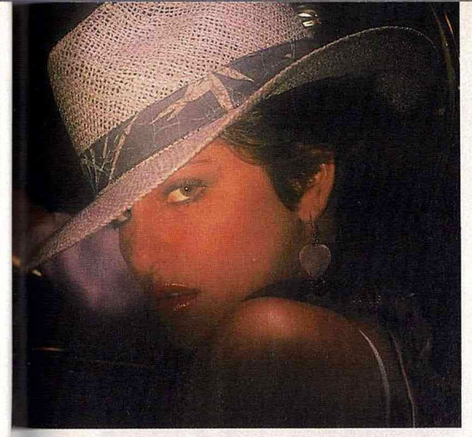


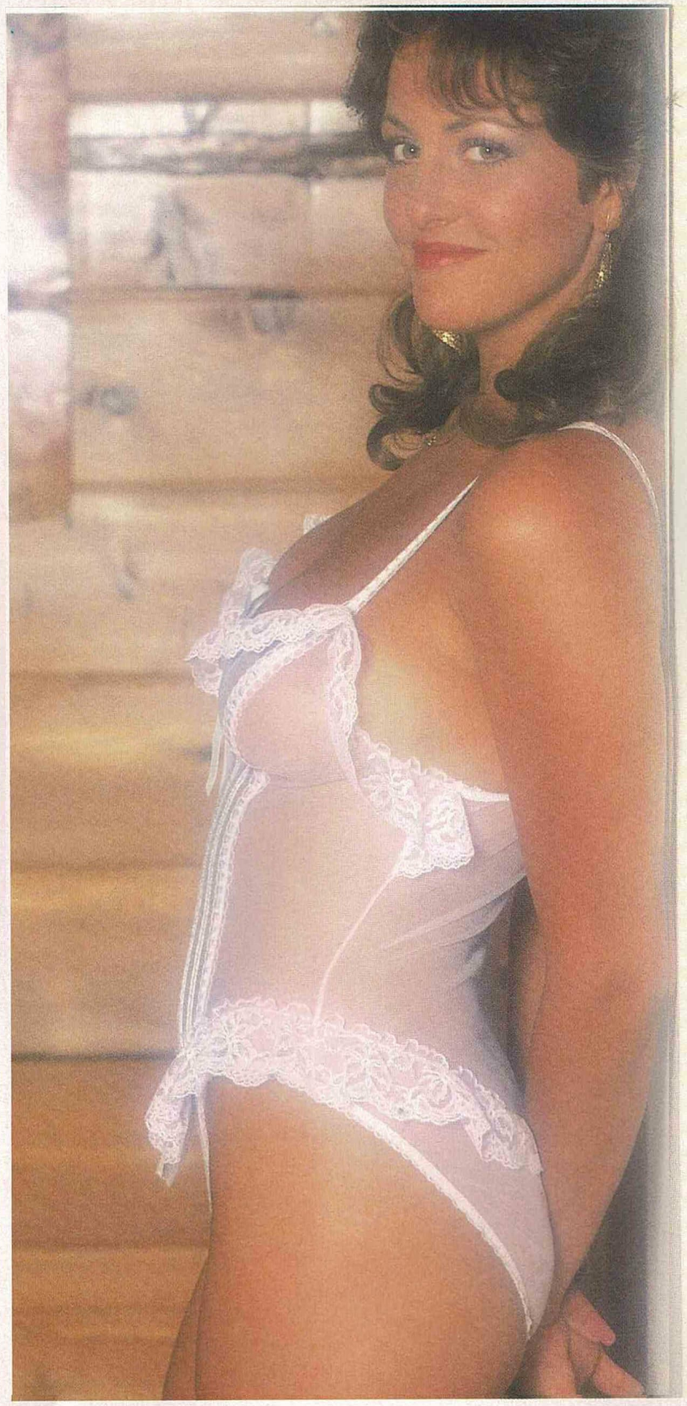


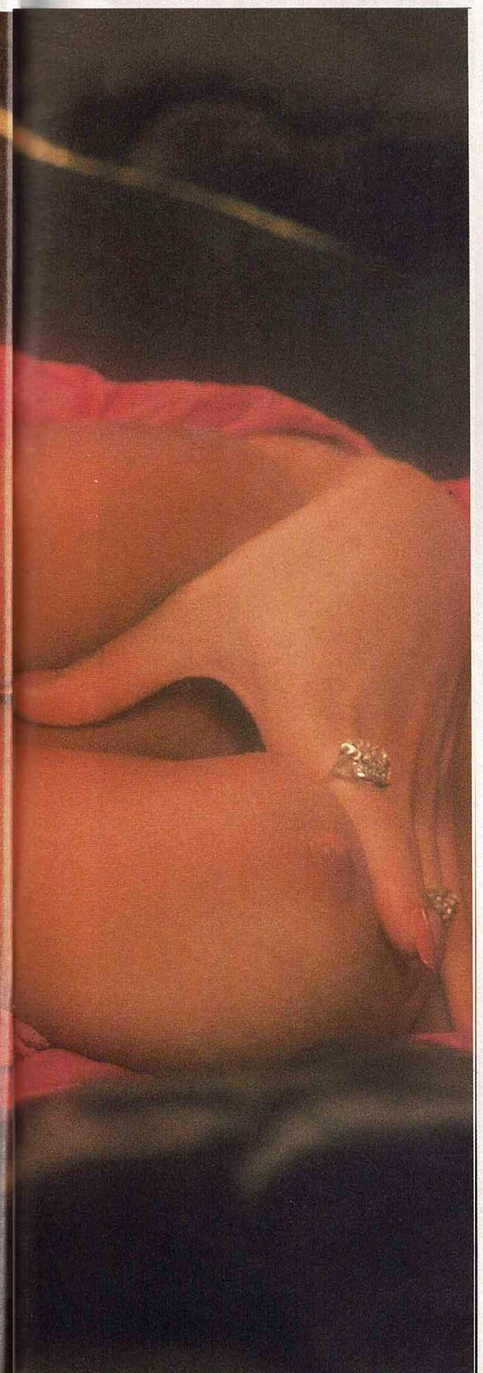
Even though it was a thrill for Lori Baker to be watching the birdies during her *Penthouse* photo session, for these fantastic results, there are other birdies she loves to watch just as much. Born of a rabid golfing family, she remains close to the sport and likes nothing better than a quick round in the afternoon — and her strokeplay is a joy to behold.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER







"Golf means being out in the sunshine, preferably with the particular man in my life, matching skills with the course and your partner. It's important for me to have an outdoor sport; my indoor activities already take up too much of my time . . ."

Lori's dream is to caddy for Seve Ballesteros in a major tournament and then retire with him to the 19th to bask in the glory of his victory. "Then I'd like to show him how much fun contact sports can be," she tells.

Shattered dreams, busted machines and broken noses . . .
the inaugural Wynn's Safari was a nightmare for the unwary

HARD ROAD

MOTORING

BY PETER McKAY PHOTOS BY BILL FORSYTH

Andrew Cowan won, but then he usually does. He's the marathon master — the man who pushes body, mind and vehicle to the limit without going over the edge. Just as he won the London to Sydney Marathon in 1968 and again in 1977, Cowan systematically ground his opposition into the dry red Australian bulldust.

For six of the seven days there was the slimmest chance of a fairytale victory for straight-talking Cowangie country boy Larry Perkins. Larrikins pushed Cowan hard in a scruffy but well-engineered — wait for it — 1957 Volkswagen. A special VW to be sure, but a Beetle nevertheless. Perkins was a fantastic second to Cowan until the very last morning, when it all went dreadfully wrong.

It was left to two other Aussie larrikins, the brilliant and irrepressible Western Australian crayfisherman Ross Dunkerton and his equally madcap navigator Steve "The Termite" McKimmie to claw their way to second among the cars. Driving a showroom stock Pajero against many faster modified machines, theirs was one of the great performances of the marathon.

Unfortunately, there is but one winner. Cowan (and navigator Fred Gocentas) may have triumphed but the lonely

HARD ROAD

and courageous bike riders of the safari won the unofficial award for valor. Amongst the bikers, a skinny Victorian named Steve Chapman did the impossible and beat the desert fox, Belgian Gaston Rahier.

It was always going to be a Mitsubishi Pajero victory. If Cowan wasn't destined to win the 6000-kilometre torture test from Sydney to Darwin, then teammate and 1985 Paris to Dakar winner Patrick Zaniroli would.

Scottish farmer Cowan and French journalist Zaniroli were the heavies in the 308-strong field, piloting vehicles that outwardly at least bore passing resemblance to the Pajero four-wheel-drive you can buy at your local dealership. In reality the winning Pajeros were pure high-tech 230-horsepower competition cars bred initially for the gruelling one-month-long Paris to Dakar Rally, but deemed eminently suited to the Wynn's Safari.

The Paris to Dakar formed the model for the Australian event. Unlike in other rallies, outside support was not permitted although the fancied works teams entered vehicles laden with spares and driven by mechanics for the sole purpose of giving the guns the best possible chance of making it through. Cowan and Zaniroli were shadowed by two turbo Pajeros until Alice Springs, by which time one had rolled over and the other was withdrawn with its crew red-eyed and limp through lack of rest. The BMW bike team had backup in the form of Nissan Patrols driven exuberantly and swiftly by George Fury and Denny Hulme.

Anything on wheels was eligible; apart from the logical approach exemplified by the bikes and four-wheel-drive wagons, there were seven sidecars and five trucks in the event. It was a concept that attracted huge participation ranging from the no-expense-spared international teams to the first-timers who so wrongly reckoned the week-long contest would be a barrel of fun.

The night before the start one of the organisers made a sober statement at the competitors' briefing: "A big majority, unfortunately, are not going to finish." Then more food for thought . . . the nearest hospital on much of the route would be 800 kilometres distant, although a chopper, a Cessna and two ambulances were on call for rescue work.

Many competitors floundered the very first evening, becoming hopelessly trapped in tacky grey mud near Bourke. The pros at the head of the field easily avoided trouble; the wide-eyed tyros didn't have the experience, the speed, nor the controlled aggression to pull them through.

There is little joy in starting further back than 20th in an event of this nature. If it isn't churned up bog holes then it is blinding bulldust which hangs in the still outback air like a shroud and makes overtaking a task for only the inordinately brave. Bravery was a word used often in association with the bike men. Eighty-six two-wheelers started the event. The savage course wreaked an unholy toll on the human body and on the motorcycles: a mere 15 finished.

The end of every competitive stage resembled an impromptu casualty station. Some riders fell or were jolted from their bikes a dozen times a day. Incredibly, pre-event favorite for the bike class Rahier stayed upright through every mantrap the Australian outback pitched into the path of his Marlboro-BMW R80. His teammate, West German Eddie Hau, wasn't as fortunate. Three days out of Sydney he somersaulted from his machine at 150 km/h and received concussion and a broken nose.

The same day ended rider Jim Cairns' safari. Near Birdsville, Cairns lost control of his KTM on a gibber-strewn excuse for a track and came unstuck at high speed. In agony from a suspected broken back, he was quickly carried by helicopter to Birdsville and then to Charleville and Brisbane. His was the most serious injury of the safari.

Colin Bond, the spearhead of the local Old Man Emu Team assault, assumed a spectator's role after a freak accident near the end of the first day. Bond's navigator Allan Maloney caught a finger in a tow strap, slicing through to the bone and popping the knuckle joint. Maloney, in incredible pain, wanted to continue but medics insisted he withdraw, leaving Bond no option but to do likewise.

The first two days were the killers. The mud claimed much of the field — it's exhausting, messy work winching heavy vehicles through a quagmire. Many simply ran short of the allocated time. Certainly, no-one bleated when organisers cancelled the final competitive stage of the division and directed the soggy machines to head straight for the overnight stop at Windorah.

The good news continued the next morning when rainwater more than a metre deep sliced through a projected stage. But the safari cars and bikes (by now the trucks had all been outed) soon left the mud behind as the route moved towards Birdsville and the fringe of the Simpson. The desert meant sandhills. The fast guys up front had no trouble powering up the inclines, leaping silently over the crests and crashing down the other side. The exception was the four-wheel-drive Subaru of Japanese Yoshi Takaoka and Australian partner Barry Lake. The Subaru nosedived into an earth bank and pushed its cooling fan through the radiator. Takaoka and Lake simply grabbed their belongings and walked to the end of the section, some nine kilometres away.

A jolting 350-kilometre competitive stage rounded off a brutal day at the wheel or in the saddle. This was the section that brought Eddie Hau undone. And the Pajero back-up vehicle. And very nearly Geoff Portman. The leader of the factory Daihatsu Rocky attack, attempting to drive with broken rear shock absorbers dangling useless from their mountings, very nearly upended his machine in the washaway that claimed the Pajero. Portman had another problem, although he made light of it. Since discovering a broken engine main seal the night before, he was not using his clutch in order to prevent the Castrol spilling on to the clutch-plate. For five long days Portman drove in this fashion, finishing tenth outright and easily winning the diesel 4WD category.

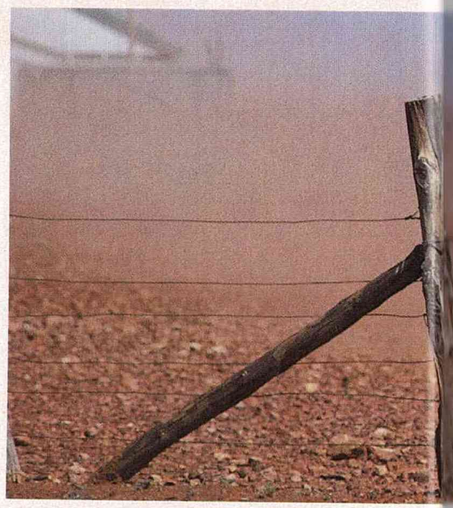
Some missed out on this car-breaker section due to petrol running out at the Bedourie refuelling stop. Organisers, accepting responsibility for the hiccup, allowed the cars to continue after applying an average time to the competitors so affected.

"Tobermorey", a homestead just across the border into the Northern Territory, was the safari's first outback camp site. Under a perfect navy sky weary competitors threw themselves down and slept like babies. One embattled biker, still in his dusty leathers and boots, was too weary to concern himself with comfort. He crashed out face first in the red earth and didn't move for eight hours.

And then to Alice . . . the million-dollar Pajeros of Cowan and Zaniroli up front but with Perkins and his two-bob Volksy still well in it. And Rahier and Lovett and Chapman waging a tense battle of the bikes.

Then came disaster for Zanirolli. The official explanation was clutch failure but insiders tell a different tale of a routine diff swap that went terribly haywire. Somehow a pair of supposedly identical diffs were in fact of different ratios. One broke early into day five. The works Pajero attack was halved. The best of the two-wheel-drive rally cars also went missing on the very first stage, the Porsche of Peter Glover damaging its rear end while attempting dodgy passing moves in the dust.

Dust — all the time dust. Every crashing bump set the dormant powdery red dust flying around the cabin of vehicles. Tracks riddled with ruts and washaways pounded bodies and mechanicals. Arses moved closer to necks under the unrelenting compressing affect. Tyres blew; shock absorbers self-destructed . . . For up to 1000 kilometres every day.



Top: The bikers took out the unofficial awards for valor. Left: Dust, dust and more . . . Right: Perkins in a '57 Beetle.

Highlight of the section was the amazing Jump Up, a steep bone-jarring climb up a hillside along a track constructed from rocks the size of a television set. Hundreds of well-oiled spectators materialised to watch the fun, occasionally shouldering a stricken car over the top.

Day six. The route chart for the first competitive stage warns: "Caution. Only three people have used this track since Burke and Wills. Very overgrown." Right again. Overhanging trees flail turrets and windscreens and catch the helmets of the riders.

Climbing from a river bed, the Daihatsu Rocky I shared with Steve Brook stuck a front wheel into a washaway, and toppled over. Help wasn't long coming. Sheena Tuck and the gang in a Toyota and Peter Lockhart in a Jackaroo combined to haul us out. A quart of oil to replace that lost during the inversion, and some tape on a broken screen, and we were off to Katherine for the last night of the safari.

The last day of the Wynn's, it was agreed among the 90 or so teams still running, would probably be an easy one. They were all so very wrong. Running into the morning darkness on day seven, the gallant Perkins plunged into a lethal crater just 800 metres into the first competitive stage. The brutal impact busted the VW's front end. So close . . .

At the same time Rahier produced one of the great sporting gestures of the event. Chapman, leading the Belgian by eight minutes, had lost the lights on his Honda, a disastrous situation with sun-up an hour away. Rahier immediately suggested the Australian trail him until daylight — so missing the opportunity to grab back the lead.

This section, riddled with holes big enough to swallow a vehicle and dotted with flint hard stones capable of shredding tyres, was judged the toughest of the event. Cowan, though, with bulletproof tyres made from Kevlar fitted to the flying turbocharged Pajero, was hardly concerned about the prospect of punctures. He powered on to Darwin, finishing 40 minutes up on Australia's newest hero Chapman, who was second outright and lead biker. Rahier was next, followed by Dunkerton, who also won the standard car class.

The *Penthouse* Rocky survived a dramatic head-on collision with a Range Rover in the dust on the final morning to clock in at 47th. No prizes, but mountains of satisfaction to be one of 85 finishers.

Only three two-wheel drive cars made it, the first back in 59th. It's a miracle any reached Darwin. A crew from Channel Seven led by sometime race driver Colin Young took along a bog standard diesel long-wheelbase Rocky. It had neither a sump guard nor expectations of going the distance. Staggering beneath a stack of equipment, the slowcoach oil burner trundled into 68th place, the happy occupants stopping along the way to take pictures.

In Darwin, the irreverent Dunkerton crashed the Daihatsu celebration dinner — no-one minded one bit — while the unsuccessful but gritty crew of an EH Holden went to a local wrecker and bought a pre-owned replacement engine for a couple of hundred bucks for the drive home.

Meanwhile, Andrew Cowan went to the casino and lost 80 cents. It was his only reversal of the week. O

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New Generation LandCruiser's magnificent Middie* lets you rough it in style with luxuries like power steering, power windows, and optional air conditioning.

It also ushers in the easy going age of push-button 4WD.

Which means on the Deluxe model you can merely push a button to change into 4WD high range. There's no need to shift the 4WD lever.

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The ride is comfortable even when you drive off road thanks to independently adjustable driver and front passenger suspension seats on the Deluxe model.

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Choose either Deluxe or Standard models with LandCruiser's New Generation 4.0 litre six-cylinder petrol engine or proven 3.4 litre 4-cylinder diesel, you'll never want for power.

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Call it having more control over your life. Call it greater freedom.

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*The Middie is so named because its wheelbase and size are mid-way between big, wide wonderful Cruiser wagons like Sahara, and sporty short-wheelbase Bundera.

TOYOTA

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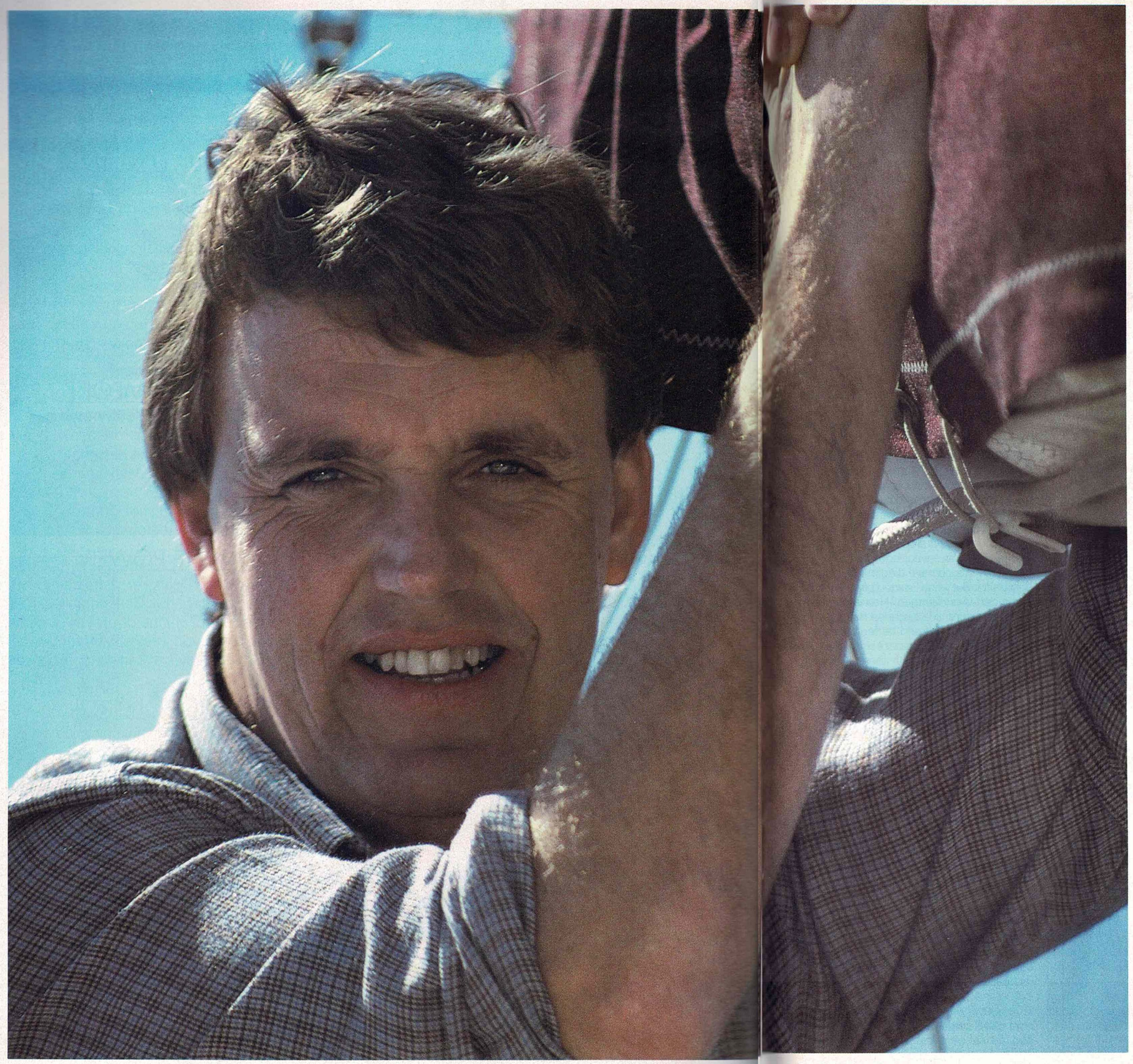
DFS/TT573/L

DFS/TT573/R



"It gets up my nose to be remembered as the guy who wrote 'Up There Cazaly.' My goal is to eclipse it and go off sailing for three years a happy man"

MIKE BRADY

BY GLENN A. BAKER

Called upon to compile a list of the country's most successful and important contemporary music identities, most Australians would readily nominate Men At Work, INXS, LRB and maybe even those backroom boys, Vanda & Young. Few would even be aware of the achievements of one quiet creator who has left his mark on the pop charts, advertising, film, television and in the hearts of all sporting Australians. Without question, Mike Brady is more consistently successful than any other antipodean music personality.

After finding sudden teenage stardom in 1965 as the member of the scream sensation trio MPD Ltd, Brady began forging an extraordinary career for himself, each move emphasising his rare tenacity and geniality. As the leader of studio group The Two Man Band in 1979, Brady touched a nerve with Australian Rules football devotees and gave them a new anthem with "Up There Cazaly", which he wrote, sang and produced. It reigned as the biggest domestic selling Australian hit of all time for just one year, being replaced by Joe Dolce's irresistible slab of Mediterranean mumbo-jumbo, "Shaddap You Face", which Brady discovered and released. It sold more than four million copies.

The other side of 37-year-old Mike Brady is the skilful, award-winning advertising jingle writer, through whom Philips has insisted "We Want You To Have The Very Best", the Liberal Party has pledged to "Turn On The Lights", Cool Charm has pondered "What Do Men Like?", the Milk Board has urged us to "Milk It Instead" and Just Jeans has rhetorically asked "Doesn't Everybody Buy Their Jeans At Just Jeans?" With unflagging energy, Brady has helped sell

PHOTO BY BOB KING

INTERVIEW

Arnott's Biscuits, Prima fruit juice, Taurina Spa mineral water, Exacto underwear and "the big Australian", BHP. He has created an effective recruitment song for the Australian Navy ("Pride Of The Fleet") and a theme song for the HMAS *Derwent*. He composed the musical score for the film version of David Williamson's *The Club*, the television series *Solo One* (which won him a Television Society Award) and the international feature film *Blue Fire Lady*. When the ABC wanted a farewell theme for sports commentator Alan McGilvray, they called up Brady, who penned "The Game Is Not The Same Without McGilvray." So too did the planning committee of the 1982 Commonwealth Games, who commissioned him to write the official Games' theme, "You're Here To Win." Alan Bond so liked the manner of sentiment that he has hired Brady to write a theme for his corporation.

Brady lives in Melbourne, although he doesn't particularly want to. ("It's just not my town anymore.") He owns his own recording studio and a fleet of executive vehicles — for the road and ocean. He accepts his title of The Poet Laureate of Australian Sport with a frustrated graciousness, openly wishing to be remembered for other achievements. He is a partner in Melbourne advertising agency Brady Wood, which bills $12 million per year and which he visits no more than twice a month. Other agencies have no reservations about hiring the services of a man they should rightly view as a competitor. "They trust me," he explains.

Penthouse contributor and Australia's foremost authority on rock 'n' roll, Glenn A. Baker, caught up with the man between sessions at Melbourne's Flagstaff Studios and set about revealing the enigma who unashamedly contends, "Truly talented people keep a low profile."

Penthouse: Like so many of Australia's Sixties pop stars, you emigrated from England and were dramatically affected by the experience. Do you have many recollections of your part in the post-war migrant boom?

Brady: I recall every moment — it was too amazing to forget. I was 11 and came out with my parents on the ten-quid scheme. We didn't know what part of Australia we were going to; we just got allocated on the boat. Somebody put "Com Nom Vic" stickers on our bags, which apparently meant Commonwealth Nomination Victoria, and we were deposited on Station Pier in Port Melbourne on July 5, 1959.

We were told that the migrant hostel was at some place with the romantic name of Fisherman's Bend. It had wonderful connotations of a beautiful, idyllic river, with gum trees and fishermen. We ended up in a rambling hostel somewhere between the GMH plant and an asbestos factory. I was instantly homesick — I hated the place. All the kids had felt really special, really important, because we'd been through the Suez Canal and sailed to the New World. Then when we got here we were confronted with open drains. It was terrible.

Penthouse: It may have been terrible, but the backbone of Australian rock music, right up until today, seems to have come out of those squalid hostels. Why is that?

Brady: We were in the middle of an industrial area and there was nothing for us to do, so we took up music. It was sort of a tradition. In our hostel, of all the males within three to four years of my age group, I'd say four out of five played guitar. It was not only fun, it gave us something to feel good about. We gathered in the wash houses, which were natural echo chambers. It didn't matter if you could sing or not — it sounded terrific. It wasn't uncommon for 20 or 30 kids to stand around singing, with one of the really good guitarists showing off. Sometimes we would wander around the hostel playing our guitars, like strolling Italian minstrels. When we got too noisy somebody would move us on and we'd go find another wash house. What we didn't know then was that the same thing was happening in other hostels around Australia.

Penthouse: Did your parents encourage this activity?

Brady: Probably without realising it. My old man was an Irishman and he liked singing, drinking and fighting. He was an incorrigible singer at parties; he'd have a few drinks and nobody could stop him. He had the loudest voice and would go on for hours on end — I could have died it was so embarrassing. But when I started playing music my dad was outraged. He wanted me to be an apprentice because he'd never had a trade himself and he regretted it. I started off two apprenticeships but I couldn't go through with them — I just didn't like it. My father could never come to terms with the fact that it was possible to make money out of playing music but I think he was proud of me before he died. He accepted it enough to take me along to parties after I became successful to play guitar while he sang.

Penthouse: Your first proper rock band was The Phantoms, who had toured Australia with The Beatles. How did you wrangle your way in there as a 15-year-old amateur?

Brady: I used to go down to Festival Hall every Sunday afternoon with my mates to see the Phantoms in their blue lame suits. I thought they were great. Then one night Stan "The Man" Rofe on 3KZ announced that their guitarist had broken his arm and they needed a replacement, so I rang up their leader Pete Watson, who had come out of Nunawading migrant hostel. As soon as he found out that I was from Croydon in England, like he was, I was in the band. The next Sunday, instead of being in front of the stage I was on the stage. I felt as if my feet were four feet off the ground. Of all the thrills I've had since, nothing has been like that — I really thought I was in the Beatles. After the show their manager walked up and gave me eight pounds. It was the first real money I'd earned from music. I felt so important. I went and bought my mum an iron and an electric jug.

Penthouse: How did The Phantoms evolve into the hit group MPD Ltd?

Brady: The Phantoms were into all those Shadows choreographed dance steps that I could never do. But the Beatles swung everything about so dramatically that all the instrumental bands got hold of singers and ditched their lame suits. In 1963 Melbourne had 75 percent jazz dances and 25 percent rock dances; by 1964 it was about 95 percent rock dances and the jazz bands were out of work. Pete and I put together MPD Ltd — which meant Mike, Pete and Danny — with a flash drummer called Danny Filey from The Saxons. We were on the road within three weeks supporting the Dave Clark 5 and when that was over we were at number one on the charts with "Little Boy Sad."

What we aimed to do we achieved about 400 percent ahead of schedule and it really spun our heads about. We were babes in the woods, young kids in a new industry. Nobody knew what they were doing . . . not the bands . . . not the managers. We felt it was a privilege, a big deal to be involved with a pop band. There was no way that any of us wanted to be Prime Minister or anything like that! There was no emphasis on music at all — we didn't even care if we were in tune. It was totally visual. We didn't have our own lights; we didn't have a road crew. All we had was one roadie and a station wagon. To play to 110,000 kids at the Myer Music Bowl we had one four-speaker Fender concert amplifier with no mike on it.

Penthouse: MPD Ltd had a year and a half of fairly frantic teen idol status around 1965, and the legends of debauchery on the road by people like yourselves, the Easybeats, Normie Rowe, Bobby & Laurie and Tony Worsley are many. How wild was it really?

Brady: The tours were an endless round of raping and pillaging! You'd arrive in a town and there'd be young girls everywhere. You knew what they wanted and they knew what you wanted. The guys wanted to kill you and the girls wanted to love you to death. I think the most erotic experience I had was in a northern NSW town. I was fairly shy, compared to some of the animals in rock 'n' roll bands who shot holes in motel ceilings and threw furniture out of windows, but I had got this girl to come back to my room after a show. It was a hot steamy night and it started pouring down raining just as the guys locked me out of the motel. So we took off all our clothes and did it in the mud. It was sensational, like a scene from *Mandingo!*

Penthouse: It must have also been dangerous, escaping the clutches of enraged boyfriends.

Brady: If you had long hair and were silly enough to go into a bar, or even a cafe, you could get killed. It was an Australian character trait then, particularly in the country, that anything out of the ordinary was something to have a go at. Now, because of television, country towns are basically an extension of the city and Australians are a little more sophisticated. It probably still happens, the whole *Easy Rider* thing, but not as often. The only band that ever welcomed the violence was the Easybeats, who loved getting stuck into guys twice their size. It frightened the rest of us stupid. I actually spent a night in jail in Broken Hill after one guy abused me for so long that I just had to defend myself.

Penthouse: It's amazing that you guys weren't hit with a dozen paternity suits or didn't end up in jail on carnal knowledge charges.

Brady: Oh yeah, good old "Caramel Porridge." Pete Watson got busted for that, so did Normie Rowe. In my case, it wasn't so much a matter of worrying about underaged girls — *I* was the one who was underaged! I was the prey of older women. Bobby Bright (of Bobby & Laurie) and I ended up on the front page of *The Truth* after being named co-respondents in a divorce case. My parents loved that!

> In one year I wrote something like 240 jingles. It was ridiculous. Some weeks I'd have to write 14 or 15 of them

Penthouse: You can count on the fingers of one hand the Aussie Sixties pop stars who have survived in the industry and made some reasonable money out of it — Glen Shorrock, Vanda & Young, Johnny Young, Glenn Wheatley and yourself. Why didn't you end up in the car wash like hundreds of other faded idols?

Brady: I did! When I left MPD Ltd, after flash hotels, limos, screaming fans and flying around the world, I didn't have a penny in my pocket. Nobody at that time had a thing to show for being famous. I took any job I could get, including one at a car wash. I played in Johnny Young's Kompany for a while, then I started working as a singing compere in pubs where the hasbeens of the British Music Hall circuit all seemed to end up. Some nights I'd leap from the stage after a song, run over to people's tables and try to sell them life assurance if they seemed like good prospects. I was still stupid enough to believe then that success came from natural talent and not hard work.

I promised myself that if I was ever able to make a career out of music I wouldn't get ripped off again; I would make some money out of it. I think my determined streak grew out of the bitterness I felt about having nothing to show for what I'd done. I decided to read every contact I signed and to be aware of how the business works, because ignorance is certainly not bliss. Most rock 'n' rollers end up broken and twisted and I wouldn't accept that.

Penthouse: After MPD Ltd, you worked with Johnny Young, then spent a half a year entertaining troops in Vietnam, and even had a minor solo hit with "Sympathy." So how did you gravitate towards the advertising area?

Brady: I was attracted by the profit — it's as simple as that. In those days you were paid $12.50 to sing in a vocal session group and $17 for a lead vocal. You had to sing anything from a Fanta ad to a local car yard's jingle. At the time that seemed like quite a bit of money, added to what I was making singing with bands at night and selling insurance on the side. I packed my ego away in a suitcase and decided I had a better chance of success behind the scenes. I took some singing lessons from an opera singer, who taught me about breathing. That was one of the smartest things I ever did and probably the reason why, after all the singing I've done, that I still have any voice and range at all.

Penthouse: Did you find instant success in your new career?

Brady: Hardly! I spent a lot of time making great demo tapes that nobody had the time to listen to. The first ad I was commissioned to do never even got to air. I was asked to write a jingle for Stimarol chewing gum. They wanted an up-tempo, sporty thing, so I wrote them this dreadful, weepy, syrupy ballad. I didn't get another job for about six months after that. The first one that really worked for me came a couple of years later and it's still being used today. It was for Yakka overalls and I came up with this chant about "Hard Yakka." That made agencies sit up and take notice, and enquire about who wrote it. That one ad was better than a hundred demo tapes.

Penthouse: Once you actually hit your stride I gather you became fairly prolific.

Brady: In one year I wrote something like 240 jingles. It was ridiculous. Some weeks I'd have to write 14 or 15 of them. Because this country is so small and has no residual payments for creators, you have to write about two or three jingles a week, at least, to make a living, whereas in America you can come up with four or five a *year* and make a bloody fortune.

Penthouse: Is it demeaning for a songwriter to create jingles for baked beans and

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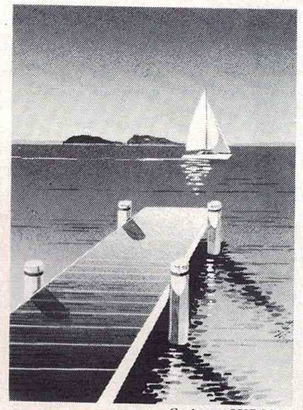
Your skill on the water has just made you eligible for a holiday in paradise. It's called the Whitsundays and it's one of the most beautiful places on Earth. Unfortunately most people stay at one resort which is all very nice except there are 74 islands in the group so most people miss most of paradise.

The alternative is a moveable address – one of our luxury cruisers or yachts. This way you can visit all the resorts. Plus the places most people only dream about.

Ring us now toll free or see your travel agent for our free book on what most people miss.



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soap powder?

Brady: Demeaning to some extent, but not when you get the money for it. Starving is more demeaning. Because there are no residuals, costs for making commercials here are relatively low and so the production budgets are bigger and the standard of music and musicians employed is very high. Therefore you can create ads that you can be legitimately very proud of. In America, an ad on air for three or four years could end up costing an agency a quarter of a million dollars. Here it might cost them only five or six thousand, so they can afford to take some creative risks.

Penthouse: How musically adventurous are you?

Brady: I've done so many different styles of music: from symphony orchestrations to washboard and banjo sounds to heavy rock to sporting anthems. There's this giant funnel in my head where everything pours in. For a while, if I really got into a new album my next string of ads would take some influence from it. When Yes were hot with all the hi-fi buffs, I can remember listening and saying, oh yeah, I can use that.

Now it all flows very naturally; it's much easier for me. I'm thinking of trying to become a bit more complex, although the public doesn't want experimentation and neither do advertising agencies. I'm feeling good about music now but until about a year ago I went through a long period when it had become impossible for me to listen to music for pleasure. The first thing I'd do when I went home was turn off the radio. Over the last year I've forced myself to go out and see bands because I was worried that I might be going a bit stale. I went to a Tears For Fears concert recently and I was the oldest person there — they thought I was a bouncer! I went to swot up a bit but I thought it was fantastic.

Penthouse: How difficult is it to preserve your own principles and morality when you are paid to express somebody else's interests or viewpoint?

Brady: I've done work for the Liberal Party for years and years, not because of any great political belief but because my biggest ad agency client is also the Lib's agency. I could be called mercenary I suppose, but I don't really care. I'm a professional and if something like "Turn On The Lights", which I wrote and Renee Geyer sang, worked for them, I'm really proud. If it were a party whose policies I found truly abhorrent, I wouldn't do it. I probably would also keep away from things like Right To Life and Anti-Right To Life issues. If the Labor Party approached me, which is most unlikely, I'd consider writing jingles for them. It doesn't make a great deal of difference to me because I don't believe that jingles win elections.

Penthouse: Where do you stand on the common accusation of sexism and domestic slavery role models directed against advertising by feminist groups?

Brady: I sit on the fence a little, I suppose. For many years women were portrayed in a servile role but nowadays millions upon millions of dollars are spent on research to ensure that women are seen in ads the way they see themselves. So I don't think those accusations hold water any more. Certainly I believe that advertising has a responsibility to the community as regards the attitudes it presents.

Penthouse: Obviously, the advertising industry is acutely conscious of its public image, as evidenced by that extraordinary recent series of press and television advertisements showing bogey men carting off people's television sets. Do you think any positive impact was achieved by that approach?

Brady: I'd be very surprised if it achieved anything. I am astounded that an industry, for all its expensive research, could open a window on itself and understand itself so poorly. Whoever came up with the concept showed themselves to be right out of touch with what it's all about. They had a great opportunity to inform people, but to present the industry in those terms bordered on being fascist. It was awful.

Penthouse: The creation of successful jingles obviously requires a certain perception of the prevailing mood of the country and an ability to articulate it. Is there a need to maintain a constant awareness in that regard?

Brady: Probably just living here is enough. When I first started the death word in commercials was "Australia." You couldn't say anything about Australia — it was an instant turn-off. Now we have become more patriotic, more nationalistic. Nine out of ten of my clients now want to hear Australia in their jingles and if I'm doing a campaign for a big company there's virtually no way I'm able to leave Australia out. The public is far more sophisticated now. Fifteen years ago I was making quite outrageous claims about products. That doesn't happen any more because you get your balls bitten off by consumer groups — and so you should. You can't ram things down people's throats, saying the product name 30 times, like you once could. I understand how the public can be offended by advertising. When I watch television I sometimes feel like tossing a brick through the screen because of the quality of some commercials.

Penthouse: Is there a Brady jingle formula or a set of rules that you have to follow to stay in demand in your field?

Brady: I learned early on to stay right away from current trendy phrases because they can date your work within a couple of months. I find it very hard to isolate and examine particular jingles — they all blend into one giant blancmange in my mind. Some of my very best pieces never got to air. But I think the ones that have worked best were often the most simple and straightforward. There are things that are so automatic that I'm never consciously aware of them. I make sure that certain key words fall within a certain type of melody and that the product name is in the hook of the melody so that when people remember the hook they also remember the brand name. This all sounds elementary but a lot of writers take a long time to master it.

Penthouse: How do you view your peers, your competitors?

Brady: When I started there was only about three-full time jingle writers in Melbourne. Now there's no less than 25 of them. I mean, anyone can hum a melody in their head, get someone to write it down and hire musicians to play it. The key to doing it successfully is executing it on the day, in the studio. That can be really gruelling; if you go into overtime you blow your budget. I've never had to go back to a client and ask for more money. The worst I've ever done is break even.

I think I'm the king of enunciation in Aussie jingles, I'm always fanatical about the words and their clarity. You have 30 or 60 seconds to get a message across. If you lose two words you can lose half your message. Peter Best, who's been at it longer than I have, is probably consistently the best jingle writer in Australia. He's the king of rousing, stirring anthems. Mojo are the kings of Ockerism, and Danny Beckerman, Bruce Rowlands, Chris Copping and Ian Mason are all talented specialists in their own right.

Penthouse: But what you have to your credit, that they don't, is overwhelming success on the pop charts, which prompts me to ask if you consider yourself a part of the music industry or the advertising industry.

Brady: I'm not sure I know the answer to that. I think it's too heartbreaking to make a living for very long in music. You have to be super-tough, hard and cruel to make money; you have to be able to look some

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poor sod in the eye and tell him that what he's written or recorded is shithouse. There's no room for good guys in music. I still find a challenge in the advertising industry. I like going to new agencies where you get to deal with a collection of the best and worst people in the world. Sometimes the challenge is meeting some arsehole and not dropping him on the spot.

Penthouse: With "Up There Cazaly", you displaced Johnny Farnham's "Sadie The Cleaning Lady" as the biggest domestic selling Australian single in history. How did you become the Poet Laureate of Australian sport?

Brady: By accident basically, or by default. I was given a brief by the agency representing HSV-7 Television to write something that would be as catchy for Australian Rules telecasts as "C'mon Aussie C'mon" was for cricket. The two blokes who briefed me didn't know a thing about the game and in my whole life I'd only ever seen 15 minutes of one match. I didn't know much about Roy Cazaly, I still don't, but the nuns used the phrase when I went to school in Port Melbourne, which is where he used to play. Ray Lawler used it in *The Summer Of The Seventeenth Doll* and it was in the original *Kid Stakes*. I'd seen a production of the play that week and thought it was a mighty expression. I had a few beers, started writing and the next morning I had a 75-second jingle, which I had a feeling was something special. A Melbourne disc jockey named Keith McGowan began playing it on his show and so the irrepressible Ron Tudor of Fable Records hounded me something terrible to do a long version. I finally recorded it the day before I left for a holiday in the south of France.

While I was away it went to number one and I came back to a real hero's welcome. It was such sweet justice. By that time I'd given up all ambition to be a celebrity again. After trying all those years it finally happened when I'd stopped trying. It was wonderful to achieve it when I had a business knowledge and could exploit it properly. For instance, we sold over 100,000 T-shirts and more than twice as many singles.

Penthouse: Was it difficult to handle the sort of pressures that this extraordinary success created?

Brady: Until then, my jingle work had been mostly instrumental but overnight everyone wanted me to sing. I was bombarded by every sporting code in the country — from basketball associations to hockey teams. I ran with it and did a song called "War Horse" for Rugby League in Sydney, and things for sailing and soccer; it was crazy. I sang "Up There Cazaly" at the MCG with everyone singing along; I sang it to open the football season in Perth; I sang it everywhere. Then I went back into the charts with "There's A Little Bit of Cazaly In Us All", and I had another hit with a song about the VFL Grand Final, called "One Day In September."

Penthouse: Amazingly, you capped the biggest Oz single ever with a song that pushed it into second place. How did you come across "Shaddap You Face"?

Brady: With the profits from "Cazaly" I was able to buy Flagstaff Studios with Bruce Rowlands, the film music writer. One night, I was walking out of the door with Peter Sullivan, the other half of the Two Man Band, and we heard this funny song coming through the wall. I went into the studio, introduced myself to Joe Dolce, told him I liked the song and wanted to release it on my Full Moon label. He said he was obliged to offer it to somebody else first but they passed on it and he came back to see me. Even though I had only ever heard it through a wall, I was so confident that I gave him a thousand dollar advance on the spot. The bloody thing was bigger than "Cazaly"! It sold about 300,000 copies in Australia and then nothing could stop it overseas. I can't count the countries it was released in. We did deals from Iceland to Spain. It was even released in the Eastern Bloc; what they made of it there I have no idea. In England it was number one. It even sold 900,000 copies in Germany, which I still can't understand. They even liked it in Italy, though when I went out to dinner in Rome one night I wasn't game to reveal my involvement with it.

> I don't write for the sake of writing. I'm a jingle writer, an ideas man, a musical salesman and I have a great commercial ear

Penthouse: You've been very active with novelty songs since those two blockbusters, with varying degrees of success. Do you feel an affinity with that sort of recording?

Brady: I don't consider myself a songwriter and I never have. I can remember being in London with MPD Ltd in 1966 when The Easybeats were on the charts with "Friday On My Mind" and going out of my mind with jealousy because I couldn't write a song like that. My writing has always been very topical. I write for a specific reason, not just for the sake of writing. I'm a jingle writer, an ideas man, a musical salesman, and I have a great commercial ear. Novelty records are the hardest things to get away and only one or two break through.

Penthouse: Like Jacko's "I'm An Individual", which was another Brady monster.

Brady: Not entirely. I was having lunch with Danny Finley — it's funny how the wheels turn — and he suggested I do a record with Mark Jackson the footballer. I bounced the idea around and nobody was negative but I was going off for five months sailing so I asked Bob Brown to write me a song and Ernie Rose and Sam See to produce it for me at Flagstaff. I then did a deal with Mushroom Records to get it released. So I suppose I was the executive producer of the project. Originally, I had no idea if he'd be able to even sing it, let alone sell it on stage, but I was happily surprised.

Penthouse: Of course, there's been a few that haven't worked quite so dramatically, like "You're Here to Win" for the Commonwealth Games and "They Wouldn't Understand" and "We're Gonna Grab That Cup" for yachting.

Brady: Actually, I really felt sorry for radio around the time of the America's Cup challenge because there was just *so many* records on the subject. I think mine just got lost in the rush. But you can't expect to come up with a winner every time. At the moment I'm feeling very happy about my war theme for farmers, "You Can't Take The Country Out Of Our Country", but I don't automatically expect that one to race up the charts.

Penthouse: When you do make an album of regular pop songs, do you find it hard to break out of the jingle writer mould?

Brady: When I did my *Invisible Man* album in 1979 I found that I had to brief myself on what the songs were going to be like and what market I was trying to reach. I did it for all the wrong reasons and it failed as a result. Now I'm working on my second album under my own name and I feel a lot more comfortable about contemporary music; I have my second wind. This one won't be full of extended jingles.

Penthouse: Do you have any significant goals left in your career?

Brady: The most important one is to eclipse "Up There Cazaly" in some way. I won't always be remembered as that guy with the football song — that really gets up my nose. If I can do that I'll go away sailing for about three years a happy man. I don't want to go the corporate route — I'd like to remain at the creative end. I work at a job I really love and not everybody can say that. After MPD Ltd, I had something to prove to myself — that I could earn a living out of popular music in Australia without getting up in front of a camera. It took me a long time to crack it. I started out as the world's worst jingle writer; I didn't have one clue on how to do it, some of my jingles were so bad I'd be embarrassed to admit to people today that I wrote them. But nothing was going to stop me . . . and I guess nothing has.

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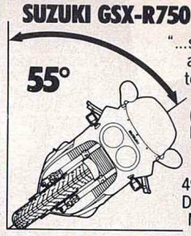

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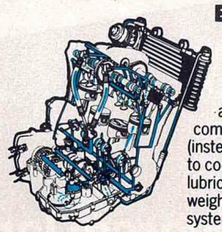

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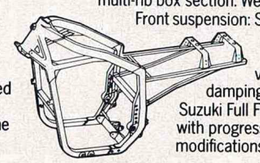
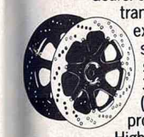


GEARS/BRAKES/TYRES/WHEELS



Gears: 6 speed close ratio transmission. Brakes: Suzuki exclusive Decapiston brake system. Twin 300mm spiral slotted discs (front). Single 300mm spiral slotted disc (rear). Tyres: Ultra low profile racing type. Wheels: High rigidity, low weight diecast aluminium.

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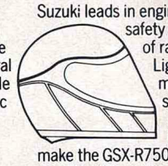

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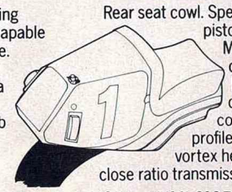

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LASSALE

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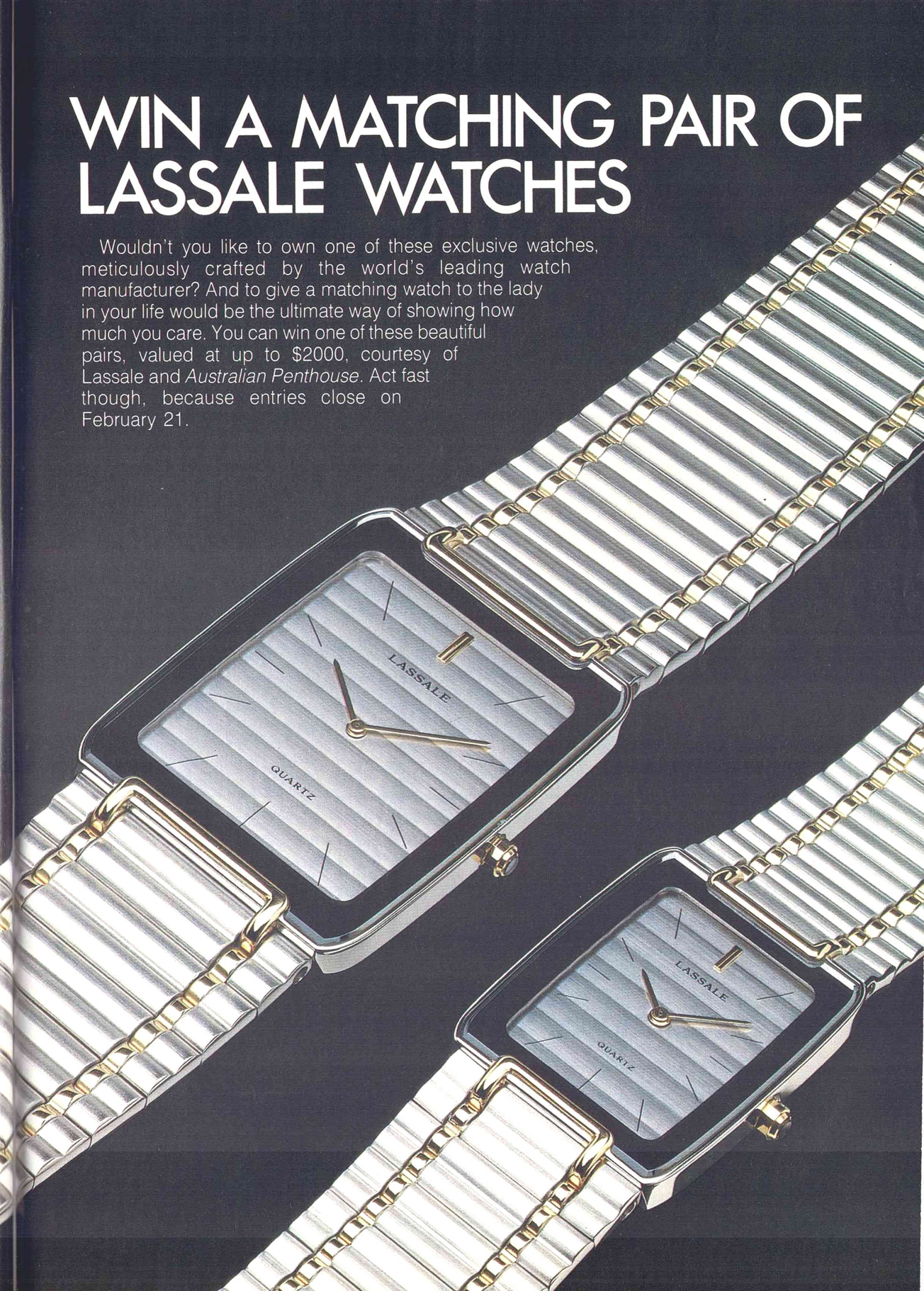
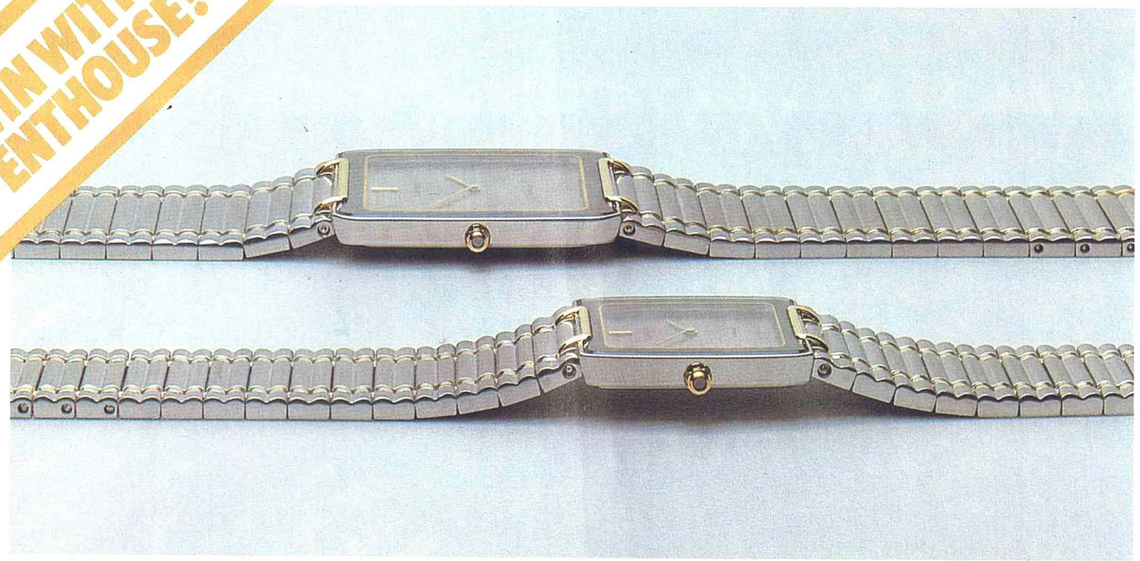


WIN WITH PENTHOUSE!



Lassale is unlike any other watch manufactured today. It embodies a unique combination of the most advanced electronic quartz technology with the elegance, luxury and aesthetics of the most prestigious timepieces. Lassale is the culmination of a century of watch-creating skills. Behind every Lassale is the Seiko Group, founded in 1881.

The Seiko Group was the first to market a quartz wristwatch in 1969. Since that time, the Seiko Group has maintained its position as world leader in quartz technology and created an exceptionally wide variety of watches to more than meet the diversity of today's timekeeping needs. From rugged sports watches to elegant dress watches, the Seiko Group has never swerved from its goal: the creation of superior products that provide exceptional reliability and in-depth personal satisfaction.

All of the Seiko Group's extensive resources, innovative technology and precision manufacturing skills were drawn upon to create Lassale. But advanced technology and high accuracy are only one part of the Lassale story. Discriminating people demand more from a timepiece than reliability alone. For such people, a timepiece is part of their personal identity. Lassale was specifically created to meet the highest standards of elegance and aesthetics to generate true pride of ownership.

The watch fits amazingly well. The secret lies in its ultra-thinness. With their special skills, Lassale craftsmen have designed thin movements which permit wide variations in watch designs. Every part of every Lassale is produced at Seiko's watchmaking centres to ensure that the design objective of ultra-thinness is met without compromises.

Lassale timepieces are available in a variety of designs, including an innovative water-resistant thin watch, and selective case materials. The unusual combinations of color — gunmetal and gold, steel and gold, black and gold — give these watches dramatic beauty that stands out in any situation.

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Lassale watches are made to be worn by those people whose confidence and good taste is reflected in their dress and lifestyle. The distinctive, ultra-slim styling of Lassale is bound to attract the admiration of others. A full color catalogue of the entire collection is available on request, from Seiko Time Pty Limited, PO Box 314, North Ryde, NSW 2113. Tel (02) 888-7266.

Clip and send completed coupon to *Penthouse* Lassale Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the above copy. Only one entry per person is allowed.

1. **What famous watch company is behind every Lassale?**

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2. **Why does a Lassale watch fit so well?**

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3. **The scratchproof sapphire crystal on all Lassale watches is second only to what stone in hardness?**

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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, and employees of Seiko Time Pty Limited and their families.

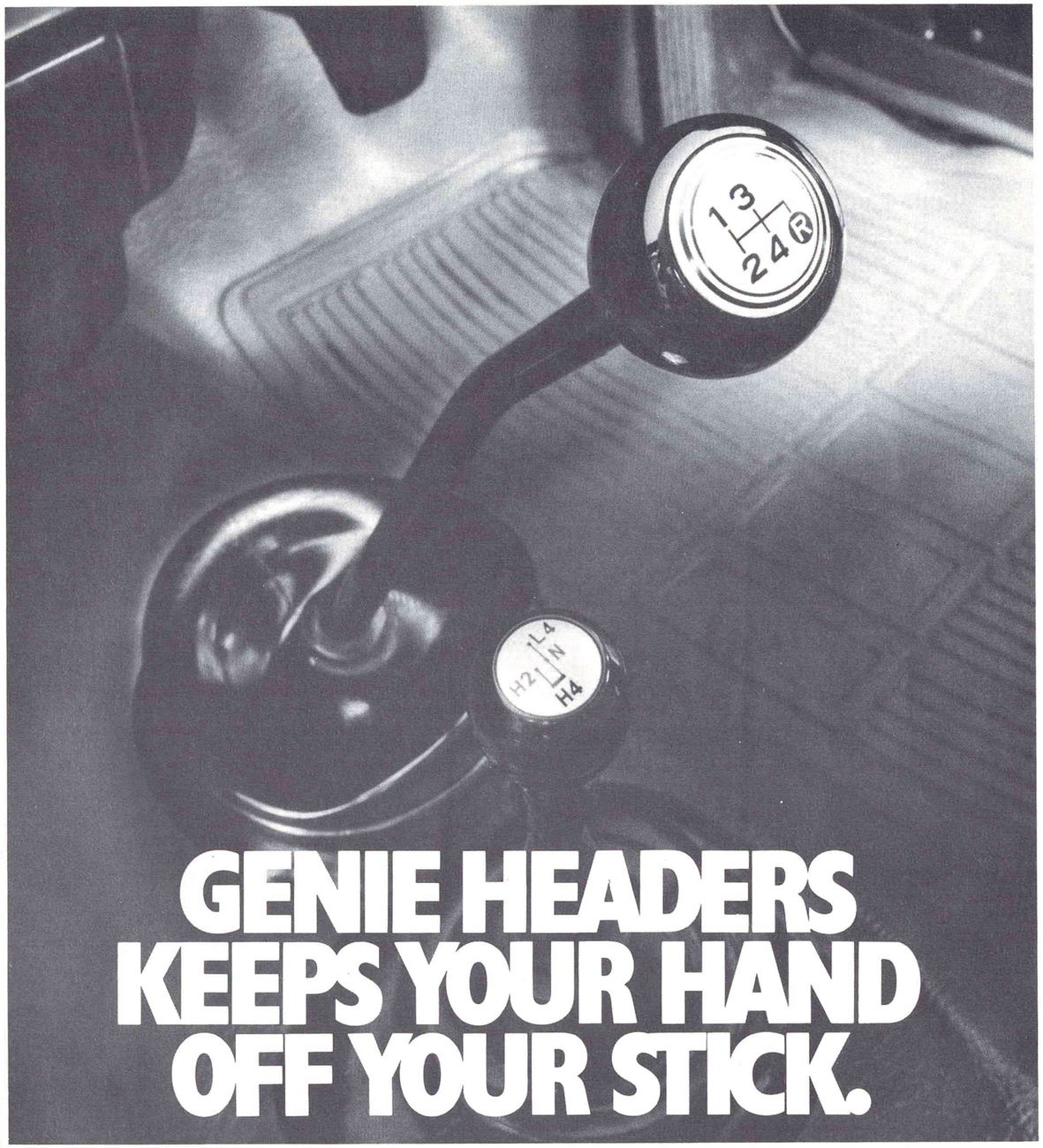
One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday, February 21, 1986. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming edition of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The competition is brought to you by Seiko Time Pty Limited and *Australian Penthouse*.



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THE BIG ONE

You need more than good luck to win Sydney's Yellowfin Lotto

BY DAVID STEWART

There's a wheel of fortune that sweeps past Sydney each May that few people know about and even fewer have gambled on. The game takes place in the open ocean, about eight kilometres off Maroubra Beach; you can call it "Yellowfin Lotto."

To participate in Yellowfin Lotto you need to be well prepared and, just as importantly, lucky. But, as in all games of chance, the stakes are high. For the amateur fisherman it offers the chance to dust off the big game gear and test himself against a big yellowfin tuna — the ultimate test of strength, commitment and courage. For the few professionals skilful enough to make a living catching these leviathans it offers a huge return in one of the world's most stable currencies — *sashimi dollars*.

After a week of torrid weather which claimed six lives off the NSW coastline, the ocean was a sheet of gently rippling glass. The warming winter sun had already passed its zenith as our Seafarer slid easily through the water of Botany Bay and out to the open sea. On board were Geoff, Greg and I. It was a routine Geoff and I had come to know well — fitting his 17-foot fibreglass Seafarer out with the necessary weapons to do mortal struggle with "the big boys", the yellowfin tuna which move through Sydney's offshore waters each year.

Eight kilometres off Maroubra Beach is a game fishing ground known as "the Peak." The area provides some spectacular fishing at different times of the year for snapper, marlin, kingfish and yellowfin tuna. But today was the last Sunday in May, and the yellowfin were around. The Peak was suddenly

PHOTOS BY GEOFF DOIG

Above: The moment when all is won or lost; Right: The author feels the pain.

THE BIG ONE

like a casino . . . a true test of luck and nerve.

The run out to the Peak takes around 20 to 30 minutes from the heads at Botany Bay, enough time to reflect on the night before, which, in Geoff and Greg's case, allowed for quite some reflection. They had stayed up late together, drinking a variety of dangerous mixes, and now they were feeling it.

"Why do we go fishing in such bad shape?" The question related back to their last trip out to the Peak, some three weeks earlier, when they had scraped themselves aboard Occy's licensed fishing boat at three in the morning.

Andris Lember, known to all and sundry as Occy, is one of the few men in Australia who makes a successful living fishing for yellowfin tuna with rod and reel. He's constantly on the move off the NSW coast — trying to pick out and catch the big fin, the ones of more than 150 pounds. He's one of the big winners in the *sashimi* sweepstakes, a worldwide contest to provide the biggest and freshest yellowfin tuna for the Japanese domestic market in raw fish — *sashimi*. And yellowfin tuna is the prize fish . . . especially the big ones.

Geoff and Greg had slept for most of that trip, suffering deep regrets about either their drinking the night before, or their decision to go fishing at three in the morning. They had awoken to a misty, bumpy sea and a couple a "rat" tuna, about 50 pounds a piece. Not big fish, but big and strong enough to leave Geoff and Greg even sicker. And as the sun climbed above the horizon they found themselves in a double hookup with fish of around 140 pounds. After an hour of whining reels, the pain set in. Their bodies screamed for rest but the fish still had plenty of fight.

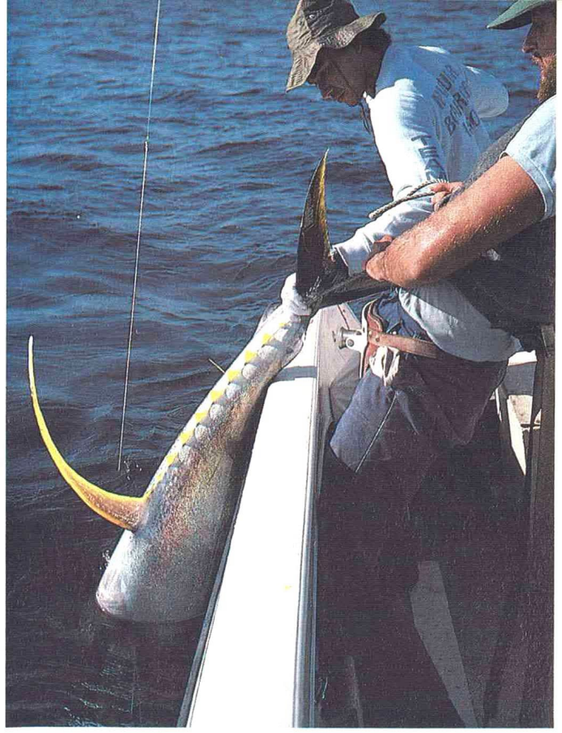
That's the way Greg completed his first day of serious fishing. He'd never seen fish that big.

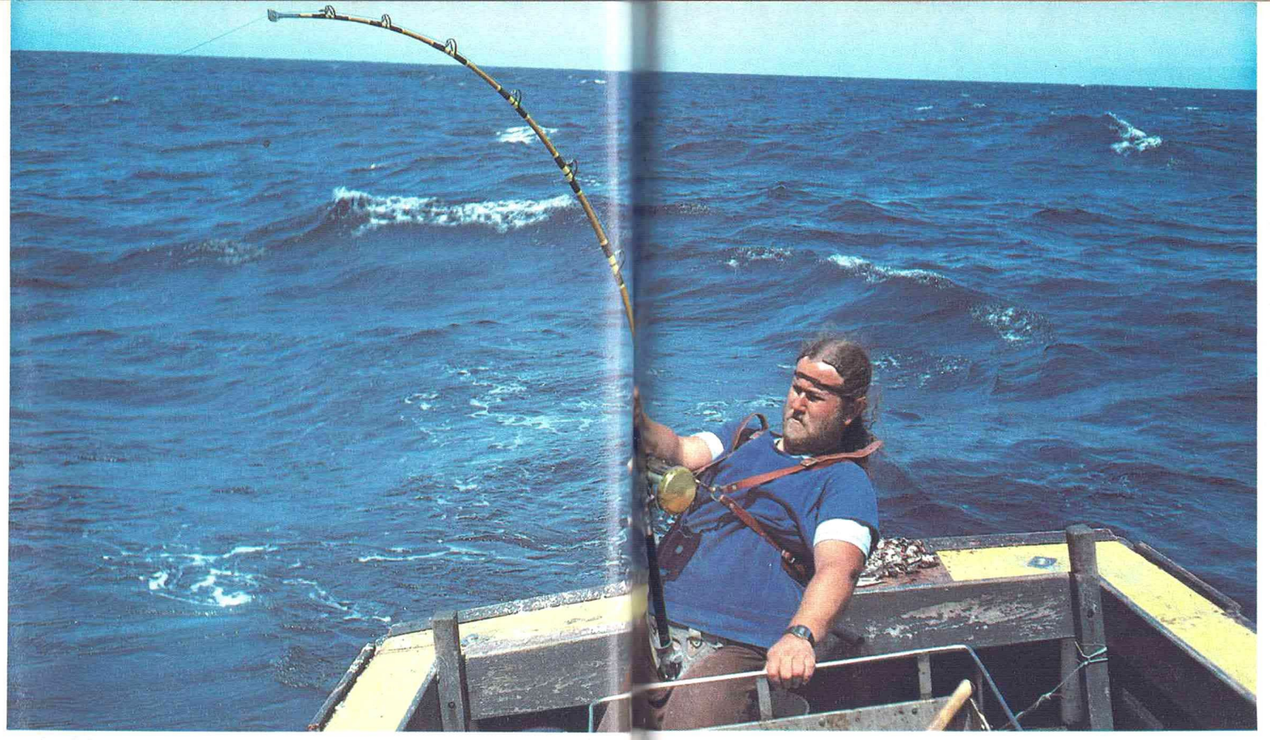
The Peak was busy, the lineup of boats visible from several kilometres away. As we neared the area we could see the familiar outline of *Hunky Too*, Occy's 22-footer, amid a variety of fishing craft. We noticed a distinct lack of activity as we motored quietly up to the spiny pinnacle of the North Peak. That didn't concern us; we knew most of the boats didn't know how to fish for the fin anyway. We cut the engine and began a slow drift southwards with the current.

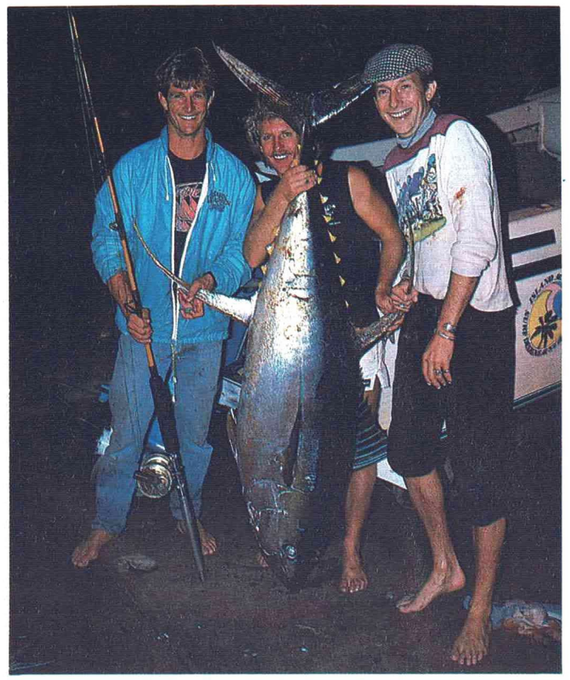
The trip out had given the blocks of frozen pilchards a chance to thaw out, and I peeled off the loose ones and threw them in the water, so beginning the berley trail that would hopefully lead the fin to our baits. Geoff baited the first of the game rods with a pilchard and dropped it over the side. The clear water and glassy surface made it easy to see the pilchards drifting away with the current.

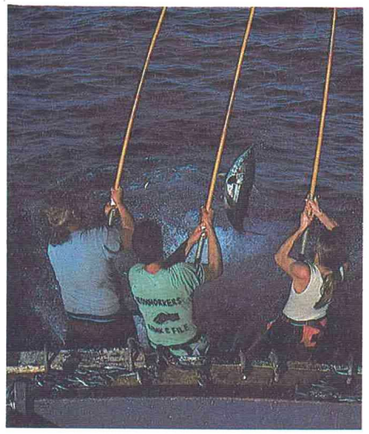
Almost immediately we had a strike. The line whined from the reel and the rod bent wildly in the bucket as Geoff grabbed it and struck at the fish, which continued to peel line from the reel. Geoff struggled to get the rod in position. "Give me the gimble belt, quick," he yelled, sliding across the floor with the rod between his legs. Greg quickly had the belt around him and the butt of the rod in the bucket.

Within five minutes Geoff had the fish in sight. It was a yellowfin of about 50 pounds, but just as the fight seemed over, the fish









THE BIG ONE

Left: Poling is the fastest way of landing a fish; Top Left: The fish are handled with great care; Above Centre: Andris Lember tries to slow a big fish on its initial run; Right: Mark Warren, Geoff Doig and the author with a yellowfin of 176 pounds.

turned and struck out for the bottom, once more peeling line from the reel. Again Geoff struggled to get control.

Before long the fight was all over. Greg had partly rended the fish in an over-enthusiastic gaffing attack and now it lay on the floor of the boat. Geoff collapsed into a seat, sweating heavily.

"Well, that's warmed you up for the big one," I offered helpfully, baiting the hook and once more dropping it over the side. *The big one*, I said to myself, looking at the 50-pound yellowfin.

I remembered our first yellowfin venture to the Peak. It was a Friday afternoon and we'd tangled with two "rats", which we caught, and a bigger fish, which we lost. The second of the rats had still managed to take the bait with such force that the reel overran, releasing loops of line as Geoff struggled to get control. One loop caught the top of his finger — just for an instant, but enough to do damage. Pulling his hand off the rod he shook it, shouting:

"Shit. It's taken the top of my finger off!"

That was my introduction to yellowfin, as Geoff handed me the rod for what turned out to be a 60-pounder. We taped his finger up until we got home, then inspected the damage with the aid of a few stiff drinks. A substantial hunk of flesh had been sliced from the top of his finger and remained attached only by a small piece of skin. Another drink, a dunking in antiseptic and we taped the bits back in place as best we could. That was nearly a month ago now.

We completed the first drift and then a second, with no further action. Again we motored back up to the North Peak, stopping by Occy's boat to borrow a couple of handlines to fish the bottom while we drifted. Occy had caught nothing.

The sun was getting low in the sky by now, but it was still warm, with little or no wind. Perfect conditions, but where were the fish? They had been quiet for several days now, which was a worry. Maybe they had packed up and moved to warmer waters further north.

But who wants to say goodbye to a Lotto win? The stakes in Yellowfin Lotto can be high: a big fin, in good condition, can return eight dollars a kilo at the Sydney fish markets, and more in Tokyo. That means a big fish can bring more than $1000.

Our trip was looking more and more like another gambler's fantasy as we finished another drift. The bottom fishing produced a smaller snapper, two trevally and a leather jacket, but the fin were looking as thin as our supply of pilchards. "One more go," Geoff and Greg agreed.

The sun was almost gone now, as were the pilchards. Two left, and down went the first of them.

"What was that?" asked Geoff, perched up on the outboard motor watching his bait sink. "Something took that." An empty hook confirmed this, so down went the last pilchard. And with it, the sun. That's when our numbers dropped . . . all six of them.

The line, which had been pulled in by hand and lay on the floor, had almost paid out its full length when it suddenly took off. I got my foot out of the way as the line sprang to the tip of the rod. Then there was that sound . . . the whirr of a reel spooling freely. Wildly Geoff scrambled from the motor back to the rod, which he quickly placed in position to strike at the fish.

The strike is the first chance to get a feeling for the size of a fish. Small tuna hit and fight hard, but the heavy gear we were using would knock them over quickly. We were rigged for the big fish, and that's what it seemed like we were amongst.

There's something incredibly exciting about fishing line being peeled from a big game reel. The screaming whine of the reel sets a tone of urgency all of its own, and while Geoff tried to slow the fish, Greg and I cleared the decks. That meant getting all the other lines out of the water; one of these was severely tangled and rather than keep such tangles on board I cut the tangled sections out and threw them over the side of the boat. That was a mistake.

By now the fish had taken a couple of hundred metres of line and showed no signs of slowing down. Geoff was sweating and grunting loudly as he worked the drag upwards, putting increased pressure on himself and the fish.

Some 15 minutes passed, during which time the rod was passed to Greg. The fish was now down deep with some 150 metres of line out, and was showing no inclination to come anywhere near the surface. Unlike most game fish, yellowfin go down deep when hooked, spreading their massive pectoral fins and defying all attempts to lift them.

Now it was my turn. Taking the rod and setting it in the gimble bucket, I tried to put some pressure on the fish, lifting the rod high with the left arm and winding in quickly on the downward sweep of the rod. A few groaning lifts and I was making some progress, but then just as quickly the fish turned his head and kicked down, peeling the line back off the reel.

A kind of truce had developed now: a standoff. He wasn't getting away, but he wasn't coming in either. And now it was well and truly dark. It didn't look like this struggle was going to be resolved too soon, unless the hook pulled out, which was always a chance.

Most of the other boats had headed back by now; only the dim lights of Occy's boat some five kilometres to the north remained in view. We got on the radio and let him know of our situation.

It was becoming apparent just how ill-prepared we were. We had no working light on board—not even a torch—and none of us was keen about trying to gaff this monster in the dark. "I just hope some 12-foot tiger shark doesn't turn up for a bit of the action," suggested Geoff helpfully.

It had now been more than an hour since we'd hooked the thing, and there was no asking how long it would take to get it to the surface. I started to make comparisons with a fish we'd caught some two weeks earlier, which had taken two hours to land. That day we'd taken our good friend Mark Warren with us, and I smile when I remember Mark, clinging to a buckling rod and screaming reel, sliding across the floor of the boat, feet spread in the vain hope that it was going to make a difference.

The memory of that huge fish — confirmed later at 176 pounds — circling the boat at the end of the fight was vividly clear in my mind as I tried to come to terms with gaffing a fish possibly bigger than that, with no light or torch. Still, we'd managed to gaff, hold and lift that one over the side of the boat, so why should this be any different? *It's bloody dark, that's why* . . .

Until you've held a rod with a *big* fish at the other end, it's hard to convey the strength and destructive power of a big yellowfin. It had been just three weeks earlier that Occy and two mates had tried to "pole" a fin of about 200 pounds. Poling involves floating a bait on a barbless hook attached to a leader and one or more poles, which are around three metres long. Occy learned the technique during a stint on the big tuna boats that fish well beyond the continental shelf, and brought the skills back to smallboat fishing.

When the big fish are close to the boat he loves to pull out the poles and go for it. If handled properly, a lot of big fish can be caught very quickly with this technique. On this day, however, they'd hooked the fish and tried to lift it straight in using three poles. They got it out of the water, but could not swing its massive weight aboard; the fish at that stage was thrashing at the water and air wildly, belting everything within reach. Eventually the fish managed to get its head underwater. With one giant thrust it took off, snapping two of the poles clean in half and taking the third with it, and leaving three battered and bruised guys with a fresh reminder of the power of these piscine giants.

So what if it's that big, I wondered, peering down into the blackness of the water and trying to see any sign of the fish. The line was cutting around through the water now as we had worked the fish back to about 50 metres of line.

Then, way down, we started to see the first outlines of the fish, framed in a background of phosphorescence. I didn't say anything. It hooked huge—a real monster. But the phosphorescence can be deceptive; surely it wasn't really *that* big.

It took us another half hour to get the fish up under the boat, thus confirming our worst, and best, hopes and fears. It really was *that* big, but that didn't change anything: we still had to land it. The fish was now circling some 15 feet under the boat.

Then, a new problem revealed itself. The tangled fishing line, discarded in haste some two and a half hours ago, emerged from the water, wrapped around the line to our fish. Carefully we cut a series of "birdsnests" from the line; without any light it was a very tricky operation. That done, we took a deep breath in readiness for the final — and most spectacular—act in this drama.

With our strike plan settled, we went in for the kill. Greg pumped the fish to the surface, swimming it in towards the side of the boat where Geoff was waiting with the first

THE BIG ONE

gaff. I stood alongside with the second. Geoff waited and watched for a chance to hook the gaff in the fish's mouth. That's about the only place where a gaff would hold when the fish thrashes around. Then its massive head was right there below us and in went the gaff. The fish reared up out of the water, flailing its head and lifting Geoff up and over the side of the boat. He let go of the gaff just before he would have parted company with us, and as the fish bore off, ripping line back off the screaming reel.

Now we were in trouble. We were left with only a toy gaff, and a fish with a 100 metres of line off the reel again. Then we saw the big gaff, its butt end just visible in the moonlight, bobbing some ten metres from the boat.

"Great," said Geoff, jumping across to start the engine. That's when we found out just how much trouble we were really in. The engine wouldn't start, and didn't sound like it was going to. Again and again Geoff tried. . . nothing. We called Occy on the radio to advise him of our deteriorating position. Up until then it had all been an adventure, with the mortality element of the struggle limited to the fish. By any assessment, however, our position had changed radically. Occy's was the only boat still out, but he was back at Bondi. We had already drifted south of Malabar, and we weren't sure whether we were eight or 15 kilometres off the coast by now. Anyway, one problem at a time: we still had to catch the fish.

While Greg and I worked the fish back into striking range, Geoff took the rod, and I took the gaff, with Greg staying nearby to hang on to either me or the gaff, according to which looked like going over the side.

"Try to get it in the mouth," Geoff declared optimistically as he swam its head back to the side of the boat. There was a shot and in went the gaff. . . again the fish reared while Greg and I held on grimly. Suddenly the fish rolled over, twisting and dislodging the gaff. Again it bored off into the depths, peeling line from the reel and knocking Geoff off his feet; his knees slammed into the floor and against the bulkhead, but he held on.

Then, as though we needed another challenge, a new factor entered the equation: sharks. We knew that with two gaff wounds to the head, our fish would be leaving a massive blood trail under the boat. Unless we got it in quickly we would have some big bities on our hands, and that was the last thing we needed.

"Come on, you bastard," coaxed Geoff, rubbing his aching knees between winds on the reel. Now Greg tried his luck with the engine, but with no result. It was nearly eight o'clock, some three hours since we'd baited that last pilchard of the day.

Once more Geoff worked the fish back to the surface and again we got the gaff into his head. Again he rolled over, pulling out of the undersized gaff. Again the reel screamed, and we screamed. We knew that every time we hit him with the gaff we risked dislodging the hook. And even if we got him on the gaff, how would we lift him into the boat?

"Here, Greg," Geoff said, transferring the rod and pacing the floor of the boat. "I've got to think this through. . . we'll use a tailrope."

Quickly, Geoff formed a noose of rope from the anchor rope. Then, taking the rod back, he stepped through the noose, feeding it up over the rod. Swearing that this was the last time, and urging us to get it right, he worked the fish back to the surface. With each burst the fish had sapped its remaining strength and getting it back up was becoming easier. It was nearly through, but then so were we. But we had to land the fish *before* it died, because if it was to die down deep we would have no chance of lifting its dead weight. The whole exercise was based on forcing the fish to swim to the boat. As a dead weight it could never be lifted.

Once again, with gaff firmly planted in my right hand, I leaned over the side and peered into the blackness. And there again was that massive outline of the fish as it broke the surface. As Geoff swam it in close I waited for the best shot. Seeing my chance, I went for it and held on once more. While Greg and I managed to hold its head out of water and against the side of the boat, Geoff downed the rod and dropped the noose over its head. I passed the gaff to Greg and managed to lean out and slide the rope around the outside of its huge pectoral fin. That done, we worked the noose around the bulk of its body, which gave us a chance to plant the gaff firmly in its mouth. We had him.

Still he lay in the black water, more blood draining with every moment we left him there. With the noose now firmly around his tail, and a good gaff position, the three of us tried to lift the fish over the side. The boat lurched dangerously, and we stopped: this could be the biggest mistake of the day.

I looked out at the inky black water, half expecting to see a fin at any moment. Or maybe it will come up and hit the fish below the water? Either way, it didn't bear thinking about. I thought of Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man And The Sea,* and felt an immediate affinity. But there was no time for thinking. We simply *had* to get the fish in the boat, *now.*

We worked the fish to the stern, and positioned its head on the transom. Then, with Greg and I on the gaff and Geoff on the tailrope, we heaved. And up he slid, over the ransom and down on to a towel we'd placed on the floor. *We'd done it!*

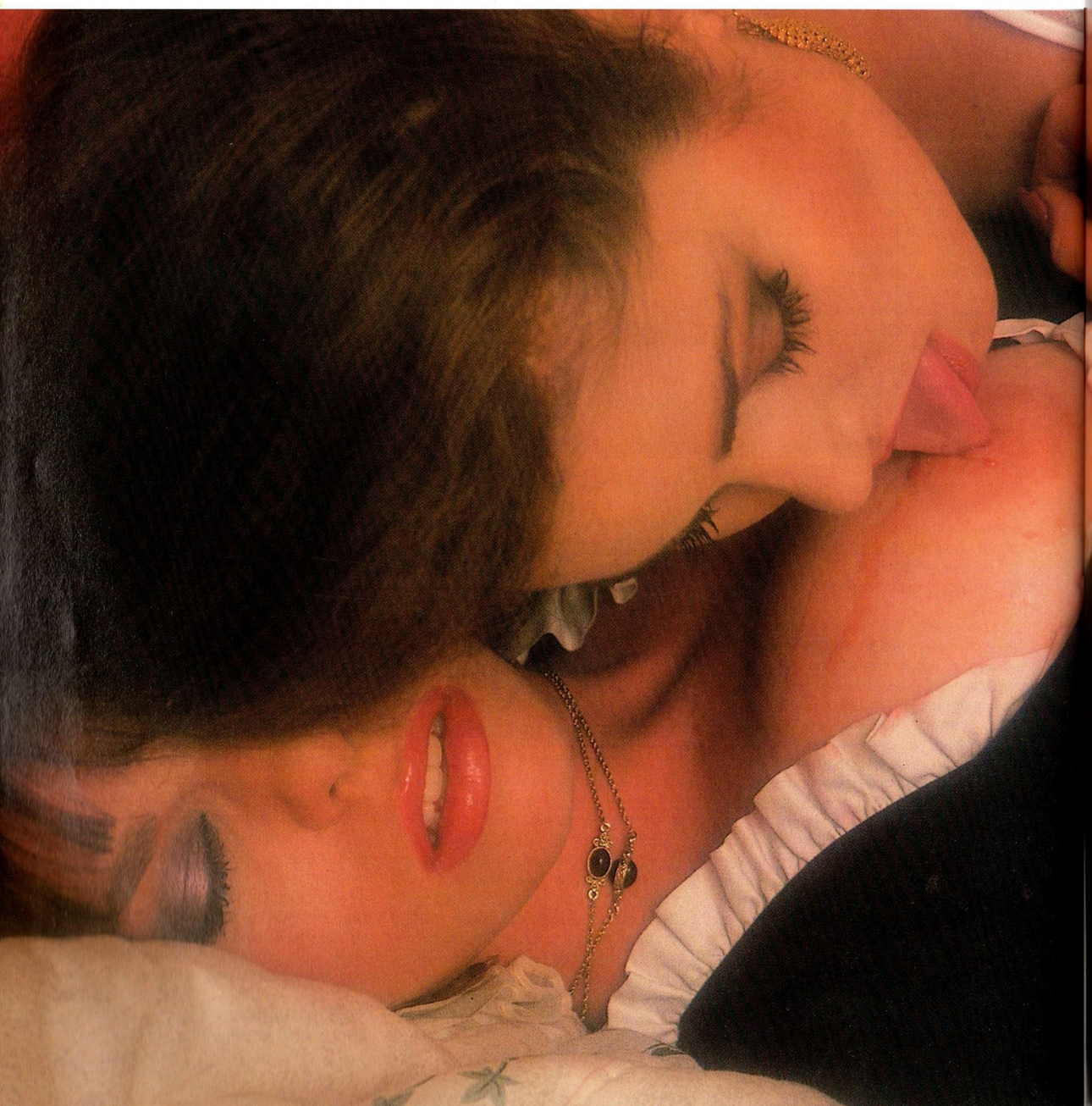
A huge "Yahoo" rang out across the still ocean as we slapped each other on the back. Now all we had to do was get home. One last try on the motor, and *bingo*. . . We could hardly believe it.

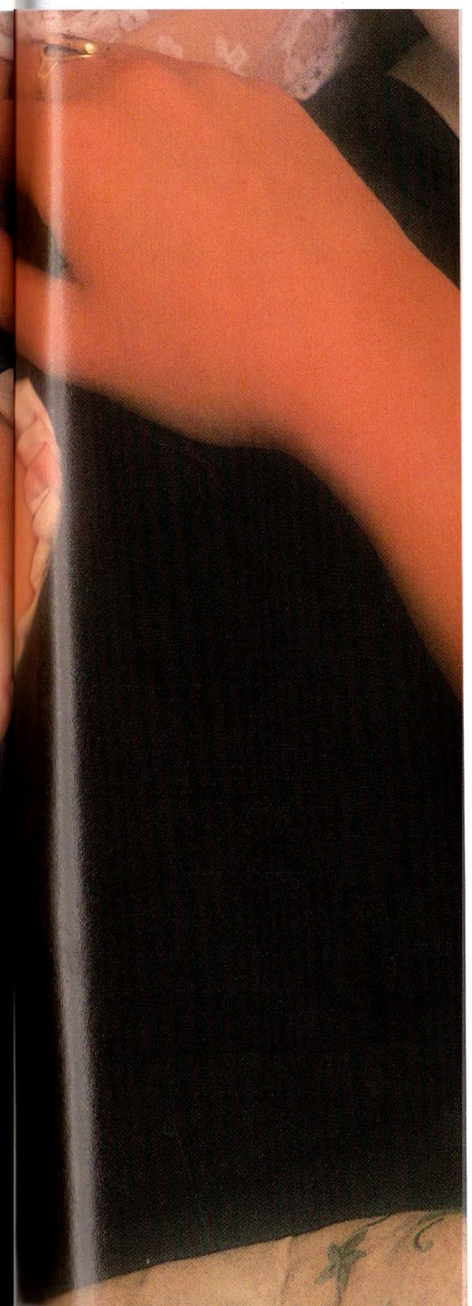
The trip back was strangely silent. Every now and then one of us would glance back at the fish, just to confirm that it was really *that* big. Would it go over the magic 200-pound barrier? It had to, we decided.

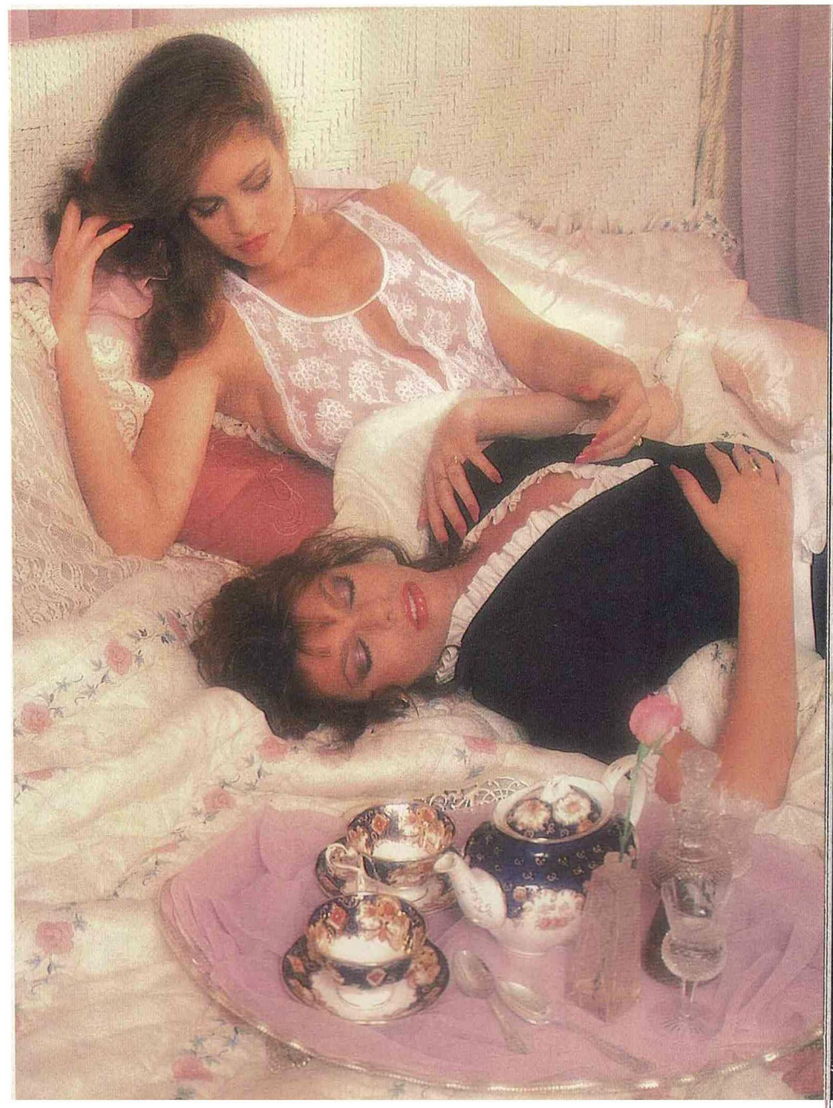
Footnote: *The fish subsequently weighed in at 206 pounds, a personal best for Geoff, and one of only four fish of more than 200 pounds caught at the Peak during the last five years.*

A PERSONAL MAID TO ORDER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

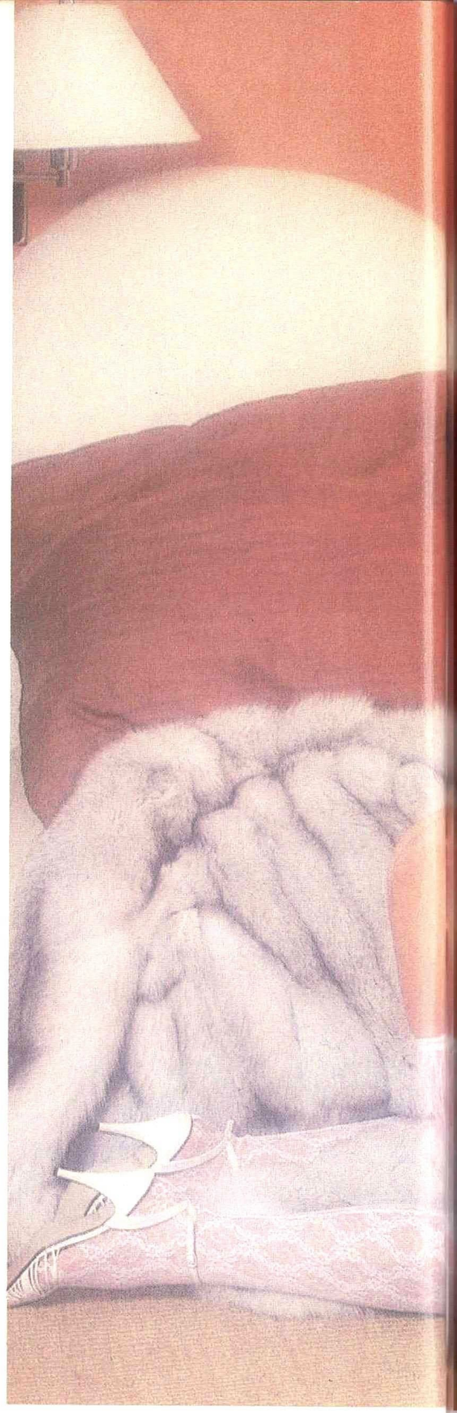


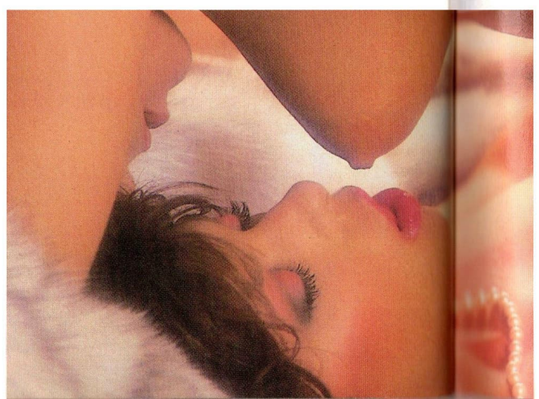


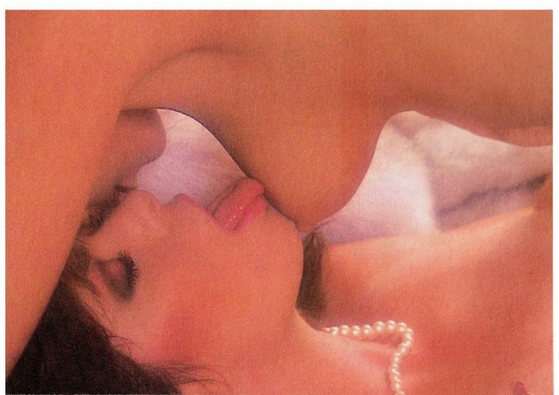


The wanted ad read: ''Attractive bachelorette requires a personal maid; graceful, young, lady-in-waiting type.'' At the interview the hedonistic heiress was specific. ''I need someone to care for my wardrobe, make my appointments, draw my bath and make my bed — to fulfil my intimate and personal needs in every respect.'' Smiling shyly, the girl said she understood completely . . .

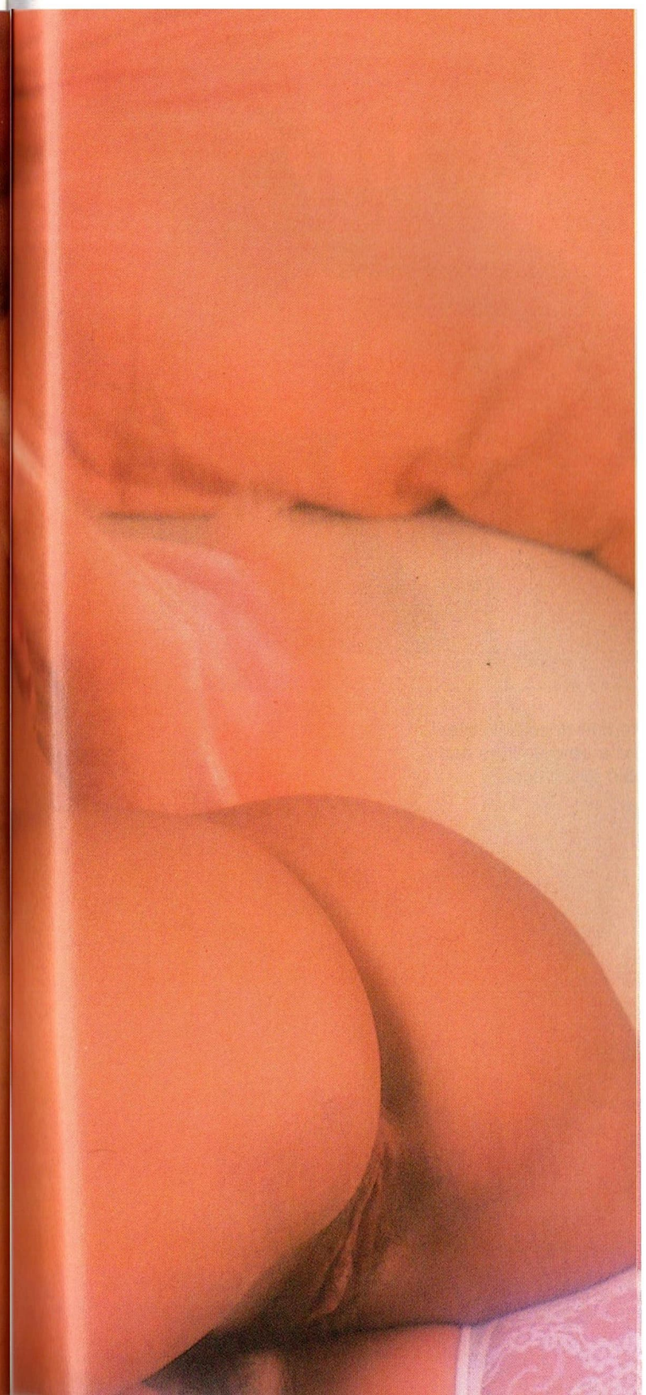
The next day, her maid appeared with a morning tray and quickly obeyed when her sultry mistress asked her to stay and share some breakfast in bed.







But the breakfast dishes whetted still deeper appetites. Greedily, they devoured the rosy fruits of the flesh. The once-timid lady-in-waiting waited no longer to savor the taste of high society.



Realising how difficult it is to find good help these days, the heiress performed a bold gesture and paid back her pretty maid in advance. . .

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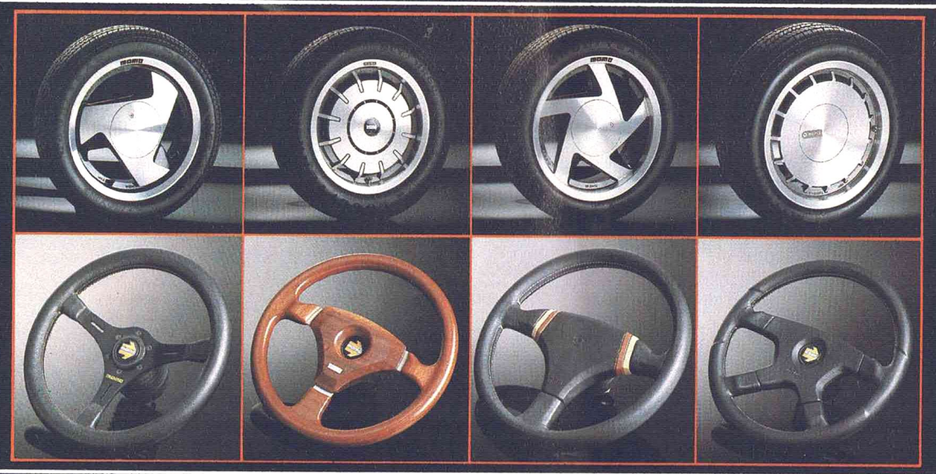

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LOOSE ENDS

BORES AND HOW TO BEAT THEM

A healthy male bore each year consumes one and a half times his own weight in other people's patience.'' — John Updike, *Confessions Of A Wild Bore*, 1965.

We've all encountered them. Or, more likely, they've leapt upon us with all the lip-smacking relish of a cannibal falling on a chubby pink missionary. Bores. They pick their marks; they see you coming. There you are in the innocent missionary position and they circle like sharks until they catch your eye, then move in to drag you by the ears down to the eye-glazing depths of infinite tedium.

These are the folks that pin you against walls at stand-up functions, forcing you to strain your facial muscles in phony interest and to drink too quickly in an effort to establish a motive for a getaway. The more experienced bore-evader learns to make like a Phantom Agent and disappear into the woodwork on the pretense of getting a refill. The less sly plead an urge to urinate, forgetting that the inevitable queue for the bathroom is the happiest hunting ground for purveyors of excruciating ennui. Few places are without a resident bore. At staff lunches, the entrance of the office bore is invariably heralded by a noisy shuffle of furniture as everyone strives for a position between two occupied chairs. . .

There are many breeds of bore, each as suicide-provoking as the next, but besides mercy killing, there are surefire ways of getting rid of them. The following is a brief agenda of notorious anaesthetists and recommended ways of dealing with them:

THE ZEALOUS BORE. He sets about his tirade with unbridled alacrity, advancing menacingly for every step you retreat. All the better to weaken you with garlic dip fumes and pepper your person with soggy missiles of smoked oyster canape as he numbs you into oblivion with a ceaseless strafe of lobotomising drivel. To beat the Zealous Bore you must go with the flow, inching back until your buttocks are flush with the wall, then slowly slide to the floor. No need to feign frothing at the mouth, for your attacker's own salivary spray will have seen to this — just stare ceilingward as if catatonic. This will not staunch the Zealous Bore's verbal onslaught, but it is sure to attract the attention of a rescue party.

THE STORY SO FAR BORE: This sort of bore tells you everything, down to the last exquisitely inconsequential detail. What may have been distilled to a two-minute exercise in dreary small talk is inflated to an explosive hour-long epic of what the bore did from the moment he got up on the day of the uninteresting incident. This he laces with lapses of memory as to whether his wife served him tomato or pineapple juice at breakfast and the life stories of the neighbors he bumped into on the way to having the unremarkable experience. It takes the patience of Job to resist jobbing this bore, but to beat him you must grit your teeth and ask a great many questions relating to his narrative. Like: ''Sure it wasn't orange juice?'', ''Toast or cereal?'', ''What were the names of your neighbor's little nippers again?'' Artfully interjected, these can reduce your tormentor to a blithering imbecile unsure of his own

Illustration by Jim Mitchell

name and you can make your retreat as he begins babbling to himself, scratching his head and wondering what he was talking about in the first place.

THE UBD BORE. Also known as the Directional Bore, he will be the first to leap in whenever anyone seeks directions to a nearby, easy-to-find location. Leaning into a driver's window, he will slowly and methodically detail three or four circuitous routes, concluding each description with a note that it may not be advisable to use this particular way since they closed off Such And Such St to traffic last year and So And So Avenue is now one-way. His rave finally completed, the UBD Bore will retire wearing a Good Samaritan expression, oblivious to having totally confused and enraged the enquiring driver. To defeat this common bore you must quickly wind up your window before he finishes talking, thus trapping his necktie as you speed off. If he is not wearing a tie, run over his foot.

THE TRAVEL BORE. Equally represented by both sexes, this globetrotting yawn-inducer is always back from some lightning overseas tour, anxious to inflict a suitcase of substandard slides upon you. The Travel Bore is full of whingeing inanities and sweeping statements about foreign countries based upon whistlestops at museums, whiddle stops at service stations and overnight stays at Hilton Hotels. He or she may also exhibit an excruciating tendency to sprinkle sentences with mispronounced foreign words, the meanings of which they take pains to explain to you. To best deflate this tedious namedropper — *or nom droppeur* — nod knowingly at everything they say. Correct their pronunciations even if you're not familiar with the language and generally give the impression that you know a hell of a lot more about the world than they do. Nothing shifts this travelling pain in the arse on to the other prey faster. If, by an unfortunate circumstance, you find yourself in a darkened loungeroom with a Travel Bore and his Hanimex projector, snore very loudly. This should not be difficult to accomplish.

And last but not least THE SELF BORE. As Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote in his *Ponkapog Papers* of 1903: "The man who suspects his own tediousness is yet to be born." However, if you've noticed an undignified scramble every time you rock up to an office lunch... If people drink furiously and run away as you approach them at parties... If folks throw epileptic fits just when you're getting to the good bit... Or if you're tired of wiping tread marks from your shoe uppers... It may be time to do the right thing with a Japanese ceremonial sword. Either that, or cease your discourse immediately. Like this. — *C.J. Mackay*

NEW AND USED

The all-in-one portable video camera recorder is here. The lightweight (less than two kilos) Canon VM-E1 has arrived in Australia, providing buffs with a simple to operate system that makes shooting video movies easier and more fun than ever. The Canon VM-E1 employs super compact 8mm video cassettes; there's no bulky recorder to sling over your shoulder, and no cables or connectors to worry about. An Active Autofocus system ensures great videos for the beginner and experienced video recordist alike. For playback, simply plug the VM-E1 into your television using an optional adaptor. Now available at selected video and photographic outlets.

AND THE WINNERS ARE...

Last July, *Penthouse* readers were offered the chance to share in quality wines valued at $4000 courtesy of Leo Buring, Rouge Homme, Padthaway and Matthew Lang & Co. The following are the winners of that competition:

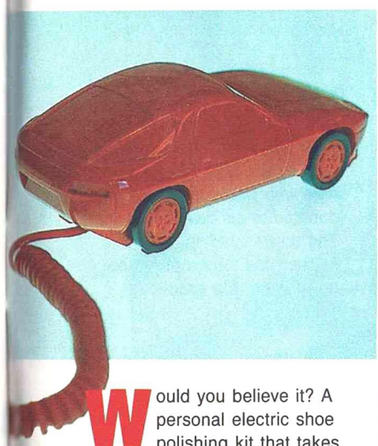
First prize (ten mixed dozens): B.G. Elley, Long Jetty NSW. Second prize (five mixed dozens): I. Johnson, Mt Gravatt Qld. Third prize (two mixed dozens): P. Mason, North Ryde NSW. Fourth prize (one mixed dozen): R. Ellis, Berowra, NSW; B. Comninos, Marrickville, NSW; T. Nagorcua, Melton Vic; N. Humphrey, Bendigo Vic; J. Haley, Normanhurst NSW; B. Mowat, Currajong Qld; M. Hopping, Neutral Bay NSW; L. Sampson, River Hills Qld; W. Blank, West Chermside Qld; L. Hall, Mosman NSW; W. Collins, Kingaroy Qld; K. McKay, North Parramatta NSW; C. Clark, Albert Park Vic; G. Shaw, Mosman NSW; B. Richards, Kenmore Qld; P. Goebel, Chippendale, NSW; T. Cassidy, Birkdale Qld; R. Campbell, Carlingford, NSW; M. Smith, Tarragindi, Qld; L. Rozman, Mt Isa Qld; N. Oatway, Glenalta SA; P. Brown, Walcha NSW; R. Helmore, Moranbah Qld; N. Nelson, Capalaba Qld; P. Russo, Mareeba, Qld; B. Alderman, Mullumbimby NSW.

LOOSE

Space-saving, economy, fitness and ease of installation are the key notes in the Lap Pool, the latest advance in swimming pool "technology" to reach Australia. As the name suggests, the Lap Pool is designed for lap swimmers; it's wide enough for two people to swim comfortably, and its modular design construction means that a pool to your specifications can be fitted in your sunroom, new extension or back yard in two to three days. The modular panels — in white, olive green or ice blue — require no painting or internal finishes and the completed Lap Pool requires less chemicals and cleaning than a regular pool. Further information from Phoenix Improvements of Mont Albert, Victoria. Ph: (03) 898 9541.

If you can imagine the Turbo Porsche of radar detectors, this is it... In no test did any of the other detectors even come close." So crowed *US Car And Driver* magazine after testing the Escort Radar Warning Receiver against 11 other detector systems. A consistent leader in the US$250 million radar detector market since its introduction in 1978, the Escort has now been released on the Australian motoring accessories scene. The latest model Escort is extremely compact and its up-to-the-minute features provide guaranteed reliability. Priced at around $500, the Escort is available through Sears Trading of NSW. Ph: (02) 922 5522.

Speaking of Porsches, Zap Electronics markets a novelty that allows you to lure people back to your place with promises of fun with the Turbo. The Porsche 928 Phone is a different type of blower that features push button dialling, an excellent tone and last number redial, mute and ringer on/off switch. In the true Porsche colors of red, black or white, the Porsche 928 Phone sells for $39.95. At that rate you can afford one for both the bedroom and the playroom. Of course, if your bedroom *is* your playroom you can settle for just the one and get the same mileage. Stockist information from Zap Electronics of Sydney. Ph: (02) 858 2288.



Would you believe it? A personal electric shoe polishing kit that takes the elbow grease out of mirror-finish footwear is currently available from Ronson. Surely a product for the man who has almost everything, The Ronson Shoeshine is a lightweight polishing gun complete with two applicator brushes, two polishing brushes, one buffing pad and two buffing covers. It all packs into a sturdy case that has room enough for your polishes. It comes with a 12 month guarantee and sells for around $46.

TEDIOUS TOURS

A woman recently took aside Sydney entrepreneur Pat McGeown and, amid a sweep of invective, branded him "the biggest bore in the world." It was really a bit too much, and when Pat could take no more he tossed his head to one side and let out a heartfelt, contented chuckle. After all, the man considers himself a professional, someone who takes great pride in his work, and here was a satisfied customer expressing her most profound appreciation for a job well done.

It might explain something to note that McGeown's business venture is "Pat's Uninteresting Tours." McGeown, a truly innovative *impresario*, claims to take his inspiration from Arnold Ziffel, the draft-dodging, TV-addicted pig from *Greenacres*.

Pat came up with the idea in Hawaii back in 1978, and upon his return to Australia organised two Uninteresting Tours around Canberra and three around Darwin, where the local leper colony was on the itinerary. But it was only after he moved to Sydney in 1983 that the commercial potential of the ventures really became apparent. Since then he's conducted more than 50 tours.

One recent tour was a "hen's night out" in honor of the soon-to-be wed Mt Druitt sisters, Lisa and Karen Rose.

The excursion got underway with the gals in a mood of excited, unrestrained loquacity. No pedestrian or motorist was safe as the ladies, their vocal cords well lubricated with giggle juice, assailed anyone within earshot with an array of wolf-whistles, hoots, hollers and howls.

First port of call was the Sydney Fish Markets. Upon disembarking the ladies were treated to something high-brow... a wine tasting. Pat popped the corks to a couple of bottles of rare-vintage passionfruit spumante. "What an eloquent drop," commented one poseur; "Did you piss in this, Pat?" accused a connoisseur more obviously familiar with the vintage. The spumante was quickly disposed of, following which Pat led the girls in a stirring rendition of the "Bird's Eye Fish Fingers" song.

The pilgrimage continued, past squalid, unsavory and just plain uninteresting sights such as wheat silos, a timber yard, the morgue and a police boys' club. Unfailingly Pat pointed them all out, and often followed up with an outrageous tall tale concerning the particular item of uninterest.

The next stopover was a seedy inner-city gay bar, where a male stripper was scheduled to do his stuff for the ladies. In keeping with the rest of the evening's fare, his performance could be described as one of "inspired insipidness," but at least he put the ladies' minds on the night's next activity, the evening's highlight... dinner. On the way to McDonalds a lot of the girls just couldn't stop talking about getting hold of a Quarter-pounder.

The night finished, of course, at Kings Cross. In a rousing finale, Pat assembled the girls beside the El Alamein fountain in Fitzroy Gardens — well known pick-up spot for male prostitutes — where he proceeded to hand out a supply of sparklers. And then followed a vision of absurdity that would not be out of place on a *Monty Python* skit. A motley mob of droopy-eyed females — some still wearing their McDonalds party hats, others ready to drop from exhaustion, all behaving like automatons in drag — were signing their names in the air with sparklers while singing "Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star." Leading them was a bespectacled man in a bandleader's costume and a sola topee (Pat).

And completing the bizarre scene was an incredulous audience of prostitutes, drug dealers and heroin addicts. It was only then that the realisation came that perhaps Pat's tours aren't so uninteresting after all.

— *John Elliot*

THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

ENDS

1985 — THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

As we move into 1986, let us pause momentarily to look back on a year of weird and wonderful newspaper reports. The following is a scant collection of strange snippets from around the world.

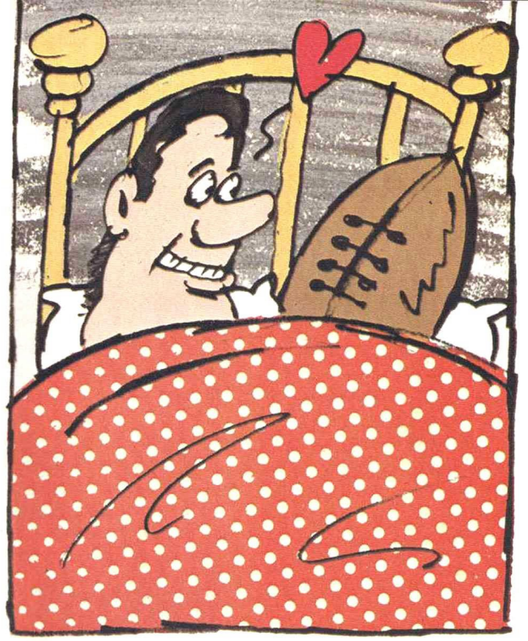
President Reagan told his aides he did not know his telephone number at the White House.

The manager of a West Auckland safari park used four Siberian tigers to protect $50,000 in takings — until bank staff got a whiff of what was going on. Even before opening a hessian bag containing the cash, bank tellers were overcome by a stench of stale tiger urine and droppings. Lion park manager, John Smith, said he dreamed up the novel security system one Friday afternoon when he was too busy to get to the bank. The dispute was settled when Mr Smith agreed to spray his money bags with room freshener before making deposits.

A berserk father attacked his daughter's fiance with an axe in a row over a wedding reception bill — as the bride-to-be watched in horror. During the argument the bride's father hurled a diamond wedding ring on to the road and rammed his car through a service station crash barrier. Both men were hospitalised after the brawl. Commenting on the tragedy, a relative said: "The two of them never got on well, but I never expected this to happen."

Anglican vicar Tim Brownscombe of Mudgee, NSW suffered repetitive strain Injury as a result of praising God. Reverend Brownscombe, a former painter, says he believes the complaint stemmed from having to genuflect repeatedly during religious services, which he conducted four or five times each Sunday. Doctors have dubbed the complaint "Celebrant's Sole." Since suffering RSI, Rev Brownscombe has moved to the parish of Millthorpe, where modern services involving less kneeling are held.

The New York City Transit authority spent $50,000 on studies to determine if seats on new Japanese-made subway carriages were too small for American bottoms.



A New Zealand feminist group announced that it would protest against a proposed tour of South Africa by the New Zealand Rugby team by refusing to have sex with any players or fans.

An Indiana, USA, man was recently charged with mailing a vibrator to his estranged girlfriend. She discovered it was filled with explosives.

British artist Robert Pollak has announced plans to replicate Monet's water-lily paintings by floating 1000 pairs of women's multi-colored bikini panties in a London park lake.

A worker at the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Anniston, Alabama, was fired after drinking Pepsi on the job.

Morganna Roberts, a stripper from Dallas, Texas recently faced court charges for assaulting a member of her audience. The woman, known professionally as "The Kissing Bandit", allegedly beat the customers around the head with her breasts.

Due to a record number of productions of *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs*, there was a severe shortage of dwarfs in London last year.

In a clearcut case of premeditated homosexual assault, a British gay rights group is plotting to climb Everest. Their motive: to disprove the popular image of homosexuals as limp-wristed sissies.

Kuwaiti laywers are combing their legal books for a precedent to aid them in settling the case of an Arab man who wants the kidney he donated to his brother returned. The donor sued, claiming his brother had turned out to be unworthy of the sacrificed kidney.

Cunning commuters in Calcutta, India have worked out that hurling banana leaves on overhead wires will stop electric trains. A Calcutta railway spokesman said up to four trains were stopped every week by banana leaves. "They are either too lazy to walk to the station," he said, "or they do this for fun."

A blind man from England's Lakes District fulfilled a life-long ambition when he became a judge in the Miss Lakeland beauty contest. Mr Percy Moorby, 52, picked the eventual winner of the contest after interviewing each contestant, caressing their hair, touching their face and shoulders and "feeling their vibrations" through his hands.

A man whose penis was severed in a domestic dispute has tested his microsurgically restored organ by hitting the nightspots of King's Cross. Mr Leitu Siso gave the thumbs up to the handiwork of doctors at The Prince Of Wales Hospital, saying his penis was back in full working order. Nurses at the hospital, after viewing Mr Fiso's stitched member, remarked: "It looked really good and very healthy. We were amazed that the surgeons could pull off an operation like that and we lined up to see the results."

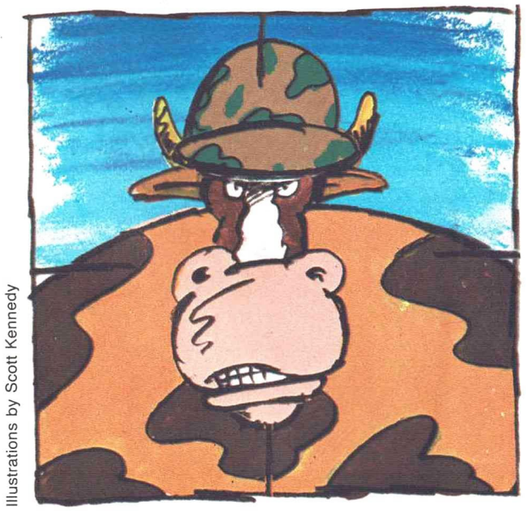
Soldiers on manoeuvres at Fort Hunter Ligget in California shot 74 head of cattle that had wandered on to a firing range. The army explained that the cattle were mistaken for enemy soldiers.

In England and France, associations of people who stutter are lobbying for reductions in their metered telephone rates on the grounds that their disabilities necessitate longer than normal calls.

A row erupted after an 84-year-old nurse dropped dead at the Melbourne Hilton before the 75th anniversary dinner of the Victorian Bush Nursing Association. The woman, who had a heart attack, collapsed in the foyer at about 7pm and hotel staff claim, "Nobody knew what to do."

Two men held a press conference in Osaka, Japan, to announce their intention to murder an accused swindler. Then, while a group of 30 reporters and news crews looked on, the men hacked their victim to death. Ther reporters said later they did not call police because they did not think the two murderers were "serious."

Californians Michael John Prefling and Anthony Cesario, both 42, were arrested and charged with stealing Stay-free Maxi-Pads valued at $300,000.



Illustrations by Scott Kennedy

A trial in Kenya was hurriedly adjourned when a giant monitor lizard suddenly appeared in front of the judge's bench. While the bailiffs were busy beating the lizard to death, 20 accused criminals escaped.

Pet shop owner Barry Smith, of Torquay, England, is doing a roaring trade repairing tortoises. Smith fills cracks in tortoise shells with putty, rubs them with sandpaper and resprays them with nail varnish. "Now I'm waiting for someone to bring in a parrot with a broken beak so I can use Polyfilla," he quipped.

A magistrate slammed a South Australian motorist who appeared in court under the name of Ye Olde C--t. The Victorian magistrate Graeme Murphy blasted the offending driver after the bizarre moniker was called in court. Police charged the man under the name which appeared on his South Australian driver's licence. C--t, 61, of Mannum, pleaded not guilty to a charge of failing to dip his headlights. Murphy fined C--t $60 and ordered him to pay $12 court costs.

Two elderly men were arrested following a point blank shoot-out at a Cleveland, Ohio, apartment block. Though 12 shots were fired in the scuffle, neither of the men — aged 76 and 77 — were injured. Police speculated that the shots missed because one man had to support himself with a cane and the other suffered severe glaucoma.

A member of the Toronto Anybody Can Waterski Association for the blind suffered multiple head injuries when he struck a jump ramp.

A 94-year-old mother of 17 has been voted Nottingham's most senior boozer by the local branch of the Campaign For Real Ale in England. Mrs Mary Denham has downed a staggering 106,740 pints in her 76 years as a beer-lover.

ENDS

Melbourne's Ebony Marshall

COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Lust For Blood — Like most things Australian, murder in this country is becoming very Americanised. What sort of man will mutilate, maim, torture and ultimately kill in the pursuit of sexual gratification? In next month's *Penthouse* that question is explored in fascinating detail. Don't miss this shocking report.

Coast Wars — There's nothing a Queenslander likes more than to beat his own drum, and the intense rivalry between the Gold and Sunshine Coasts has produced the most entertaining public slanging match since Ali fought Frazier. *Penthouse* steps in to referee the action and sort the truth from the hot air.

Autosexuality — In the Eighties, having sex with a human being is fraught with danger and difficulty; we are entering the age of autosexuality. But has the technological revolution improved the lot of the wanker? *Penthouse* puts the mind-numbing array of hi-tech male masturbation aids to the test, with results that will entertain and enlighten the hairy-palmed ones among us.

Billy Joel Interview — Described as "the most consistent and prolific male album artist of the last decade", Joel is the quintessential commercial animal of the music industry. *Penthouse* puts the Piano Man through the hoops in an attempt to separate substance from success.

Under The Hammer — A controversial and timely story which suggests that Australia's expensive drug rehabilitation network actually perpetuates heroin addiction and allows the army of highly-paid rehabilitation "experts" to prop up their luxurious lifestyles while they achieve a negligible success rate.

Pet Of The Month — Melbourne's Ebony Marshall is a bright young thing who likes to put Daddy's favorite stallion through his paces before settling down to a quick roll in the hay. Catch the feel of a wild ride in the countryside in next month's *Penthouse*.

DOWN UNDER

Continued from page 95

and confiscate souvenirs of our intimacy like X-rated Polaroids, with special instructions to sniff under her bed for the odd pair of monogrammed Y-fronts and assorted O/S gossamers.

Luckily Gwen in far-away Sydney never dropped to it that I'd taken Phil to the health farm and she swallowed my yarn that I'd been set up hook, line and sinker. Admittedly the wife had a very minor mental breakdown, but I reassured her over the phone to pull herself together; after all, mental breakdowns are all in the mind. Come to think of it, it could have been post-natal depression creeping up on her 18 years late. I phoned her quack and told him to quadruple her medication; anything to stop her getting on an aeroplane and checking up on my movements overseas, God bless her.

Women are a suspicious lot and by and large men are more trusting. If I ever got a letter from a bloke who reckoned he'd been giving one to Gwen, I'd have to laugh. I've said it once and I'll say it again, she's as Good as Gold, though if she ever did the dirty on me while I was on one of my business trips, I'd knock her teeth so far down her throat, she'd have to put her toothbrush up her freckle to clean them.

The only other close shave I've ever had was once in Honkers when an old bag called June Kendall, who used to play bowls with Gwen, decided to pay me a surprise visit in my hotel suite. Since that incident I've always made sure the reception desk never divulges my room number to any single woman over the age of 25. June was on one of those all-sheilah tours of the Far East and she'd probably been boring the arses off the other old boilers by saying she was a personal friend of the Oz Cultural Attache to the Far East, as I was in them distant days.

Anyway, up they come to the fourteenth floor of my Honkers Hostelry — a whole liftload of them with their twin-sets and Instamatics, and the Chink in the corridor lets them in without even knocking. I didn't even twig they were in the bedroom until my secretary screamed and dived under the bedclothes and my Eurasian physiotherapist dropped the baby oil. They say two's company and three's a crowd and I might have just got away with it if I'd kept my head down, but the third modest little Malaysian miss in our party snapped her legs together that fast I had to show my face or suffocate. But even though the evidence was under their noses and *under mine as well*, those old tarts wouldn't believe nothing they didn't want to believe and I just told them I was under a Chink osteopath and they bought it. Well, I was. By the time it all got back to Gwen, she reckoned I was brave to undergo the treatment.

It could be your lucky night

If you're looking for something different in the way of entertainment, an evening at the Empress Club is certainly a novel way to spend it.
The Empress Club, possibly the most luxurious and best run club in Sydney, where you can relax and enjoy a quiet game of cards without breaking the law. While Casinos are operating legally in other states, only some games of chance can be played without breaking the law in New South Wales.
But what a far cry from just a few years ago; there are no steel doors or threateningly large gentlemen to keep the peace.

66 THE EMPRESS CLUB

A coffee lounge and an a la carte night restaurant overlooks the everchanging night life of the Cross, where you can enjoy a sandwich or a steak. The clientele come from all walks of life, and all are equally intent on the fall of the cards. Attractive waitresses move quietly between bar and tables, serving complimentary drinks. The plush furnishings and carpets and the murmur of dealers calling the cards, all create an atmosphere in which to relax and enjoy.
But why not see for yourself? It could be your lucky night!

The Empress Club open 5 pm—6am 7 days a week at 66 Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross.

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